Saturday Evening Post · December 3, 1966 · 35c

POST

Vietnam Exclusive:
'I ESCAPED FROM A RED PRISON'

The secrets of how they become
DEBUTANTES

Football's superstar
JOE NAMATH

'Down with culture' by
TOM WOLFE

Fireworks
in the taming of
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
by....

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RONSON SHAVER
Man's gift with stainless steel blades and exclusive Super-Trim.
$10.88

CHRISTMAS STOCKING filled with candy, toys for all boys and girls.
99¢

BEVERAGE SETS
Set of 8 black and platinum banded glasses. 8 or 12-oz.
$2.88

SUNBEAM TOOTH BRUSH
Cordless rechargeable with 4 brushes.
$9.99

CANISTER SET
4-Pc. set. Italian straw with plastic inserts and walnut lids.
$4.99

KITCHEN TOOL SET
Coated for use with Teflon® cookware. Melamine handles.
$1.99

HIGH INTENSITY LAMP folds compactly. Assorted colors. With wall bracket.
$5.99

PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER
Battery-operated push-button recorder, remote mike, accessories. **$19.99**

10-TRANSISTOR RADIO
Lift the top of this compact table radio—it hides away odds 'n ends. **$9.99**

GIFTS FOR MEN

GOLDEN SOVEREIGN
Rugged as a buccaneer! After Shave, Aerosol Shave Cream, Spray Cologne gift set **$6.50**

Golden Sovereign items start at $1.25

ROYAL STAG
Luxuriously masculine. Cologne, After Shave, Aerosol Shave Cream, set . . . **$5.50**

Royal Stag items start at $1.00

RONSON ELECTRIC SHAVERS
Men's "400" with stainless blades, super trim, travel case, wall mount. **$15.88**

"Caress" ladies' shaver with stainless blades. In luxury brocade carrying case. **$13.88**

GULTON ELECTRIC LIGHTER
It's rechargeable! Years of dependable service without flame, flints, wicks, odor. **$14.95**

GULTON RECHARGEABLE FLASHLIGHT
Get up to 60 days of use with one charge . . . plug into any AC outlet to recharge. Never buy batteries again! Brilliant half-mile beam. **$9.95**

TOPPS WATCH BANDS
Handsome gift stylings in gold or stainless steel finishes. Men's expansion bands; ladies' engraved, tapered with double lock safety clasp. **$1.99**

INSTA-CUBE CAMERA AND KIT
Uses the new flash cubes for rapid picture taking. Kit includes camera, flash cube, 2 batteries, Kodapak cartridge. In deluxe modern styling. **$8.88**

UDICO CAN OPENER & KNIFE SHARPENER in shining chrome—a gift that will be appreciated daily. Completely automatic. **$13.88**

UDICO OVEN BROILER
2 heating elements. The quick, easy way to bake, broil, toast and grill. **$12.88**

FLASHBULBS
You can depend on G.E. Super Blue bulbs and flashcubes for more light and greater distance. Get plenty for snapping your holiday fun!

SEE OUR LOW PRICES.

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CHRISTMAS PLAYMATES FROM COLUMBIA TOYS

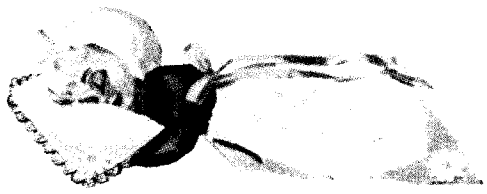
PEPPY LE POOCH
Giant plush poodle that the kids adore. In assorted colors, styles. **$3.99**

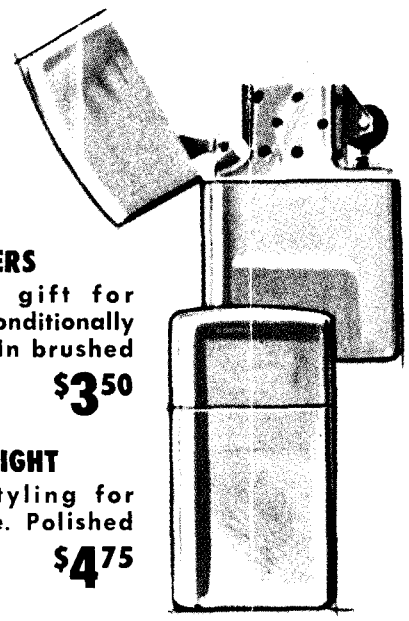
CUDDLY POODLE
Such a joy for the younger set. Colorful styles; large size! **$1.99**

Manufactured by Columbia Toy Products, Inc. of Kansas City, Mo.

PAJAMA DOLL
Vinyl-faced Sleepy Beauty doll with a zip-up pajama bag.

$3.99





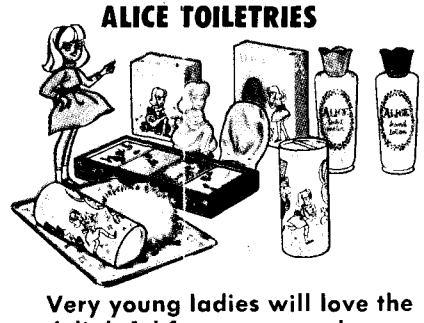
ZIPPO LIGHTERS
A welcome gift for smokers. Unconditionally guaranteed. In brushed chrome finish. **$3.50**

ZIPPO SLIM LIGHT
New slim styling for pocket, purse. Polished chrome finish. **$4.75**

PLUSH ANIMALS
By Columbia. Colorful and cuddly bears, kittens and puppies.

77¢

ALICE TOILETRIES



Very young ladies will love the delightful fragrance, packages.

Boxed alone or in sets,

$1.25 to $2.50

Bubble Bath Toilet Water Powder Mitt
Hand Lotion Bath Powder Bath Soap

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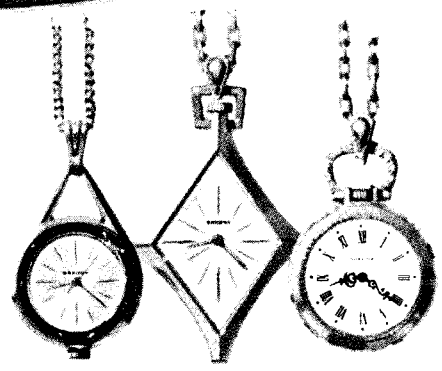
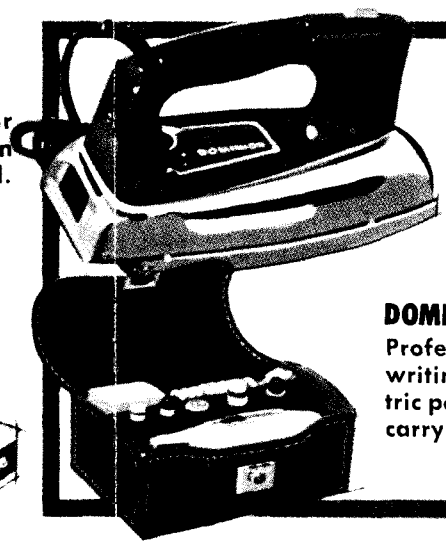


SAXONY FASHION WATCHES
Elegant pendant styles in gold tone finishes. Shock-resistant; full warranty. Lovely gift for any woman. **$12.95**

OUTDOOR LIGHTS
25-Light multiple set with all-weather wiring, add-on plug, clips. UL approved. **$3.99**

TREE LIGHTS
15-Light multiple set for indoor decorating. Add-on plug, clips. UL approved.

$1.99



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DOMINION MANICURE SALON
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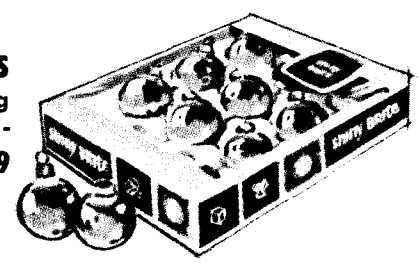
A dozen bright and shining ornaments in glowing two-tone colors for giving your tree added beauty. **$1.49**



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Famous "Blue Dot" bulbs and flashcubes save you from flash failure, assure you that your holiday pictures will turn out bright and clear.

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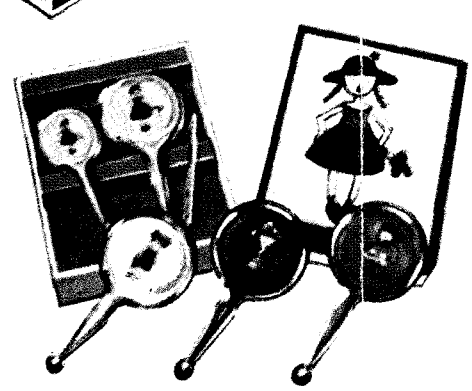
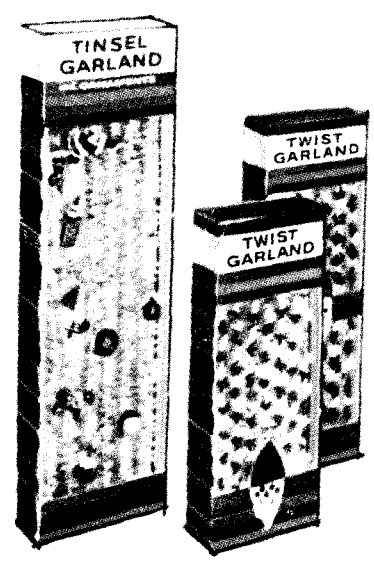


LITTLE MISS DRESSER SET
Set includes comb, brush, mirror. Gift box top makes lovely wall plaque. Ideal for every girl. **$2.98**



BRIGHT TINSEL TREE GARLANDS
Add sparkle to holiday decorating. Flameproof, tarnish-proof plastic. Colors, multi-colors. Priced at $1.77, 88¢ and

49¢

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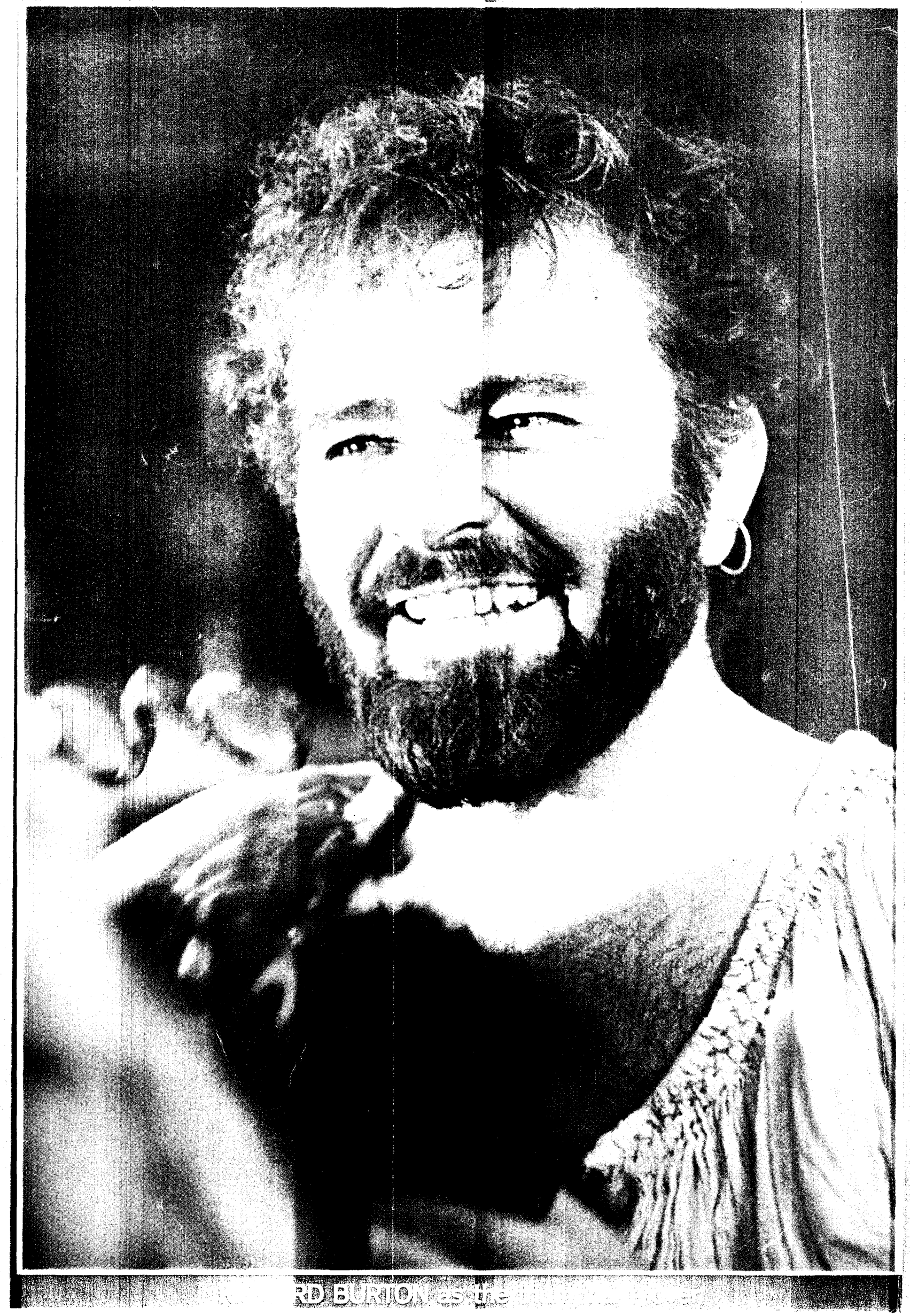

RD BURTON

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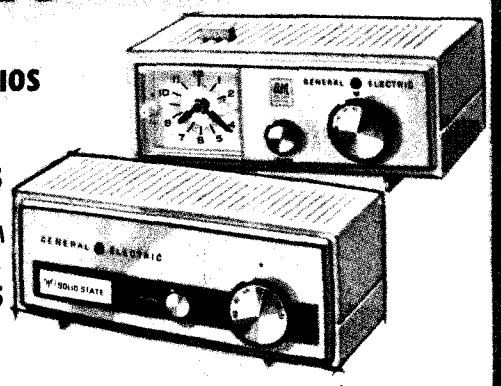
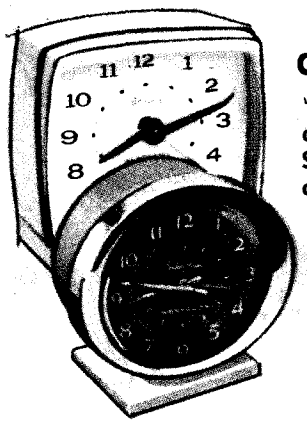
Open before Christmas

FREE LETTER FROM SANTA
Post-marked Santa Claus Indiana! Think how thrilled the children will be to receive one! Come in—they're free!

COMPACT TABLE RADIOS
Wake to music! Instant-on solid-state AM clock radio has snooze-alarm. **$19.95**

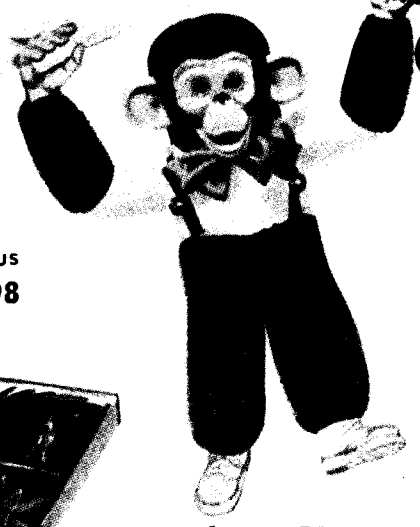
Compact instant-on AM radio in antique white. Solid-state chassis design. **$14.95**

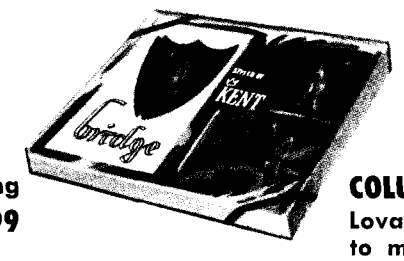




CLOCKS BY WESTCLOX
"Magic Touch" electric alarm with lighted dial. Shuts off at a touch. **$5.98**

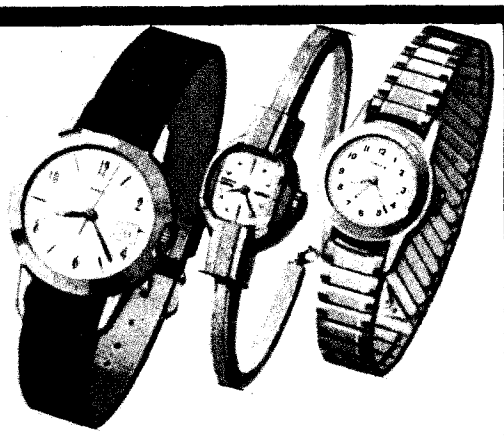
Famous Baby Ben has luminous dial, new oval shape. **$8.98**



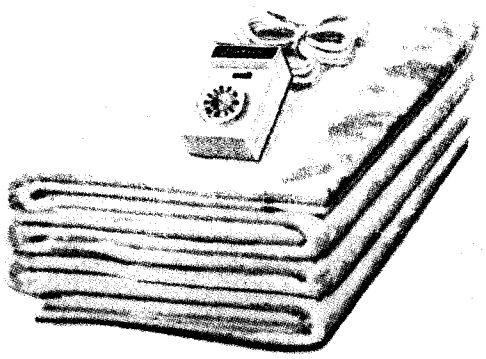


KENT BRIDGE GIFTPAK
featuring NU-VUE tint
2 Plastic-coated decks, matching score pad, mechanical pencil. Deluxe gift box. **$1.99**

COLUMBIA'S MR. BIM
Lovable 22″ swinger who likes to make a monkey of himself. Hangs anywhere by one hand . . . doors, shelves. **$3.99**
Manufactured by Columbia Toy Products, Inc. of Kansas City, Mo.



TIMEX WATCHES for everyone. Includes diamond, calendar and electric watches. All are shock resistant. Choice of water-proof and non-waterproof . . . waterproof models priced **FROM $9.95**

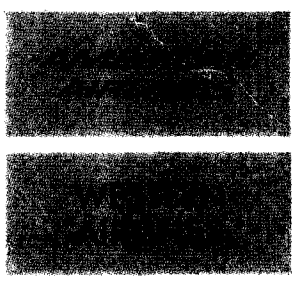


LUXURY AUTOMATIC BLANKET
Night-long comfort with little weight. Double-bed size, single control. Rayon-cotton-acrylic blend. Washable, non-allergenic. U.L. approved. **$14.75**

WIN A VACATION FOR 2 IN MAGNIFICO MEXICO CITY!

Enter Rexall's Mexican-Holiday Sweepstakes

- Enjoy a week's vacation in Mexico City on an American Airlines "Astro-jet Holiday" or Western Airlines "Fanjet Holiday." Includes round-trip transportation, hotel accommodations and superb meals.
- Enter today at your nearest Rexall Drug Store—no purchase necessary!



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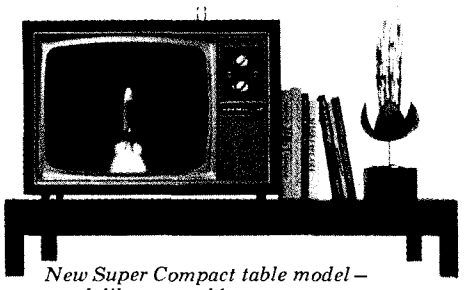
Introducing the new flight ... Television

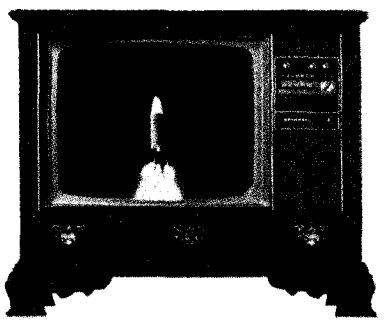
Motorola

The All-Rectangular Line with solid state reliability

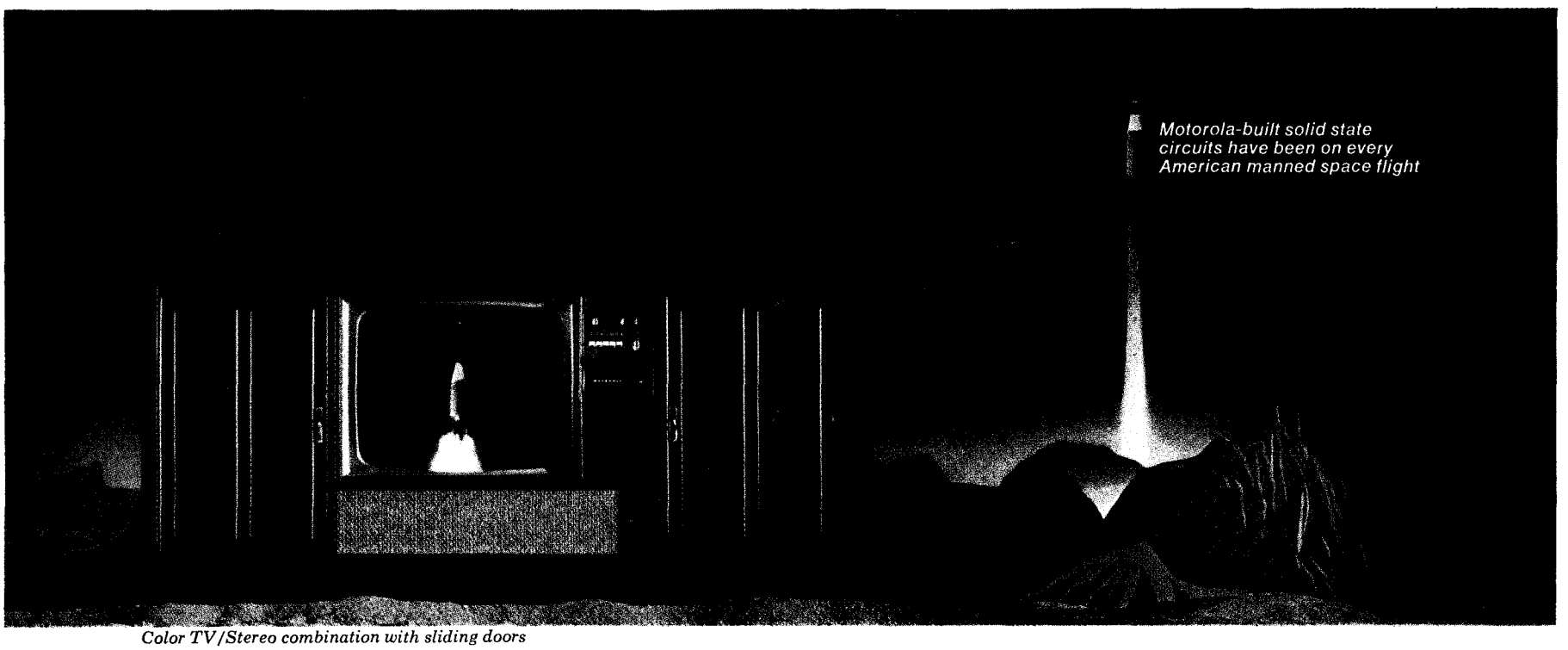
Motorola Color Television has a big rectangular picture that's natural in shape . . . the kind pioneered by Motorola more than three years ago. It has a slim cabinet that fits close to the wall. Some cabinets are by Drexel. Many models feature push-button UHF tuning. The high-fidelity color tubes use rare earth phosphors for exciting color—brilliant black and white. And for reliability, Motorola Color Television has solid state components at 17 critical points. See Motorola Color TV. Enjoy the reliability in TV that thousands of Motorola owners already have. 3 big rectangular screen sizes, more than 40 cabinet models.



New Super Compact table model—much like a portable



Console with warm Early American styling



Color TV/Stereo combination with sliding doors

MOTOROLA *Moving ahead through excellence in electronics*

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The Saturday Evening
POST

Founded in 1728 by
Ben Franklin

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IN THIS ISSUE

December 3, 1966 • 239th year, issue no. 25

Articles

The courts must curb culture *(Speaking Out)* . . . . . *Tom Wolfe* 10
Was John F. Kennedy a great man? *(Affairs of State)* . . . *Stewart Alsop* 16
The big rock-candy figgy-pudding pitfall *(The Human Comedy)* . *Joan Didion* 22
'I escaped from a Red prison' . . . . . *Lt. j.g. Dieter Dengler* 27
'After this party she'll be invited everywhere' . . . . . *Beth Day* 34
Man—through time's mists . . . . . *John Pfeiffer* 40
Richard Burton to Liz: 'I love thee not. . . .' . . . . . *Russell Braddon* 88
Search for the invisible killer . . . . . *Trevor Armbrister* 92
Joe Namath: 'Most beautiful thing in the world!' . . . . . *John Skow* 99

Fiction

Girl on a dark road . . . . . *Jonathan Pratt* 66
The privileged class . . . . . *George Bradshaw* 74

Departments

Letters . . 4 America, America . . . .79 Post scripts . . . 86
Hazel . . . . . .96 Editorial 104

About this issue

John Pfeiffer

"The study of prehistory, of our origins as a species, holds the basic key to self-understanding," says JOHN PFEIFFER, author of the article on the search for man's prehuman ancestry. On the theory that you can't write about anything without trying to experience it firsthand, Pfeiffer observed baboons in African game preserves, finding their behavior no less baffling than people's. Pfeiffer has written books on the brain, astronomy, computing machines, and the cell; he plans to expand his findings on prehistory into a book . . . . TREVOR ARMBRISTER, who last summer became *Post* bureau manager in Washington, not only wrote the article on hemorrhagic fever but also worked with Dieter Dengler in preparing Dengler's story of his months of imprisonment by the Pathet Lao. For a month after his return, Dengler was so ill with malaria that he couldn't be interviewed. After Dengler recovered, Armbrister flew to California to see him—only to find that the lieutenant had been called back to Washington. Nine days later they got together and taped 13 hours of interviews. / Cover photographs by PAUL RONALD.

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Please send us the address label from this issue before you move and we will send you—FREE—a copy of NEW HOME JOURNAL, the 48-page illustrated guide that will help you save time, trouble and money when you move.

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When I needed help, my Hartford Agent did more than just handle my claim.

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But not the attitude. Your Hartford Agent does more than he really has to do.

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THE HARTFORD

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Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

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In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

1967 Cat Calendar

12 darling new kitty pictures liven Lowe's latest desk-top calendar. Yours for **25¢** in coin. Or, send only **10¢** and 2 K-L seals from bottom of bag of **KITTY LITTER®** famous sanitary cat box filler. *Today!*
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at your service station

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Letters

Psst! I Love America!

Gentlemen:

PSST! I LOVE AMERICA too (even though I was born here), and I think James Morris's article [October 22] should be reprinted and dropped from airplanes all over the United States.

MARY ELLEN BAUSER
Birmingham, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

If ever it is my good fortune to meet Mr. Morris, I shall, out of sheer exuberance and gratitude, throw my arms around him and squeeze him until he turns red, white and blue!

DOROTHY J. SEMANCIK
Bedford, Ohio

Dear Editor:

James Morris states that he loves America and implies that those who criticize her do not. About many he is doubtless right, but about many others he is wrong. People criticize America and protest her actions (or lack of them) not because they do not love her, but because they love her too much to see her settle for less than what she could be.

MIKE PATTON
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sir:

We loved James Morris's article. We forgive him for his erroneous appraisal of Barry Goldwater—many, many good Americans made the same mistake.

MR. AND MRS. E. B. SCHULTZ
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sir:

The tragic note is that in an age when Americans are asking themselves, "What is this country coming to?" it takes a "foreigner" to tell us just how far we have come.

SUZANNE WEHNER
Inkster, Mich.

Gentlemen:

Perhaps if Mr. Morris and others would shout, march and grow beards, they could start a pro-America cult before anyone discovered what was going on.

CAROL L. BRAINARD
Littleton, Colo.

Reflections on L.B.J.

Dear Sir:

In reference to Lyndon B. Johnson and your articles by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak [L.B.J.: THE EXERCISE OF POWER, September 24–October 22]: I only ask those who so loudly criticize him, "What would *you* do? What would you undo that he has done?" This American is proud to say "Mr. President" to Lyndon Johnson.

ROBERT PACE
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Gentlemen:

I can't resist letting you know that Evans and Novak have done a most excellent job. My only complaint is that you should have waited until Johnson runs for President the next time.

MRS. GORDON E. DALE
Deerfield, Ill.

Auschwitz: the worst . . .

Gentlemen:

Your article in the October 22 issue THE WORST THAT EVER HAPPENED by Sybille Bedford was indeed excellent. The tendency of passing time to minimize the brutalities of Nazi Germany is saddening. The horrible meaning of this era should be kept alive in the public conscience forever.

MR. AND MRS. L. H. MOYER
Plantation, Fla.

Dear Editor:

It is inconceivable to me that at the time this was going on I was complaining about the trivia most people complained about from time to time—the lack of good hosiery, gas stamps and food stamps, and the darn war itself.

GLORIA STROM
Antioch, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Bedford condemns the German people for not effectively protesting the atrocities of the Nazi regime. But in our country mothers march on Washington, young men burn their draft cards, petitions are circulated, famous organizations sponsor large ads protesting the Vietnam war—and the war goes on, killing, crippling and disease-infesting our husbands and brothers.

The individual, singly or collectively, can only be a ripple opposing the tide of any mass bureaucracy. Perhaps the non-Nazi, German populace of the last generation should be judged less harshly.

GERTRUDE ABRAMSON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Why resurrect an inhuman tragedy that could never happen again? Surely the *Post* could find something of more general and current interest.

A. FRASER REID
Vancouver, B.C.

Gentlemen:

Such a thing *could* happen again. In our country where Negro children are killed when their church is bombed, where Negroes are shot in their autos and on the very steps of their houses—it could happen!

ELOISE HILLS
Malden Bridge, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I am the only child of a German "Aryan" mother and a German Jew, and remember as an 11-year-old child seeing my parents crying together and trying to explain to me that my blood and the blood of my mother were just as "dirty" as that of my Jewish father—whom I dearly loved and later lost so brutally.

Today, after all these years, I still wonder if I should keep on hating, or forgive and try to forget all the unhappy years. But I don't think I am strong enough to do either one.

ILLO WOLFF VINCENT
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

. . . that ever happened?

Gentlemen:

Your editorial BEWARE OF BEING SHEEP [October 22] was the most courageous, thoughtful and relevant comment that I have yet read in the American press about the war in Vietnam. For the first time I think I have some

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inkling of how "good" Germans could sit by and let the slaughter of the concentration camps take place, and comfort themselves with the rationale that there was nothing they could do about it. That is the same cold comfort that I, and countless other Americans, are now taking from our own silence and inertia about the tragedy in Vietnam.

DAN WAKEFIELD
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Force, you say, will not solve a problem. According to your philosophy the world was wrong to take up arms against Hitler—we should have let him build his Auschwitzes throughout the world, regardless of how many victims, because the ends to stop him did not justify the means. Bunkum! Beware of being sheep, yes. But beware also of being lambs to the slaughter.

HERBERT W. ROBINSON
Bethesda, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Only the courage of those who dare to speak out against military expediency can prevent the cancer of self-delusion from perverting America into another Germany. Let our children not turn to us to ask, "Why didn't you do anything?"

CAROLYN L. SCHMIDT
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear Sir:

You are so against a reunited and rearmed Germany because of Auschwitz and similar horror camps of some 20 years ago. Why are you so generous toward the Communists who have been and still are responsible for more deaths and terror than the Nazis ever dreamed of? Why don't you get at least as concerned with the hell that is—rather than devoting the bulk of your concern to the hell that was?

ED R. CRISSEY
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Sir:

It was interesting to note in your widespread examples of man's atrocity to man that the Viet Cong were nowhere to be seen.

MAUD GREER
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Sir:

I was born and raised in Nazi Germany and did not know about the concentration camps. I know of too many instances where Germans spoke out against injustices and tried to do something for the Jews for you to condemn all of us. Your brief editorial mention about Vietnam is a lot less of a stand than many Germans took against Hitler's policies; and yet as far as you are concerned, they didn't do enough.

WALTRAND PASEMAN
Houston, Tex.

Gentlemen:

At last someone who values human life more than political causes—just or not. When will the United States learn that the way to defeat Communism is by winning the hearts of the people and not by killing them in the defense of freedom.

JOEL H. FIELDS
Lincoln, Nebr.

God and Romney

Gentlemen:

Stewart Alsop's article about George Romney ['IT'S LIKE RUNNING AGAINST GOD,' October 22] led one to believe that Romney was the only deeply religious man who might run for the Presidency in '68. But the President, as well as the other possible candidates, are also religious, God-fearing men with a high degree of morality.

JAMES R. LOWN
Ames, Iowa

Gentlemen:

The statement "It's like running against God" is far more rash than the recent statement made by one of the Beatles.

CLEO J. ANDERSON
Chino Valley, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

I resent the philosophy that God is on anybody's side, no matter how politically expedient; God is not up for grabs. During the painful struggle of the Civil War, an aide once asked Abraham Lincoln if he was comforted knowing God was on his side. Mr. Lincoln replied characteristically: "What concerns me is whether we're on God's side."

NANCY C. FRASER
Delmar, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The governor has made it amply clear that he is a godly man, but I believe I would vote for him if I had some assurance that he had the sense of propriety to keep his religion to himself and out of the government, as was done very nicely by a recent President whose religion was a big issue in the campaign of 1960.

R. L. GREENE
Amherst, Mass.

The magic of Horowitz

Gentlemen:

As the daughter of a pianist, I was deeply interested to read the Abram Chasins article [THE RETURN OF VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, October 22]. The electric excitement in the concert hall when Horowitz is to perform makes itself felt even before he appears. Pianists (and daughters of pianists) are fortunate to live in his time.

CONSTANCE HOPE BERLINER
New York, N.Y.

Total shockers?

Dear Sir:

Your article on total-environment nightclubs [A NIGHT ON THE WIGGY SCENE by Thomas Meehan, October 22] was a shocker, as I think it is reminiscent of the Roman era. I see degeneration here; I wonder if I am one of a few?

MRS. JAMES D. COPPLE
Lee's Summit, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

It is too bad that these young people are so far gone that they must have their senses completely barraged in order to have a "free and easy good time."

MARGARET COMM
Canton, Ohio

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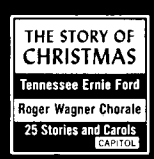

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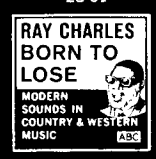

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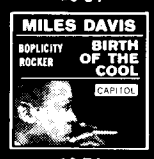

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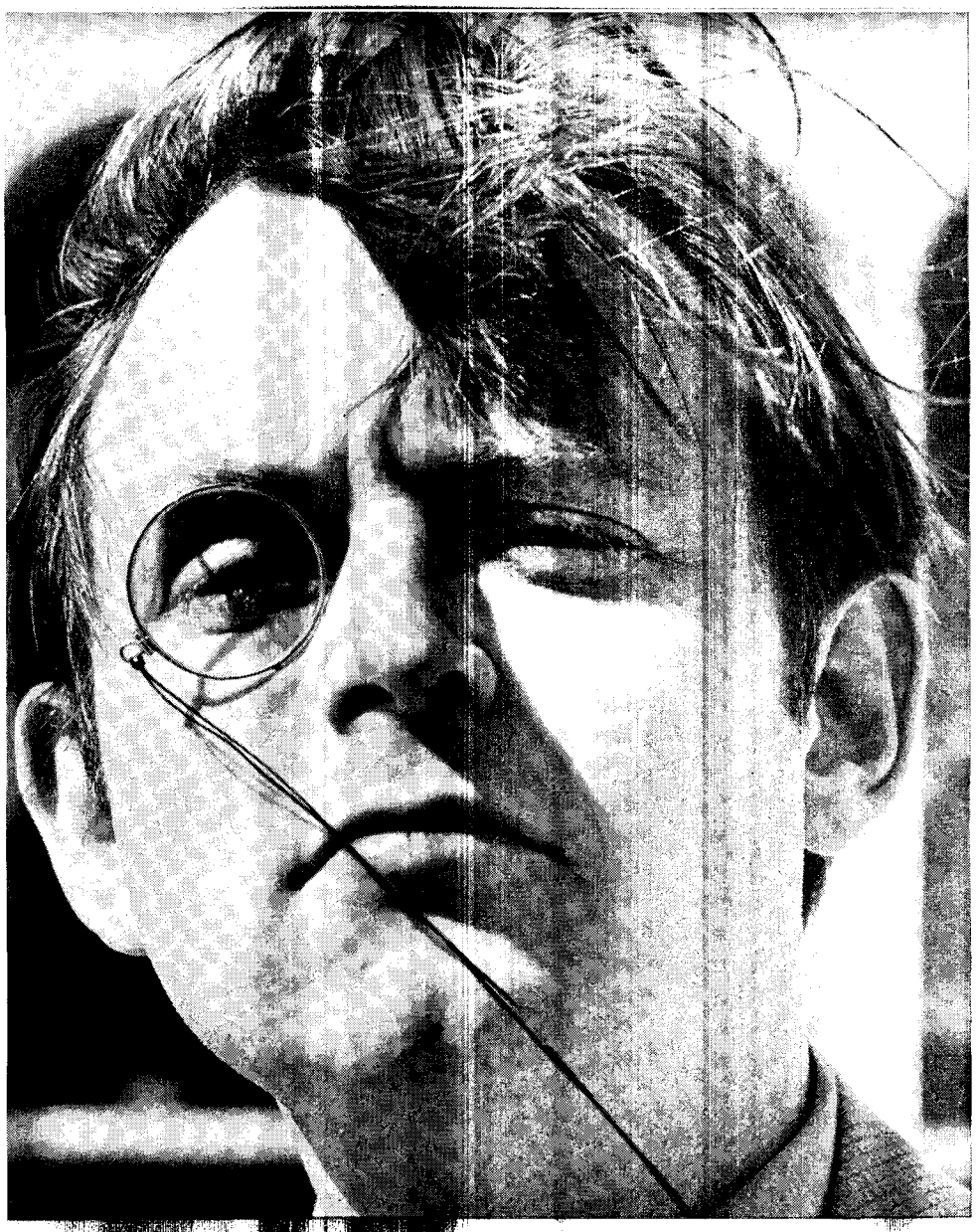

Mr. Wolfe's newest book, *The Pump House Gang*, a survey of new forms of status competition in the U.S., will be published early next year.

THE COURTS MUST CURB CULTURE

by Tom Wolfe

I hate to be the one to come bearing this bad news, but very shortly the Supreme Court of the United States is going to declare all of our new culture centers unconstitutional. It is an appalling thing. In cities all over the country, thousands of dedicated, outstanding citizens are supporting or building these culture centers in the name of art. The new museums, the new theaters, the new opera houses—they are going to have to forget it, drop it, chalk it off to experience, give the land back to those filthy proletariat plebeians who used to live where the great new buildings stand or will soon rise, buildings like the new Metropolitan Opera in Lincoln Center and the National Culture Center, a memorial to John F. Kennedy, now in the works in Washington.

To explain why, I have to go back to the inauguration of Kennedy himself on the afternoon of January 20, 1961. I happened to watch it on the TV set at a bar in Washington. A big crowd had come in there to watch, and we were all standing in the sour-malt gloom as Cardinal Cushing for the Catholics, then a Protestant minister, then a rabbi and a Greek Orthodox archbishop shuffled across the bluey screen. There was a little bit of interest when the lectern blew up under Cardinal Cushing, but most of the people in the bar ignored all these ceremonies—until all of a sudden here on the screen was an old man in a black overcoat with his white hair blowing in the wind. This was actually Robert Frost getting ready to read a poem he had composed for the occasion. But nobody in the bar had been paying attention, and they got into an argument over what the hell church this one represented.

One guy was sure he was a Quaker, because—"well, look at that big black coat he's got on." Another figured him for a Christian Scientist—"an old man like that and he ain't got no hat on." For some reason, that struck like one of those pieces of invincible detail, the vital clue, and everybody started nodding, that's right. . . .

The funny thing is, they were deadright about the premise of their debate. Robert Frost *did* represent a religion at the inauguration of John F. Kennedy. I am talking about the Religion of Culture. It was one of Kennedy's great political insights to recognize that Culture—the arts and letters—has become *the* major religion of the educated classes in this country.

Kennedy's winning and wooing of the followers of Culture was one of the great coups of his administration. What a toll it must have taken on his constitution. How I used to pity that fine man when I saw him sitting there in the East Room of the White House, trussed up as stiff and straight as a ventriloquist's dummy in his white tie and tails on a little gilded chair along with 40 or 50 guests and his wife and the sycophantic gurus, sitting through the interminable Culture services: Pablo Casals at the cello, Basil Rathbone reading from John Donne; it must have been like sitting through a Calvinist prayer service on a hard bench. This was John F. Kennedy's greatest triumph of nerve and self-discipline. After all, his own cultural tastes and accomplishments—and he did not try to conceal it—were about on a par with President Eisenhower's. Eisenhower's instincts, for example, ran to Zane Grey and *Riders of the Purple Sage*, and Kennedy's ran to Ian Fleming and James Bond, and neither of them was so deluded as to try to get off a statement of policy or belief without those marvelous valets of the mind, the ghostwriters. Yet John F. Kennedy endured Culture without a twitch or a yawn. And as Monseigneur Casals sawed away in the East Room, the Religion of Culture began to sweep places of power throughout America, after the manner of Mohammed sweeping the Middle East in the 7th century.

Witness! Today the holy temples of Culture are rising up to the skies, across the country, to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars. New York's Lincoln Center alone has cost $165 million so far. We are in a period redolent of the great cathedral boom of Europe in the 12th and 13th centuries, Reims, Cologne, St. Mark's, Chartres, Amiens. Today in America we have our Lincoln Center in New York, our Jesse H. Jones Hall for the Performing Arts in Houston, our University Circle in Cleveland, our Atlanta Memorial Cultural Center, our Cherokee, Iowa, Community Center, our Roberson Memorial Center in Binghamton, N.Y. Up they have soared, or are soaring, or will soar, clusters of museums, theaters, opera houses, with glories of glass, pale stone, plaques, piety, testimony to the intellectual millennium to come, in Los Angeles, Fort Wayne, Winston-Salem, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Webster Groves, Mo., Huntsville, Ala., Pine Bluff, Ark.

Culture!

The Inauguration Day crowd exposed the simple devastating problem about all this—the one the Supreme Court will soon be compelled to realize. The culture centers are, in fact, vast government projects built and run for the benefit of a religious minority, and the Supreme Court has already given its opinion about *that* sort of thing. A heavy percentage of the backing of the culture centers has come from federal, state and municipal governments in the form of outright grants or subsidies. Yet the centers serve only the one sect, the *culturati*, who are, generally speaking, the Americans with college educations, 7.6 percent of the population, about 14,500,000 people, plus perhaps one million others with intellectual or social ambitions. In its decision condemning the centers, the Court will cite its recent "school-prayer" decision. As in that case: Church and State must be kept separate. State projects may not be used to subsidize a religious faith, and least of all a religion so esoteric as Culture.

How the true believers will cry out! For the educated classes in America, Culture today takes care of the two historic functions of the traditional religion; namely, an excuse for rejection of the world and the legitimization of wealth. The poor and the unsuccessful have always used religion as a means of rejecting worldly competition and saying, "I may be poor and unsuccessful, but so what, only salvation matters and I am among the saved." For "saved" substitute "cultured," "artistic" or "intellectual" and you have thousands, perhaps millions, of people in American cities who seek solace on an isle of the mind. You see them every day in New York. You jam on the subway in the morning and there will be some slender ethereal girl hanging on the metal grip with one hand, and holding a book, open, in the other, and she's tuned out of this rotten mass of humanity. She is in her own universe, she is reading Martin Buber or Kafka. She is . . . saved.

The rich and successful, meantime, have always used religion as a means of legitimizing their wealth and success, saying, "I have all this because I deserve it, because I am a man of God." And they tithe, they serve as deacons, they head building funds. For "man of God" substitute "patron of the arts" and you have thousands of wealthy Americans today who are engaged in a fantastic competition to become pillars of Culture. There was a time when the rich got a foot in the door of immortality by giving heavily to churches or charities. Today it is perhaps more common for them to give the millions to museums. Culture competition among the rich has become so

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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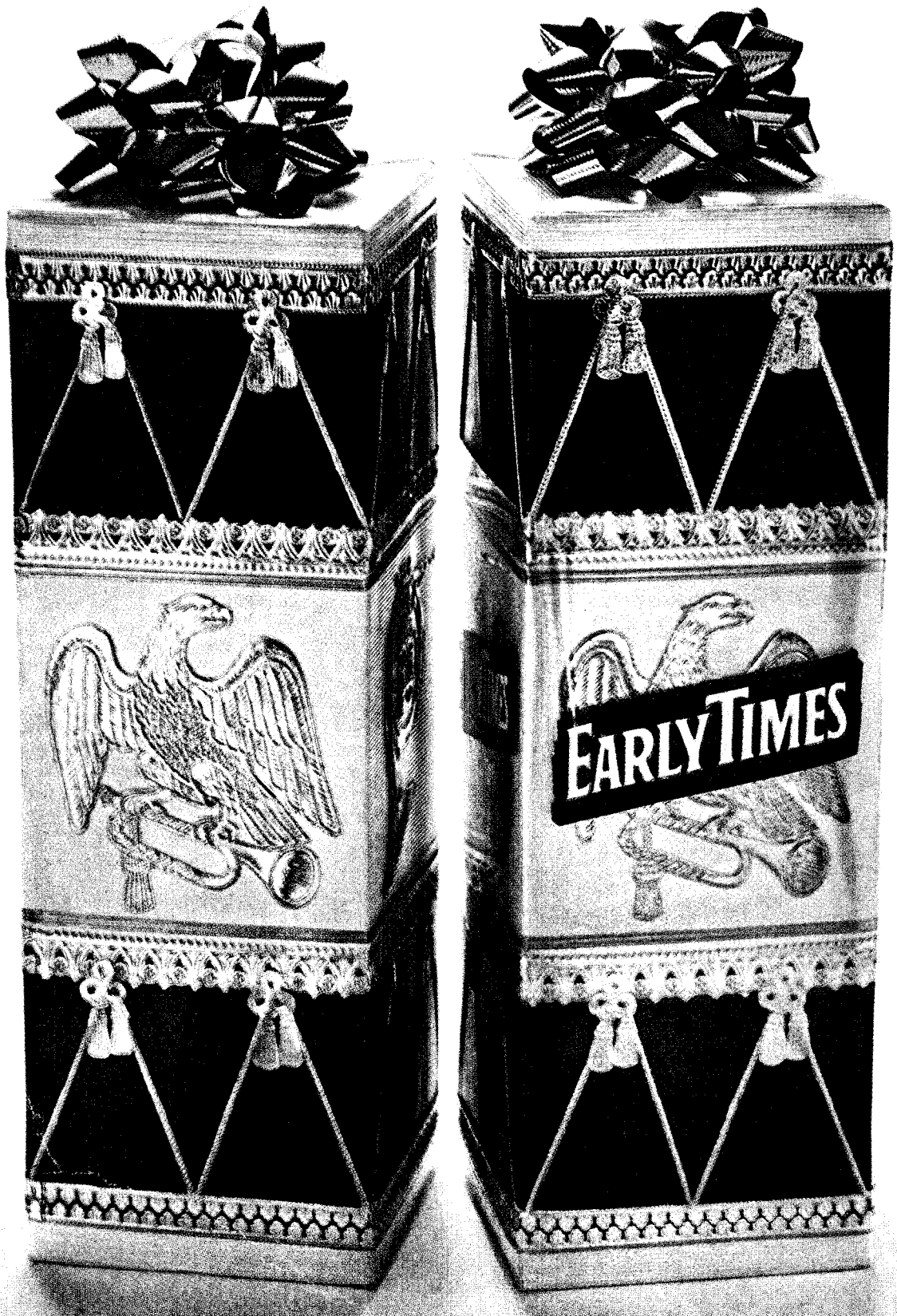

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who's there

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Forget-me-not: Earrings (14 Kt.) $12.50 Brooch $15 Flower: Brooch $19.50 Earrings $20
Right: Heart Necklace $11.50 Jade Necklace $25 Grape: Brooch $30 Earrings $18.50
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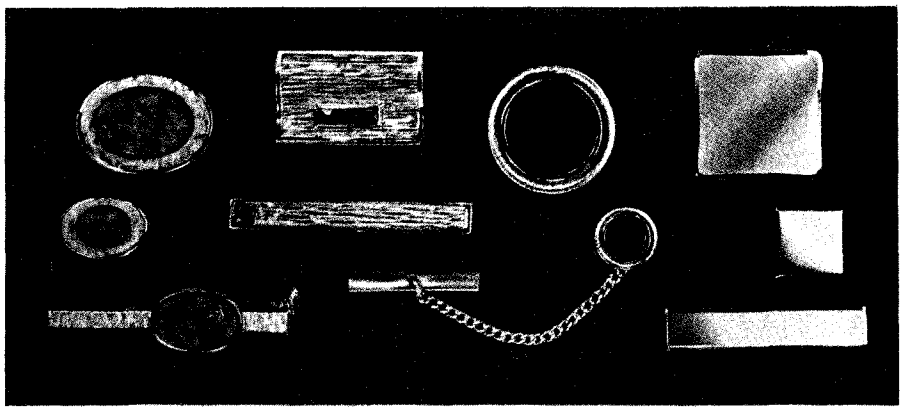


Cuff Links $9.50 to $16 Tie Tacks $4 to $5.50 Tie Clips $5 to $8

intense that the standards are becoming rigid. At the top of the ladder is having a whole museum named after you, like the Corcoran, Phillips and Frick galleries. Few can hope to build up big enough or important enough private collections to start museums of that magnitude anymore. Down one step is giving a large enough collection and enough money to found a wing of a museum. But even that is a tough proposition today. There aren't enough wings left, for one thing. And art prices have risen so steeply it is now almost impossible to build that kind of collection. Now it gets down to rooms and individual galleries, and there is a tight status pattern even there. The closer to the first floor and the more daylight shines on the collection, the higher the status. But people are even breaking into garrets and basements where they used to keep the barrels of industrial floor-sweeper wax scraps and there—plaque!—is the W. Chauncey Ratherwell Belgian Porcelain Cossack Collection on display.

Plaques and brass plates—Culture!—there is no stopping them in their urge to worship. At the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center they got down to competition for giving sticks of furniture, walls, even columns and the plastered I-beams that hold the building up.

The grand opening of that building, the new Met, on September 16—well, the whole thing was there. What a piece of cake. The new Met cost just over one fourth the money that they gave to Lincoln Center, $45.7 million. New York socialites got so desperate to get on the list for tickets, at $250 per, that there were published lists of socialites who were invited and those who were left out. The long cars started pulling up, and out poured white ties, piqué shirts, taffeta sashes, Caribbean Occupation Forces medals, and matrons aglow with all the glories of the couturiers, coiffeuriers, masseurs and chauffeurs—a full-dress monkey-on-a-stick revival meeting such as America had not seen in this century. The President's wife, Nelson Rockefeller, Bobby Kennedy—they all arrived, smiling, and inside . . . *grandeur!*

There was tier upon tier of wedding-cake-white façades, velvet wall hangings, plush seats all nestled and plump like a $5 box of candy, a huge mural by Marc Chagall that actually had cherubs on it. It suddenly reminded one of something like the Teatro Nacional in San Jose, Costa Rica. There in a land of live volcanoes, parrot jungles, pre-Columbian art, bamboo cocktails and black-haired, white-skinned girls who stand around like monumental statues of hot ice—in such a place some local grandee inevitably insists on pointing out the Teatro Nacional. This is San Jose's piece of cake, a little version of the Paris Opera House, with a dome of well-fed pastel mural figures.

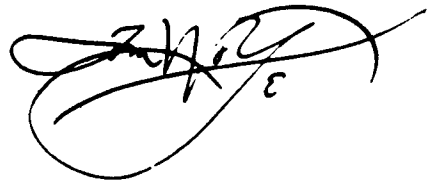
But of course! The new Met is our Teatro Nacional, our little piece of cake, and opening night was our own special reenactment of that marvelous moment in the 19th century when the idea of "Culture" was born, and the arts and letters began to be deified and ossified for the upper classes of Europe. One of the stock jokes became the German business magnate snoring in his loge seat while a fat soprano sings onstage. How much more expertly we have learned to tolerate boredom in the name of Culture. How gamely they sat through the opera *Antony and Cleopatra* on the opening night of the new Met, sucking back the yawns until their eyeteeth rattled. Exquisite! The classical plot, the creaking scenery—the homage to all the dear dead-set pieces of European culture was perfect.

The weird thing is that the backers of the new Met and of Lincoln Center and all the other culture centers sincerely believe that they are building all this for "the people." I think they sincerely believe there is a "culture explosion" among the masses and that housewives in the suburbs are buying Mondrian at the supermarket. Lincoln Center was certainly built in the name of the people. The City of New York took 14 acres in the heart of Manhattan for "urban renewal" and made it available to the developers at "a reasonable price." That represented a subsidy of incalculable proportions. In addition, one fourth of the money that has gone into the Center came directly from government funds.

The builders of Lincoln Center, like the Utopian socialists of a century ago, seem to have a vision of what it is going to be like now that the workers have the money and the time to expand their own egos. In this vision the working-class family is sitting about the hearth at night listening to good music on the radio, or to the father, who is reading aloud to the family from the collected works of Arnold Toynbee or Lytton Strachey. On Saturdays, in this vision, the whole family gets dressed up, the father puts on his blue suit (the lapels are too wide, but it is cleaned and pressed, which makes it all touching), and they all join hands and walk up to the culture center for the big moment in the whole hulking week—watching Geoffrey Holder dance.

This is all great, except that the American people have always had a great talent for not giving a damn about what their spiritual leaders expect them to do. They have taken their money and their free time and started expressing themselves in highly visible ways that are having much more impact than anything that is going on in Culture. Their music has been rock 'n' roll, their dance has been the twist, their theater has been the movies, their sculpture has been California custom cars, their "kinetic art" has been the electric signs of Las Vegas.

I can see the Justices in the Supreme Court sorting out these facts now. How long those old faces will be as they announce that culture centers are unconstitutional—no public projects for private religions—and the wreckers move in. Unless—is there a way to save them? Would the keepers of Culture be willing to make a supreme sacrifice? Would they be willing to give up their grand design for preserving the totems of 19th-century Europe in the new culture temples and give entry to some of the culture forms Americans really care about? It is a scary idea—but one day they might try opening the door and letting in the America of 1966.



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Was John F. Kennedy a Great Man?

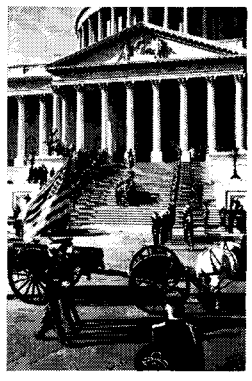
Three years have passed since that lovely late fall day when Washington learned that the young President was dead. Three years have passed since the terrible days that followed, the days of the murder of the murderer, and the rearing horse with the boots reversed in the stirrups, and the drums beating sullenly to the cadence of the human heart, and a Cardinal's anguished farewell: "Good-bye, Jack, dear Jack."

At that time, and for a long time thereafter, it was quite impossible to assess coolly John Kennedy's place in American history. Perhaps it is impossible still. To those who knew him—even those who did not really know him well, like this reporter—the memory of the man is as vivid as ever, and that memory makes difficult any clinical assessments.

And yet, after three years, it is at least beginning to be possible to see John Kennedy's Presidency in historical perspective. In this reporter's opinion, it is much clearer now than it was three years ago that on November 22, 1963, the United States lost a truly great man.

While he still lived, to be sure, John F. Kennedy looked less like a great man than like a President and a politician who was in bad trouble almost everywhere. Many people now look back on the Kennedy years as a golden age. In fact, those brief years were marked by at least one disastrous failure—the Bay of Pigs—and by many semi-failures and frustrations. Kennedy himself remarked early in his Administration, with that unforgettable grin, that "the only thing that really surprised us when we got into office was that things were just as bad as we had been saying they were."

Things were still pretty bad on the day he died. Only a few months before, Charles de Gaulle had kicked the underpinnings out from under Kennedy's European policy. That policy was encompassed in Kennedy's "Grand Design" for a united Europe, including Britain, allied to the U. S. in what Kennedy called "a concrete Atlantic partnership." In January, 1963, de Gaulle icily dismissed the "Grand Design" as "a colossal Atlantic community, under American leadership . . . not at all what France has wanted."



The underpinnings of Kennedy's policy in Asia were equally insecure. At the heart of that policy was Kennedy's commitment to use American power to prevent a Communist takeover of South Vietnam. Three weeks before Kennedy went to Dallas, the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem had vastly accelerated South Vietnam's long slide into chaos. When John Kennedy died, in short, he was a President in serious difficulty abroad.

He was in trouble at home too. On the day of his death, all four of his major legislative objectives—aid to education, the civil-rights bill, Medicare, the tax cut—were hopelessly stalled in Congress. His popularity in the country was clearly waning. In the South, Kennedy was at least as widely detested as Lyndon Johnson is today. Perhaps because most big businessmen bored him, he had never established the rapport with business that Johnson still largely enjoys. The liberals who now idolize his memory had then by no means overcome their suspicions of "Joe Kennedy's boy," and their hearts still belonged to the late Adlai Stevenson and to Hubert Humphrey.

Kennedy would certainly have been hard to defeat in November, 1964, but he himself did not think he was unbeatable. He was confident that he could beat Barry Goldwater, but he confided to friends like Robert McNamara and "Red" Fay that he thought he might be defeated, especially if the Republicans nominated George Romney.

In the autumn of 1963, in short, Kennedy seemed a fairly popular but by no means invulnerable President, taking arms vigorously but without notable success against the sea of troubles that had engulfed him. Now, three years after his death, he seems in retrospect to rank with the handful of American Presidents who have achieved true greatness. Why?

To this reporter, John Kennedy established three valid claims to greatness.

For the first, consider a remark that Kennedy's old adversary, Charles de Gaulle, made to a lady politician at a reception not long after he had dismissed so loftily the Kennedy "Grand Design. "There will not be a war, I can assure you that," de Gaulle told the lady. "Under the circumstances, the future of our country is assured." And why would there not be a war? Because the American nuclear force was "the essential guarantee of world peace."

But before de Gaulle could be so complacent, Kennedy first had to prove to the Russians that the guarantee would be honored. He did so twice over, first when he refused to be bluffed out of Berlin in 1961, second when he stared down Nikita Khrushchev in the great Cuban crisis of 1962. He twice proved that the "guarantee" would be honored, if need be, and at whatever risk, by the United States. Kennedy thus made the nuclear deterrent credible. The sequel was the test-ban treaty, which Kennedy himself considered his greatest achievement, and the slow movement toward accommodation between the two sides of the divided world, which is still going on in spite of the Vietnamese war.

His second claim to greatness is suggested by that list of four legislative objectives which were so hopelessly stalled in Congress when he died. They are all the law of the land now. "Let us begin," Kennedy said on that cold, sunny day in January, 1961, when he took the oath of office. Begin we did, and in terms of both material prosperity and social-economic legislation, the last six years have seen a "great leap forward." Great problems remain, but largely thanks to John Kennedy, most Americans now recognize the existence of those problems, and recognize also that they must be solved, at whatever cost.

As for Kennedy's third claim to greatness, it is more difficult to define, and to illustrate concretely. Oddly enough, it has something to do with the way almost all American males under the age of 30 arrange their hair. As far as nature will permit, young American males now brush their hair forward and out, in a sort of prow, to make it look as much like John Kennedy's hair as possible. For they have taken the dead President as their model.

It is hard to imagine a better one. Kennedy was no Miss Priss. In his youth he was a very gay blade indeed, and in his middle age he was a shrewd, tough, practicing politician. But he was also a thoroughly *good* man—incapable of meanness or pettiness, kind when kindness mattered, steely-strong when strength was needed, a man who, without ostentation, deeply loved his country. The fact that John Kennedy now serves as a model—and not only in the matter of hair styles—to those who will one day take over the country may in the end stand out as the most valid of all his claims to greatness.

Stewart Alsop

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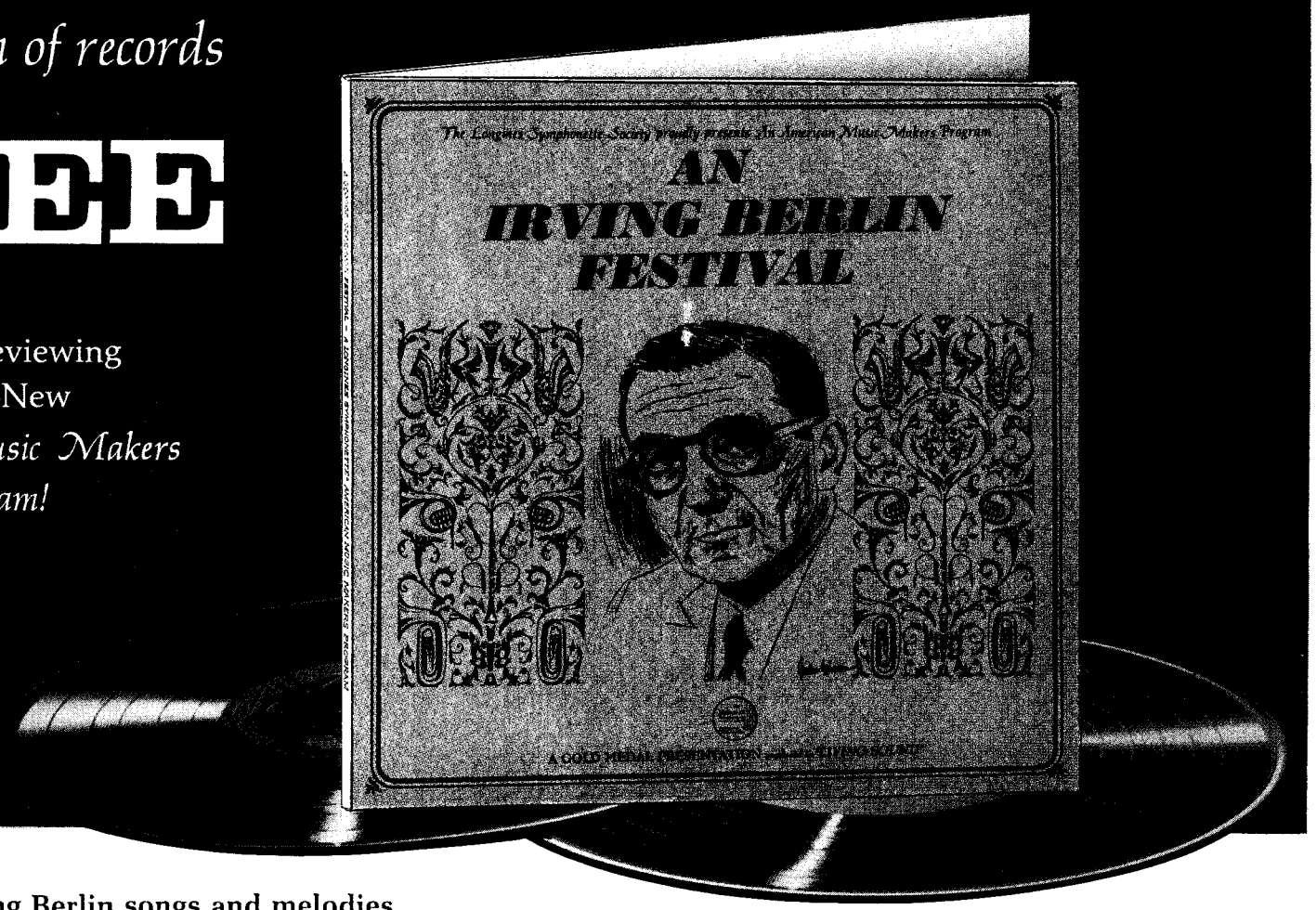

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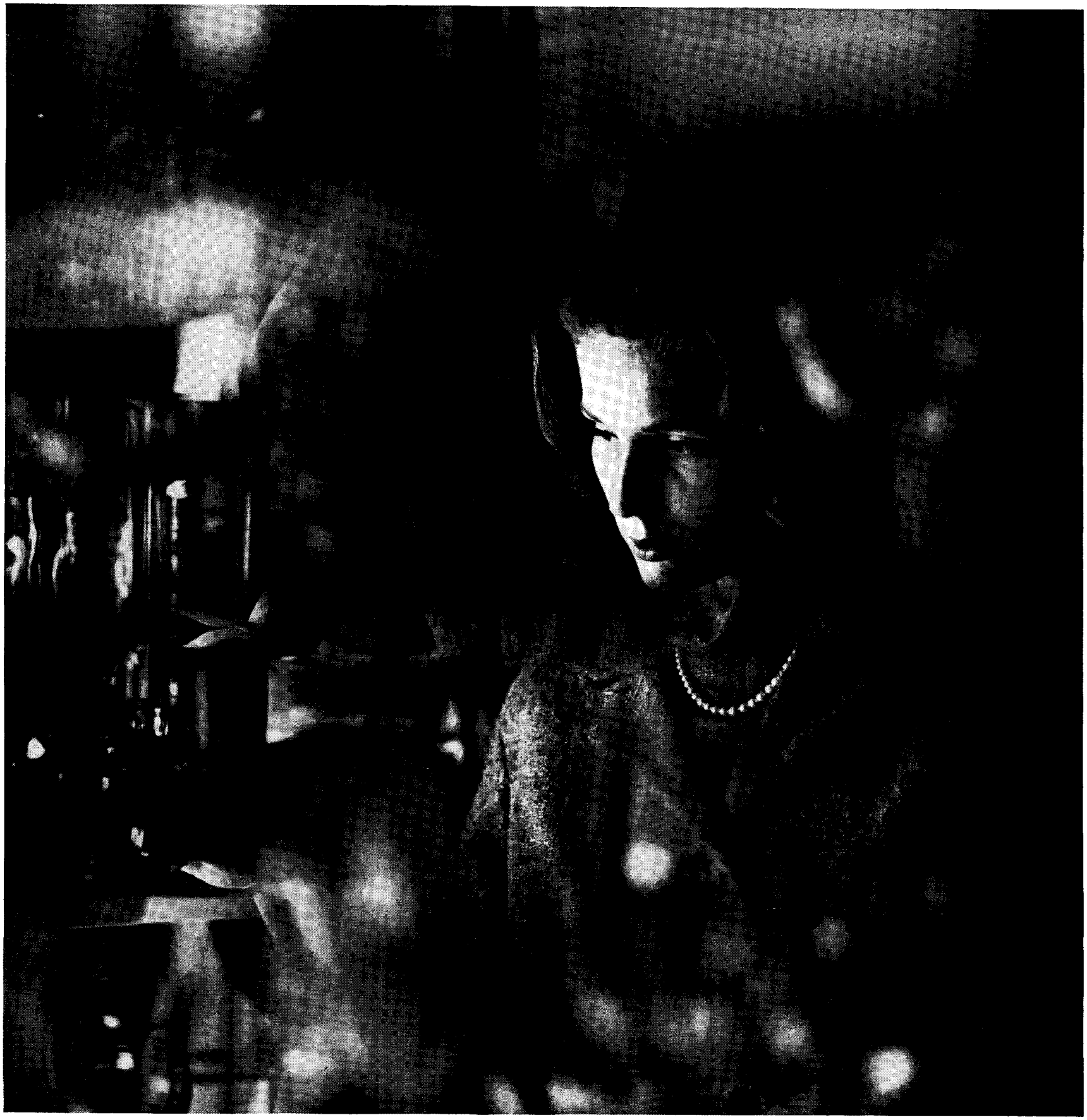

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THE BIG ROCK CANDY FIGGY PUDDING PITFALL

by Joan Didion

You will perhaps have difficulty understanding why I conceived the idea of making 20 hard-candy topiary trees and 20 figgy puddings in the first place. The heart of it is that although I am frail, lazy and unsuited to doing anything except what I am paid to do, which is sit by myself and type with one finger, I like to imagine myself a "can-do" kind of woman, capable of patching the corral fence, pickling enough peaches to feed the hands all winter, and then winning a trip to Minneapolis in the Pillsbury Bake-Off. In fact, the day I stop believing that if put to it I could win the Pillsbury Bake-Off will signal the death of something.

It was late in September, about the time certain canny elves began strategically spotting their *Make it Yourself for Christmas* books near supermarket check-out counters, when I sensed the old familiar discontent. I would stand there in the Westward Ho market, waiting to check out my frozen chicken Tetrazzini, and leafing through the books, and I would see how far I had drifted from the real pleasures. I did not "do" things. I did not sew spangles on potholders for my friends. I did not make branches of marzipan mistletoe for my hostesses. I did not give Corn Dog and Caroling Parties for neighborhood children (Did I know any neighborhood children? Were there any neighborhood children? What exactly was my neighborhood?), the Corn Dogs to be accompanied by Hot Santa's Grog.

Nor had it ever occurred to me to buy Styrofoam balls, cover them with hard candies, plant them on wooden stalks in small flowerpots, and end up with amusingly decorative hard-candy topiary trees, perfect for centerpieces or last-minute gifts. At the check-out counter, I recognized clearly that my plans for the Christmas season—making a few deadlines—were stale and unprofitable. Had my great-great-grandmother come west in a covered wagon and strung cranberries on scrub oaks so that I might sit by myself in a room typing with one finger and ordering Italian twinkle lights by mail from Hammacher Schlemmer?

I wanted to be the kind of woman who made hard-candy topiary trees and figgy puddings. The figgy puddings were not in the *Make it Yourself for Christmas* books but something I remembered from a carol. "Oh bring us a figgy pudding and a happy new year," the line went. I was unsure what a figgy pudding was, but it had the ring of the real thing.

"Exactly what kind of therapy are we up to this week?" my husband asked when I arrived home with 20 Styrofoam balls, 20 flowerpots and 60 pounds of, or roughly 6,000, hard candies, each wrapped in cellophane.

"Hard-candy topiary trees, if you don't mind," I said briskly, to gain the offensive before he could mention my last project, a hand-knitted sweater which would have cost $60 at Jax, the distinction being that, had I bought it at Jax, it would very probably be finished. "Twenty of them. Decorative. Amusing."

He said nothing.

"*Christmas* presents," I said.

There was a moment of silence as we contemplated the dining-room table, covered now with shifting dunes of lemon drops.

"Presents for whom?" he said.

"Your mother might like one."

"That leaves nineteen."

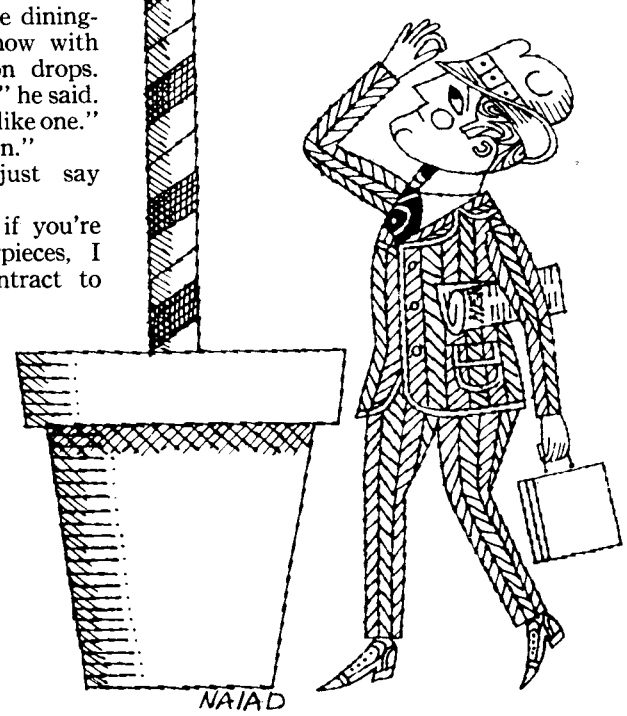
"All right. Let's just say they're centerpieces."

"Let's just say that if you're making twenty centerpieces, I hope you're under contract to Chasen's. Or maybe to Hilton."

"That's all *you* know," I countered, wittily.

Provisions for the figgy puddings were rather more a problem. *The Vogue Book of Menus and Recipes* made no mention of figgy pudding, nor did my cookbook, although the latter offered a recipe for "Steamed Date or Fig Pudding." This had a tentative sound, and so I merely laid in 20 pounds of dried figs and planned, when the time came, to improvise from there. I thought it unnecessary to mention the puddings to my husband just yet.

Meanwhile, work on the topiary trees proceeded. Pebbles were gathered from the driveway to line the flowerpots. ("Next time it rains and that driveway washes out," I was informed, "there's going to be one unhappy Santa's Helper around here.") Lengths of doweling to be used as stalks were wrapped with satin ribbons. The 20 Styrofoam balls glistened with candies, each affixed with an artfully concealed silk pin. (As it happened I had several thousand silk pins left from the time I planned to improvise a copy of a Grès evening dress.) There was to be a lemon-drop tree and an ice-mint tree and a cinnamon-lump tree. There was to be a delicate crystallized-violet tree. There was to be a witty-licorice tree.



All in all, the operation went more smoothly than any I had undertaken since I was 16 and won third prize in the Sacramento Valley Elimination Make-It-Yourself-With-Wool Contest. I framed graceful rejoinders to compliments. I considered the probability that I. Magnin or Neiman-Marcus would press me to make trees for them on an exclusive basis. All that remained was to set the candy balls upon their stalks—that and the disposition of the figs—and I had set an evening aside for this crowning of the season's achievement.

I suppose that it was about seven o'clock when I placed the first candy-covered ball on the first stalk. Because it did not seem overly secure, I drilled a deeper hole in the second ball. That one, too, once on its stalk, exhibited a certain tendency to sway, but then so does the Golden Gate Bridge. I was flushed with imminent success, visions of candy trees come true all around me. I suppose it was about eight o'clock when I placed the last ball on the last stalk, and I suppose it was about one minute after eight when I heard the first crack, and I suppose it was about 8:15 (there were several minutes of frantic shoring maneuvers) when my husband found me sitting on the dining-room floor, crying, surrounded by 60 pounds of scattered lemon drops and ice-mints and cinnamon lumps and witty licorice.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Why don't we get the grout left over from when you were going to retile the bathroom, and make a ceramic candy floor."

"If you think you're going to get any figgy puddings," I said, "you'd better think again."

But I had stopped crying, and we went out for an expensive dinner. The next morning I gathered up the candies and took them to Girl Scout headquarters, presumably to be parceled into convalescents' nut cups by some gnome Brownie. The Styrofoam balls I saved. A clever woman should be able to do something very attractive for Easter with Styrofoam balls and 20 pounds of figs. □

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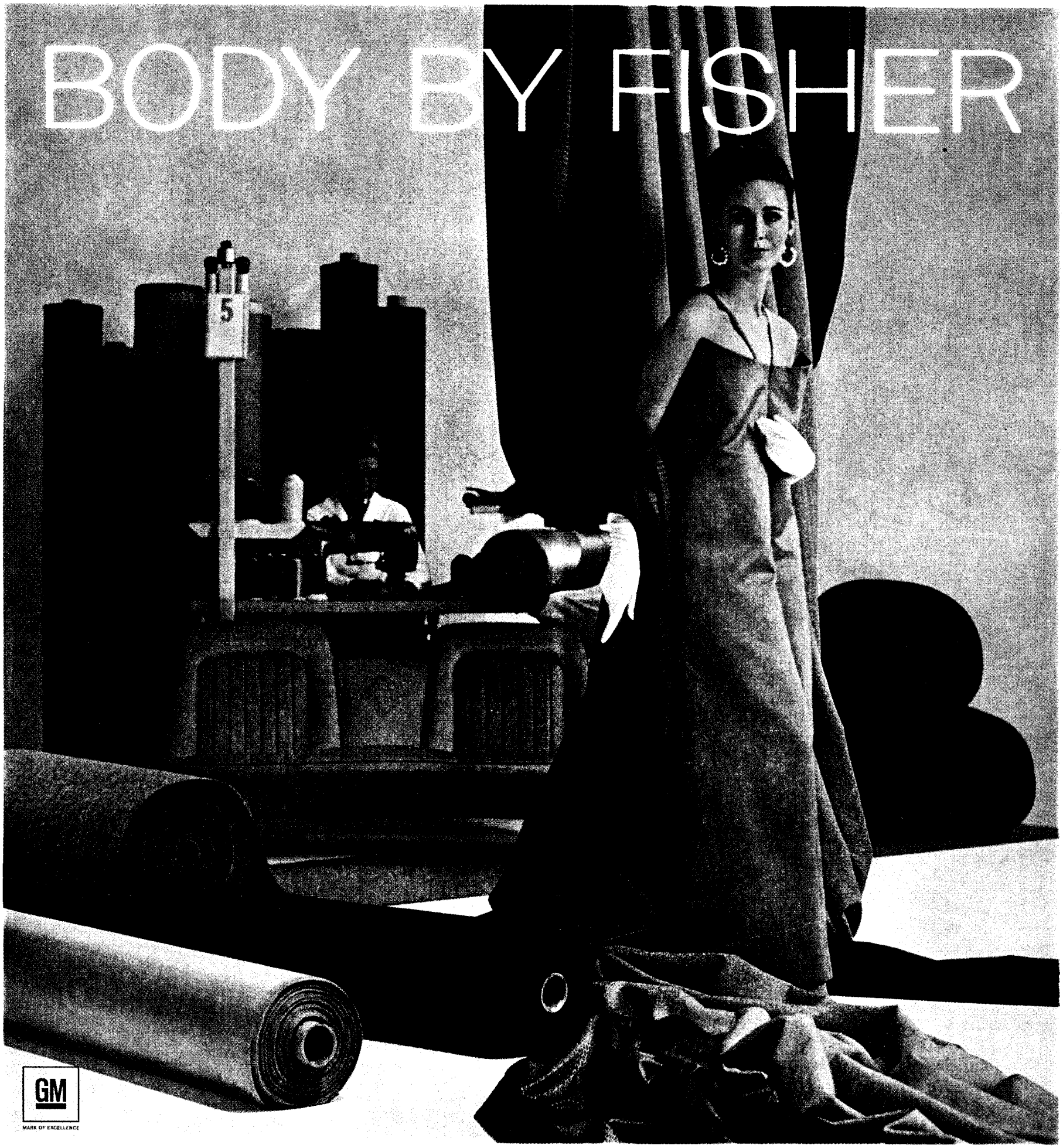

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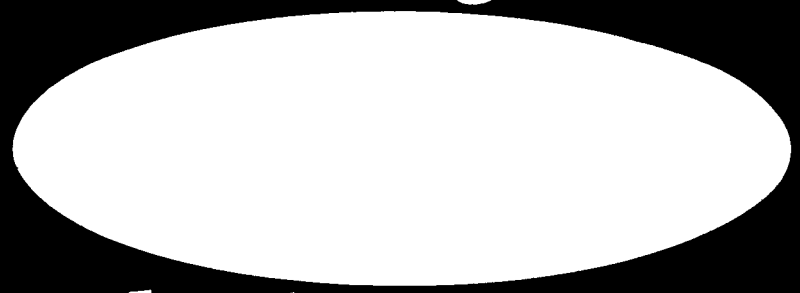

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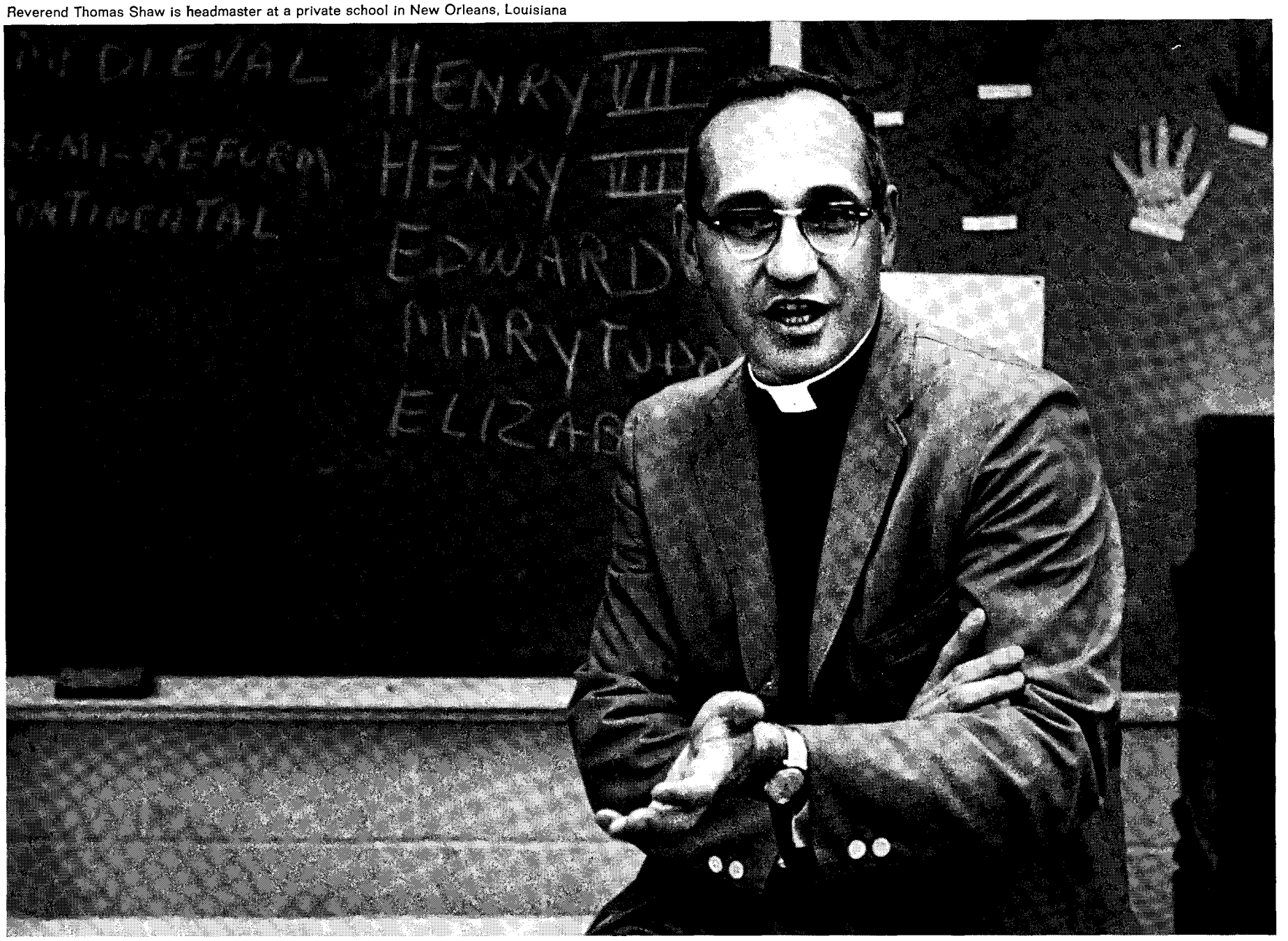
Reverend Thomas Shaw is headmaster at a private school in New Orleans, Louisiana



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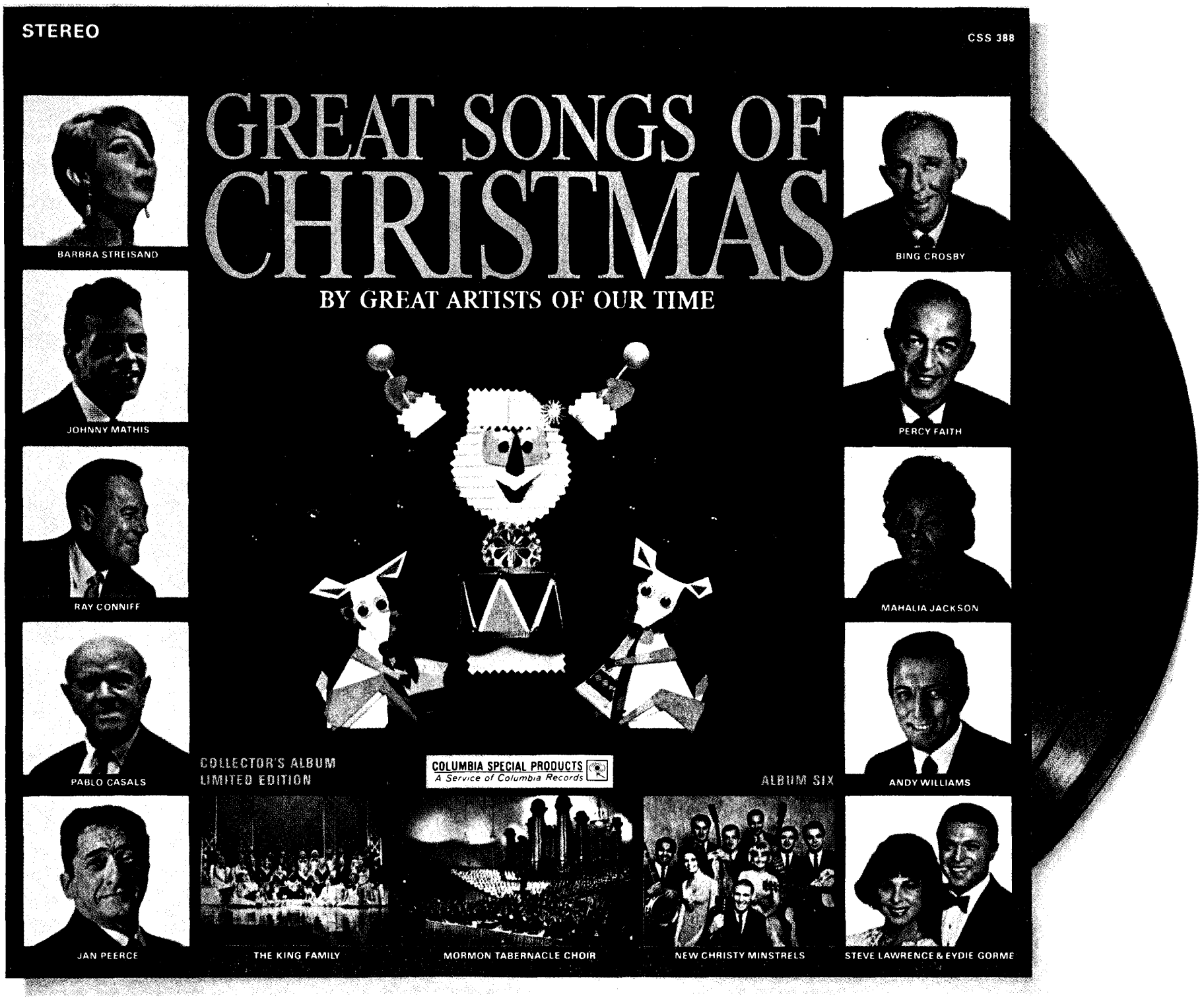

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The Saturday Evening POST

Vietnam Exclusive:

The morning sky was clear over the South China Sea, but the weather turned murky as we approached the coast of North Vietnam. Our group of four Skyraiders had taken off from the *USS Ranger* 45 minutes earlier—at nine o'clock last February 1—and we were flying in formation at 10,000 feet. We zigzagged to look for a hole in the overcast and to keep their radar-controlled guns from locking onto us.

All at once flak appeared as noisy smudges nearby. I didn't have much time to notice it. I checked my armament switches and gunsights. Then in my headset I heard a pilot shout, "I got a target. There it is at nine o'clock." I looked down and saw it—an antiaircraft battery at a road intersection. I called my number: "Five-oh-four rolling in," I said. I pulled the stick, rolled on my back and started into my dive.

Suddenly *boom, boom, boom.* A 57-mm shell knocked off part of my right wing. Another burst hit my engine. It sputtered and quit. I shouted, "Mayday, Mayday" into my radio. I leveled out and aimed at the target quickly, then dumped all my ordnance. Miraculously I hit the target. The antiaircraft battery had gotten me, but I knocked it out.

'I ESCAPED FROM A RED PRISON'

By Lt. j.g. [redacted]ngler

Gaunt, hollow-eyed and shrunk to 93 pounds, Dengler recuperates aboard the carrier Ranger, *where he was flown 171 days after leaving the ship for a strike in North Vietnam.*

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As I came out of my bombing run I knew I was going to crash. The plane was hardly controllable, and the jungle flashing past beneath me was getting closer. I thought that I still had enough altitude to make it over the ridge ahead, and I hoped then to find a clearing. As I skimmed over that ridge I realized I was in trouble: The only clearing was less than 300 feet long and the surrounding trees were about 150 feet high and three feet thick. I pulled back a little on the stick, and the plane began to shudder. I hit a tree, and my right wing sheared off; the plane veered wildly as my left wing hit another tree. The fuselage flipped over two or three times. There's no padding at all in the cockpit, but I was strapped in tight. I lifted my legs and put my hands in front of my face. I must have been knocked unconscious during the crash, because I remember only struggling to open the jammed canopy and then being on my back 100 yards from the plane. A big plume of smoke was rising into the sky.

I tried to get my senses together. My knee was blue, and it hurt like hell. My Mae West was gone, my helmet was gone, and blood was running down my neck. My first thought was to get far away from the crash. I crawled across a little creek and must have traveled about half a mile when I heard voices. I hobbled into some bushes, and slowly the voices faded away. I broke off some little sticks and bound them to my knee with elastic bandages to make a splint. Then I checked my survival gear.

Leaving Vietnam, Dengler flashes a grin as he clambers from a plane taking him to a reunion on the carrier offshore.

I was still wearing my heavy green flight suit, and a nylon sleeping bag that I had made on the carrier was taped to my back. I had a .38 revolver, a brand-new radio, a compass, a plastic map, a canteen, a few cakes of soap, some fishhooks and a mirror. I also carried some high-protein foods—pepperoni sausage and nuts—as well as medicine. Right away I took my malaria pills. Then I began to think about getting rid of some of the stuff.

All of a sudden somebody opened up with an automatic weapon. Bullets hit right and left—two or three feet from me. I dived under a bush and tried to camouflage myself by pulling that green sleeping bag over my head. I didn't want those guys to get my radio—all they'd have to do was turn on the beeper, and a helicopter would come hovering in to get nailed with a machine gun. I stowed all my gear—radio, gun, the whole works—in a hole in a tree and piled some leaves over it. Then I started crawling away on my belly. I suppose I should have gone back to pick up my gear, but I decided against it. Perhaps I was overconfident because, as a boy in Germany, I'd always had to fend for myself. Then, too, I had "escaped" four times in Navy survival training. I said, "Man, I've got it knocked—I don't need this, I don't need that. I'll make it on my own."

I knew that my target had been in North Vietnam very near the Laotian border, but I didn't know where I had come down. If I headed east through North Vietnam I might reach the ocean. But then what? I didn't have a signaling device anymore, so nobody would pick me up. But suppose I went the other way, to Laos? The jungle there would be thicker and easier to hide in. I still had my compass, and I decided to head west.

For the rest of the first day, I kept walking, avoiding trails and clearings and occasional animal traps. At night I slipped into my sleeping bag. It was hot and miserable, with bugs everywhere, and I couldn't sleep. At dawn I started moving again, and soon I got careless. Back in the States they'd told me "always avoid clearings, trails and water holes." Now I said the heck with that. Why should I walk in the bush when the trail is easy going?

They caught me 15 minutes later. A couple of guys jumped out of the bush and started yelling and screaming. They wore sunglasses and American-style uniforms—khaki trousers and rubber boots. "Ute, ute," they shouted. I didn't know who they were and couldn't understand them, but I stopped. I guessed they were Pathet Lao troops—pro-Communist Laotians. One of them held an M-1 at my head while the other searched me. They tied my hands and hit me in the head a couple of times with their fists. Then they took away my watch, my compass and my ID cards.

For the rest of that afternoon they ran me along the trail. About five o'clock we reached a clearing where they tied me to a tree. Then a pleasant-faced man in a brown uniform walked over to inspect me. He wore a sidearm, and he had a red star on his belt buckle, so I figured he was the leader of this gang. The guards had given this man my Geneva Convention card and my regular ID card, and he was trying to read them upside down. For a moment I had a crazy impulse to laugh. But four or five guards had rifles pointing at me.

The officer and his men talked for a while. Then they drove big stakes into the ground and spread-eagled me between them. I spent the night trying to shoo away the mosquitoes by moving my head. Then the leeches started crawling up my legs. A leech is about as long as a needle and not much thicker. Sometimes when it drops off, it's sucked so much blood that it's as thick as your little finger. Then you just continue bleeding.

For the next several days we walked, four or five guards in front of me, another four or five behind me. They had tied my hands, but I was still able to eat a handful of rice in the morning, another handful in late afternoon. We walked for hours yet probably made only eight miles a day. The trails twisted up and down so many hills that we had to zigzag constantly in the relentless heat. Occasionally we stopped at small villages. Men, women and children came out of their huts and clustered about me. Most of the women were barebreasted. They were very polite, and sometimes they'd give me water. But I knew they were afraid of me. If I moved, they'd jump back. The men wore loincloths, and some of them carried knives. They screamed at me and waved their fists, and I could see hate in their eyes.

On the afternoon of the fifth day we went into a huge cave where soldiers were milling around some Russian jeeps. For the first time since my capture I was able to communicate with someone. One of the Laotian officers started speaking French. I remember some French from my school years, so we could at least understand each other. At first this officer was friendly. He had a camera and took my picture. For nearly a week I'd been eating nothing but rice. He gave me some sugar and a couple of eggs, and he told me that I could write some letters. Then he pulled out a piece of paper and asked me to sign my name. It was typed and phrased in perfect English and it said, in effect, that the Americans were dropping bombs on innocent women and children and that, although I personally opposed this policy, I was forced to fly on these missions by the U.S. Government. I wouldn't sign that paper.

The friendly officer said something to the guards, and they beat me on the head with bamboo sticks, then pummeled my face and ears with their fists. "Bai-bai. Guen, guen," they said. Sign that paper and we will let you go. Next morning the officer shoved that paper in my face again. When I refused to sign it, he told the guards to bring a water buffalo to the mouth of the cave.

They tied my hands, then my feet, and ran the rope 15 or 20 feet to the buffalo's collar. Laughing, they prodded the animal until it trotted. I was dragged headfirst over sharp roots sticking out of the trail. My clothes were tattered; the skin on my legs was shredded, and I was bleeding a lot. I got madder than hell and called them a lot of dirty names. Then I passed out.

This went on for nearly two days. I can't remember how many times I passed out, but I know that I never signed their paper. Finally, on the afternoon of the seventh day, they gave up and marched me away.

Just to make sure that I didn't try to run off, the guards made me hang my shoes around my neck. And without shoes, an American just can't walk in that jungle. The heat was almost unbearable. It hadn't rained for months, and everything was dry. Finally we came to a muddy water hole, and they let me drink. For some reason they hadn't taken away my halazone tablets yet, so I borrowed a bottle from one of the guards, put the tablets in the water and waited for a few minutes before I swallowed the stuff.

Throughout the march I always had 14 or 15 guards around me—Pathet Laos wearing peaked leather caps, blue trousers and shoes. One of them carried an old Russian grease gun; another had a carbine; the rest had Chinese rifles. They gave me rice, occasional pieces of chicken and some edible fern that they steamed. We kept moving, but I had no way of knowing where I was being taken. Whenever we stopped, the guards always tied me down to a tree or a hut. And there was always somebody watching me. All the guards smoked—either bamboo pipes or cigarettes rolled from banana leaves. And one of these guards kept a mirror inside his

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'They tied me, then led the rope to the buffalo.'

tobacco box. I watched him carefully to find out where he put that box.

After sunset on the eighth day it soon got pitch dark. On the way up a steep hill I kept moaning and flopping my hands over the shoulders of the guard with the mirror, who was walking ahead of me. He'd stuck the tobacco in the upper pocket of his jacket. I leaned on him hard, reached over and pulled it out without his ever knowing what happened. Then I flicked the box into the bushes and stuck the mirror in my trousers.

A few hours later we reached another village and went to sleep. As usual, one guard slept on my left, another on my right, and they had tied me so that I couldn't move without waking one of them. But when the guard on my left kept putting his leg over mine, and I kept kicking it back, he didn't wake up. The other guard was sound asleep too. This was my chance. I strained to free myself, trying to wriggle out of the ropes. Sweat ran into my eyes; I struggled with the loops at my wrists, afraid my panting would wake someone. Finally I slipped free and crept to the porch.

Almost immediately a flock of chickens and pigs started screeching. I raced back inside and lay down next to the guards with my heart pounding like a subway train. When they still didn't wake up, I decided to try again. The moon was just coming out from behind the clouds. In a nearby hut I could see a man sitting smoking a cigarette. He was watching me. I froze. The man got up. But he didn't say a word. He just went inside his hut.

My shoes were hanging on the porch, but I didn't stop to put them on until I'd crawled about 300 yards. I knew now that the trail was dangerous, so I dived into the jungle. Somewhere in the distance I heard a dog barking. If I could climb a mountain, I could use that mirror to signal an aircraft. Then a helicopter would come.

But now I was exhausted. I lay down and slept until dawn and then started for the nearest mountain. About nine o'clock I reached the top. There was nothing to do but wait, and there was no tree, no shade. I hadn't had anything to drink in hours, and the sun was so hot that I almost passed out. Then I saw two Royal Laotian Air Force T-28's. I signaled, and one of them turned in my direction. I was sure he had radioed a helicopter, so I waited for a few more hours. But nobody came. At three o'clock I thought I'd better get down from there before I died of thirst. My strength was really gone: I kept falling and sliding down vines, and when I reached the bottom, I was barely able to crawl. Somehow, I found an animal trail and followed it to a water hole. *Boom*—in I fell, head over heels. I had taken just one drink when they caught me again.

There were about 20 of them in blue Pathet Lao uniforms, and they were yelling and screaming. One of them smashed at my head with the butt of his rifle, and as I moved back he hit me on the shoulder. The gun went off and shot another guard through both legs. I thought they were going to kill me then, but they made a stretcher for their buddy and took care of him before turning back to me. They put a rope around my legs and tied my hands behind my back—so tight that after a while my hands were completely numb. Then they hung me upside down from a tree. They kicked me in the face and whipped me until I passed out. When I came to, I was lying on the ground. One of the guards hung me upside down again and shoved a large ant hive in my face. Thousands of little black ants started biting my nose and eyes and mouth. I think I screamed for almost a minute before I passed out again.

Later that afternoon—this was the ninth day

Welcomed by the squadron executive officer (left) and surrounded by his fellow pilots, Dengler tells of his escape.

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after my crash—they marched me to a cave and stuck me in a hole that was roughly two feet across and four feet deep. There was about a foot of water at the bottom, and my arms and legs were still tied, so I couldn't sleep.

For the next few days they marched me along the trails in eastern Laos. They gave me water and a couple of handfuls of rice, but I was extremely weak. I stumbled a lot trying to keep up with them and passed out a couple of times. Then, on the morning of the 14th day, we reached the prison camp.

It wasn't what I'd imagined at all; I thought I was going to a camp like you see in the movies. But this was just a collection of bamboo huts sitting on stilts about four feet high. I knew other prisoners had to be there, so I began to shout: "Hey, you guys, what's up in there? What's the scoop?" But I didn't hear a sound.

They shoved me into one of the huts, clapped handcuffs on my wrists and stuck my feet into wooden blocks that must have weighed 30 or 40 pounds. It was very dark in there, but the door was open about half a foot, and I wiggled toward it. That's when I saw six other prisoners in another hut a few feet away.

For security reasons I won't say much about them, but several were in bad shape. Most of their teeth had fallen out, and I could see big sores on their bodies. And they were also wearing handcuffs. I shouted to them, and right away a guard came and told me to shut up. When he left, I called softly to the other hut. One guy called back that his name was Duane Martin; he was an Air Force lieutenant, a helicopter pilot, and he had been captured nine months earlier. Some of the others had been there more than two years.

I realized there was a chance that one of them might be a stool pigeon, so I told them only that I flew a Skyraider. I didn't want to say anything about the carrier or about the targets I'd bombed. It didn't matter, because what they were really interested in was news from outside. What did cars look like now? What was happening in Europe, Cuba and China? What could you see on television? Then I told them that President Kennedy was dead. Duane Martin had said that, too, but they hadn't believed him.

I was kept isolated for about a week, and then I was moved into the other hut. Until a month ago, the prisoners said, conditions hadn't been too bad. They'd even been allowed to boil water at night. Then Little Hitler came and everything had changed.

I'll never forget that guy as long as I live. He was short—about five feet two inches—and he wore a blue-and-yellow loincloth. He had dark skin, little squirrelly eyes and a big belly. He always carried a submachine gun. He did his best to torment us, and he succeeded lots of times. He knew, for example, that we wanted water desperately, so he'd bring some in a pot and place it just out of our reach. Then he'd pour the water on the ground and laugh. Another of his tricks was to stand one of us in footblocks outside the hut and take the man's handcuffs off. Then he'd tell the other guards that the prisoner refused to wear handcuffs and should be punished. Right away they'd beat him and fire bullets at his feet.

Of all the guards, and there were 10 or 15 at all times, Little Hitler was undoubtedly the worst. Still, he had competition—Crazy Horse, for example. He really did have a face like a horse, and he really was crazy in a brutal way. Then there were Sot and Dam and Windy—he was a sly son of a gun who was always sneaking around corners, trying to catch us doing something. And Jumbo—I shouldn't forget him—a fat, dreamy-faced guy who didn't care about anything. He sat outside his hut all day making baskets out of rattan fiber, and

'I knew I'd never fly or see my mother again.'

he never bothered us at all. It was hot as hell during the day and bitterly cold at night. Nobody had a match or a lighter—we just rubbed bamboo together to make fire. I still had my sleeping bag, but it was good only for keeping leeches and mosquitoes away.

One morning—I think it was eight days after I was brought to the camp—Crazy Horse entered our hut with a big smile on his face. The prisoners who had been confined longest could understand him. We were going to be set free, he said, free to go home. We just had to walk to another headquarters. We packed up our belongings: spoons and water cups that we'd carved out of bamboo, together with some thread and porcupine needles.

Then we started marching. All of us were stumbling along, tied to one another by handcuffs. We should have known that Crazy Horse was lying—Crazy Horse always lied. We didn't reach a headquarters, only another prison camp, like the first one but more heavily fortified. Our bamboo huts stood on log foundations about three feet high. The guards shoved four of us in one of these huts and placed the other prisoners in a hut across the way.

Now we settled into monotonous routine. Every morning we'd wake up with the chickens. One guy would holler, "Kopa-tie-a-chow"—I have to go to the latrine. There was a hole in the ground 30 or 40 yards away. Five or six guards would remove his footblocks and escort him there. But if he stayed there longer than half a minute, the guards would start shooting. We soon decided it was safer to relieve ourselves in bamboo containers inside the huts. One of us would have to empty these containers every second or third day and would run the risk of being shot—but this was better than having all of us shot at every morning.

At about nine o'clock the guards would give us rice. Sometimes all seven of us would be allowed to eat this morning meal at a table outside the main hut, and we'd have about 10 minutes to talk before the guards yelled "Kuo-kuo" and shoved us back inside. During the day the heat was so unbearable that the guards not on duty simply went to sleep. In midafternoon they'd wake up, go out to check their traps for animals and look for edible leaves and bark. Around five they'd let us out again for another 10-minute meal before putting us back in footblocks for the rest of the night.

The most nerve-racking part of the routine was the singing. Every night the guards would sing the same propaganda songs, over and over. Now and then the guards would push us out of our huts and punish us—also part of their routine. They'd hang us upside down from trees or shoot bullets at our feet. One time a guard put an M-1 to my head, and I thought he was going to pull the trigger. I remember saying, "Oh, God, that's an American weapon. Our tax dollars paid for that." Then he laughed and took it away.

After the first few weeks at the camp we developed a routine of our own. Saturday night was our hoot-and-holler time. We tried to pick songs that all of us knew—*Loch Lomond* or *High Noon*. On Sunday mornings we'd hold church services with Reverend Dengler, Reverend Martin or Reverend So-and-So presiding. We didn't have a Bible, but some of us remembered Scripture, and we'd talk for an hour or so about God. Then we'd pray. The rest of the week we had nothing to do but sit inside those huts and wait for food or punishment.

Initially we had enough rice; we could even ask for second helpings. Then, in March, about a month after we moved to the new camp, the food supply dried up. Once every four or five days the guards would go to check their traps. If something had been caught, it had probably been dead for a while; other animals had torn off its legs or head. For some reason, when they caught a pig, the guards would stick the raw meat into a bamboo container and let it rot there for several days. It would turn green and start moving by itself. Maggots would crawl all over it, and it would stink so bad that the guards would hold their noses. But we never got sick from eating it. Most of the prisoners were already used to eating intestines, testicles and eyes. I thought they were crazy at first, but after a while it didn't bother me either. At mealtime we'd take turns dipping coconut shells into a pot of cold food brought by a guard. If we had meat, we'd cut it up first to make sure that each of us got his fair share. One afternoon we found a frog under the floor of our hut. We divided it, raw, among the seven prisoners, and I got his heart. It was smaller than a watch stem, but at least it was food. At night the rats came. We caught them in traps baited with rice. The rats were very good eating. We'd cook them to the extent of searing off their fur, then eat the head, legs, tail, skin—everything. The snakes that we caught were small, but most of them had rats in their stomachs. That was a double feast.

In all the time we'd been at this camp, we never had any medical attention. One of the prisoners had a badly infected tooth; pus was streaming out, and it hurt him a lot. He found a nail somewhere, placed it against his tooth and hammered it with a rock. He chopped it off piece by piece, and that relieved the pressure. I never got dysentery, but we all had diarrhea. We ate charcoal,

Back home, Dengler stands on the wing of the "Spad" he began a "love affair" with when he first joined the Navy.

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Reunited with his mother and his brother Klaus, both just arrived from Germany, Dengler recently appeared fully restored to health. His weight has virtually doubled since rescue.

and that would stop it a little bit, but some guys still had to defecate 20 or 30 times a night. Ants and bugs were crawling all around, and I can't describe the smell.

There were times now when I didn't want to wake up. I figured the war would last another five years; I'd probably die anyway, so it wouldn't make any difference. I knew I'd never get home. I'd never see my fiancée, Marina Adamich, again. I'd never see my mother or my brothers, Klaus and Martin. I knew I'd never fly again either.

Mother says I've wanted to be a pilot since I was seven years old. Whenever I asked for a toy, it was always a plane, and the walls of my room were plastered with pictures of Stukas and Messerschmitts. She tells me also that my father was a wonderful man, an excellent bookbinder and photographer before he joined the *Wehrmacht*. I never really knew him, because he was killed on the Russian front in 1942.

During the war we lived in the city of Wildberg, which isn't far from the Black Forest. My brothers and I used to play in the streets until the fighters came and shot at us. Then the bombing started. I remember going down into the cellars and hearing the women cry. I remember later how the French Moroccans burned our houses down, and that after the war we had to steal our food from other people's garbage cans.

In 1956 an American bookmobile drove through Wildberg. I picked up a flying magazine and read an article that said there was a need for pilots in the United States. I applied for a visa right away.

Within a month after my arrival in New York in May, 1957, I joined the Air Force. I didn't understand English very well then, so I assumed that everyone who joins the Air Force has a chance to fly. They sent me to Lackland Air Force Base in Texas, and I spent the next 18 months in the motor pool polishing cars and trucks. Then they transferred me to Albany, Ga., where I did the same.

By 1960, I was pretty sure that I didn't have much of a future in that motor pool. I had already become a U.S. citizen, but I still couldn't qualify as a pilot until I'd had at least two years of college. When my four-year hitch was up, I drove to California. My brother Martin was living in the Bay Area, so I stayed with him while attending San Francisco City College. Then someone told me that San Mateo Junior College had a fine aeronautical school. In January, 1962, I transferred over there.

And this is where I met Marina. Boy, did she ever keep me at arm's length. At the time, I was living in a battered old Volkswagen bus; I didn't have any money, and she thought I was a bum. She'd always wanted to marry a rich doctor's son. I was doing well in my studies, but I didn't take them too seriously. I was much more interested in skiing and surf boarding.

As soon as I'd finished that year at San Mateo, I drove to Alameda and took the test to qualify as a naval air cadet. A few days later they called me to say "You've passed. Come on over and sign on the dotted line." Man, I was already packed. I didn't even go back to San Francisco—just kept driving all the way across the country to Pensacola, Fla. In 18 months I won my wings. In February, 1965, I joined our squadron—VA 145—back in Alameda and started flying Skyraiders. I saw a good deal of Marina, and we talked about getting married.

Then, last December, our squadron left on the *Ranger* for the South China Sea. Marina kissed me good-bye at the pier and said, "Take care of yourself." I told her not to worry. Nothing could ever happen to me.

We sailed to our station at Point Dixie—off the coast of South Vietnam. Then, at the end of January, we headed for Point Yankee. I could feel the excitement all over the ship: Now we were going to fly over North Vietnam. I had thought about the possibility of getting shot down, but I had flown about 20 missions over South Vietnam, and I had gotten used to flak. Still, as we approached Point Yankee, I wrote a letter to my roommate, Lt. (j.g.) Dan Farkas, and asked him to call Marina if I didn't return. I was sure he'd never have to open the letter.

On the morning of February 1, I got up at 5:30 and went straight to breakfast: three eggs, steak, some rolls, a couple of glasses of milk, an apple and an orange. Even before we got the call to man our aircraft, I was up on deck, pretty excited.

Other members of the squadron were also busy checking their planes. We had 22 pilots, and most of us flew Douglas Skyraiders— a plane nicknamed the Spad. Essentially it's a fighter-bomber. It has machine guns, four 20-mm cannons, and it can carry a heavier bomb load than a World War II B-25. I know this will probably sound crazy, but I've had a love affair with the Spad ever since I joined the Navy. There were times when I was stationed in San Francisco that I'd be very upset. I'd drive over to the Naval Air Station at Alameda, climb in a parked Spad and spend the night there. This was my home—my world. And now that world was almost too far away from my miserable surroundings for me to be able to imagine it.

From the beginning we all talked about escape. I remember the first day I came into the prison camp. I said, "How long have you guys been here?" A few guys said, "Two years." "Well," I said, "nice knowing you. I'll be gone in the morning." Then Duane straightened me out. "Don't go now. You won't have any water," he said. "You'll dehydrate; they'll catch you at a water hole and shoot you." I realized that he was right. So we decided to wait for the rains which would begin in May. One of the guys made a crude calendar and scratched off the days with a piece of charcoal. D-Day was to be my birthday—May 22. That planning gave us hope and kept us alive.

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In March, we started hiding rice in bamboo containers stashed above our heads. Now and then we picked up empty ammunition clips that the guards had discarded and stored them inside our huts. We rubbed bamboo together to make fire, heated the clips until they were soft, then pounded them with rocks into little knives. I tore up part of my sleeping bag and made a rucksack; another guy made a rucksack out of his shorts. I can't describe the method we used to free ourselves from the footblocks and handcuffs—that information is now being given to other pilots—but I can say that by April we had perfected our technique. The guy who had the calendar kept crossing off the days.

But the rains didn't come in May. The rice supply was almost gone; the guards caught fewer and fewer animals in their traps, and they began to get hungry too. In June we learned that Little Hitler had told the other guards that if they shot us in the back and dragged our bodies into the bush, they'd have all the food to themselves.

Now we couldn't afford to wait for the rain. Our only chance for survival was to break out right away and try to make air contact. The guards were letting us out of the huts to go to the latrine once a week; our muscles were so stiff that we could hardly walk. If we delayed the escape any longer, we'd be much too weak.

About five o'clock each afternoon the guards would walk to the kitchen, pick up their food in turtle shells, then walk back to their hut. Suppose one of us could wiggle through a hole in the floor of the hut and drop to the ground three feet below. He might be able to burrow under the 10-inch logs which surrounded the stilts and sneak across the open space to the guards' hut. If he could grab a weapon, he could hold them up when they returned from the kitchen.

We put the plan to a vote, and five of us favored it. The other two guys had had bad cases of malaria. They figured that if they stayed in camp, they could persuade Little Hitler not to shoot them. Eventually we managed to convince them that this was our only chance, and they agreed.

We didn't have much time. I carved a hole in the floor of the hut, dropped to the ground and dislodged one of the 10-inch logs with a rock and a bamboo stick. Another guy cut a hole in the wall so he could watch the kitchen. We didn't have watches, but we could time ourselves by counting "One potato, two potato, three potato." How long would it take us to get our knives and rice supply and rucksacks out of their hiding places? How long for us to get out of footblocks and handcuffs? How long for me to sneak out of the back of the hut, crawl across 15 yards of open space and snatch a weapon? The guy with the charcoal added it up. Two minutes and seven seconds, he said.

The food supply was so critical that Little Hitler, Crazy Horse and three or four others went to get rice in a village a few miles away. Only 10 guards remained, and we knew they wouldn't shoot us until Little Hitler returned in a day or two. On the morning of June 28 I decided to go—that afternoon. We voted again, and four of the other guys opposed me. Finally the other guys agreed. "OK," they said. "If the weather is good, we'll go."

The weather was good. At five o'clock the guards walked down to the kitchen. I sneaked underneath our hut, wiggled past the logs and started crawling toward the guards' hut. Duane was watching me from the doorway. Suddenly he whispered, "Look out. Look out." I turned around and raced back into our hut just as a guard came by with his food in a turtle shell. My heart was pounding, but the guard didn't even look in my direction.

Next day, we tried it again. The guards went to eat. I crept underneath our hut, edged past the logs again and dashed across the open space. Two minutes and seven seconds—exactly what the guy had predicted. As soon as I reached the porch, the other prisoners started coming through the hole. I grabbed two M-1's, a carbine and a couple of Chinese rifles. I loaded them quickly, passed them out to the other guys and turned to face the kitchen.

'I saw ants. They bit me before I swallowed them.'

All of a sudden, *bang, bang, bang.* The guards were running out—really coming at us. One of them had just come back from a hunting trip and began blazing away with a rifle. I felt the bullets fly by my head. We yelled, "Ute, ute" for them to stop, then returned their fire. Seven guards fell dead in their tracks. Three of them fled into the bush.

None of us had been hurt in the exchange of fire; still, we were in trouble. We knew there was a village only a mile or so from the camp. If these three guards had gone to get help, search parties would be after us in half an hour. We had rifles and machetes. Now one guy went back to the hut to get our signaling devices, rucksacks and food. We had to hurry. I didn't even have time to take the shoes from a dead guard.

Five minutes later we were moving out on the trail. Duane and I knelt down to pray. "Dear God, please let us get home. Help us now because we just can't do it by ourselves." Then two of the guys headed east, and we never saw them again. We five walked south to the closest ridge. My feet were swollen and bleeding.

We spent the night near a creek on the side of that ridge. It rained, and leeches swarmed all over our bodies; we were too exhausted to care. We got up again at dawn and decided to split into groups of two and three. Duane and I would stay together. We gave the other guys 24 rounds of ammunition in return for one of their machetes. Then we shook hands and wished them luck.

We had no compass, no idea at all of our position, so we decided to follow the creek. It was rising now because of the rain; in some places it was only five feet wide; in others, more than 100 feet and very deep. On the third or fourth day, we built a raft of banana trees. It took us eight hours. We floated along for several hundred yards. Then we heard a waterfall. We jumped and swam as fast as we could to the shore. The raft swept over the falls and splintered into hundreds of pieces.

We still had our machete, but we didn't dare cut a trail. If we couldn't go straight through a section of bush, we'd go around it or try to bend it or crawl under it on our stomachs. My arms were numb. The skin had been ripped from my feet and legs, and I could see bone.

Both of us were so damned weak. We kept passing out, and we nearly fell over a cliff. At night we'd put our arms around each other and hug each other just to keep warm. We realized now that we might not make it. I promised Duane that if I ever got out, I'd visit his wife and family in Denver and tell them the things we talked about: his goals for the future and the things that he wanted her to do and believe in. He said he'd do the same for me. We shook hands on that.

Then Duane got malaria; his fever was very high, and he couldn't walk. I helped him along, and finally we came to a deserted village. I laid him in a hammock there. We were too weak to walk anymore. Our food supply was almost gone, and our clothes were ripped to shreds. We didn't have strength enough to carry our weapons and ammunition anymore, so we had left them in the bush. We tried to make fire that night, but we were too weak to rub the bamboo sticks together.

Next morning—this was the 14th day after our escape—I left Duane in his hammock and went back into the bush to find the ammunition we had discarded. I slept in the woods that night and then crawled back to the village. Duane was still there. And this was the *greatest* thing. He laughed, and I laughed, and we hugged each other. He was so happy that I'd found three rounds of ammunition, and I was so happy that he was still alive. We broke off the tips of the bullets, poured out the powder and rubbed the bamboo sticks together. Pffft—at last we had fire.

We boiled some leaves and tapioca; it was the first hot meal we'd had in months, and it really cheered us up. We kept the fire going then and tied some rags to bamboo sticks for signaling devices.

Late that night, we heard a plane. It circled over the village and dropped a couple of parachute flares. "Hey, he saw us," Duane cried. "He's gonna get us in the morning." We lay there in each other's arms and laughed. We stayed awake all night talking about what we'd eat tomorrow.

The plane never came back. We waited all that day before giving up. At dawn next morning—the 17th day after our escape—we stumbled away from the village. We stayed on the trail and started up a little hill on our knees. Our arms were draped around each other's shoulders. To our left was the creek; to our right, a small embankment. Suddenly a black-haired guy in a loincloth started running toward us. He carried a long machete—curved at the end. "Amerikali, Amerikali," he yelled. We nodded our heads and mumbled, "Sentai, Sentai" ("hello, hello"). But the man kept running. I jerked back and tried to stand up.

His knife was already moving through the air. Thuk, thuk. The first blow hit Duane on the leg; the second cut into his shoulder just below the neck. He screamed, and I threw up my hands as if to say "No." I knew Duane was dead, but I couldn't grasp it; I just stood there with my mouth wide open. Then he swung at me. The tip of his knife missed my throat by half an inch. I don't know where I got the strength, because I moved, man, I really moved. I turned around and hit that bush and ran up a gully, and my legs didn't hurt anymore.

That night I crawled back to the village. I thought it was *their* village, and I wanted to burn it down. I was angry and a little bit off in the head. I sat in front of a fire and threw everything on it. I didn't care if they caught me.

Then I heard a plane. It circled over the village and dropped about 20 parachute flares. Next morning I waited and waited, but the plane did not return. "God," I said. "What's the matter with those guys?" I knew they wouldn't save me now. I picked up one of the parachutes and tore the panels out. That afternoon, I crawled up to a nearby ridge. I saw a little hut there, and I said, "That's where I'm going to die. I'll lay out an SOS, and if they see me, great. Otherwise that's it. I've done my part."

Back in survival school, I'd learned that a man can live just so many days without food. I wondered how much longer it would take me to die. I prayed. "God, forgive me for the bad things I've done in life. I just can't fight it anymore. Why won't you let me die now? Please let me die. I don't want to wake up."

But I did wake up. I was really thirsty, and I said, "To hell with it. Those guys aren't gonna lick me. I'm gonna crawl until I collapse. That's better than waiting here for death." I thought I could make it to the next ridge. Then I could see the ocean. That's where the carriers are. At least I'd die looking at freedom.

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I stuffed the parachute panels into my rucksack and fell down the ridge. The skin had ripped off my feet and they were just bones. But there was no particular pain. I couldn't feel a thing.

I thought of all the things I'd missed. I wanted to go deep-sea fishing. I wanted to ski and build a chalet in the California mountains, and I wanted to buy a Porsche. All these hopes were gone. I remembered that once—back at Lackland Air Force Base six years before—I had thrown away a piece of bread. I swore that I'd never do that again.

My body kept rolling down that ridge and stopped by a river. I had just taken a drink when I saw them: Five or six villagers in loincloths, carrying machetes. I lay very still, and one of them almost stepped on my hand. Then they crossed the river and walked toward another ridge.

I must have passed out dozens of times. Five minutes, 10 minutes, half an hour; I don't know how long. But in my dreams I saw men skiing on fresh snow. Big doors opened, and people came out blowing trumpets. I saw chariot races in heaven, and I heard Duane calling my name. Then I woke up and saw ants crawling over my feet. I stuck them in my mouth; they bit my tongue before I swallowed them.

Next morning—this was the 22nd day after our escape—I took the parachute panels out of the rucksack, tied them end to end and laid out an SOS by the river. I wrapped another panel around a bamboo stick. Then I passed out again. When I came to, I thought I heard a plane.

I knew he'd have only half a second to see me. The river was just 30 feet wide at that point; there were steep cliffs on both banks. I gathered all my strength, started waving that bamboo stick and—*zoom*—the plane was past me and gone. But he came back several times and wiggled his wings. A Spad—one of ours—and he'd spotted me. I was so happy that I started crying and shouting and rolling around on my back. Then I collapsed.

Suddenly I heard the helicopter, 200 feet above my head. The steel rope began falling slowly toward me. And there was the rescue harness: a slender device with three little arms folded into its side. I had to press the arms down to make a seat, but I couldn't unzip the plastic cover. I clawed at the harness and finally wrenched one arm free and gave a little signal. I was hanging sideways; I didn't know if I could hold on much longer. Everything was turning around and around and I said, "God, don't let a bullet hit me now. Not after all this hell I've been through." Then I saw a leg and green pants standing in the chopper door. An American leg! I grabbed onto it and cried.

I went back into shock at the hospital in Danang. I weighed only 93 pounds. I couldn't move my arms or legs or head. Yet everything was pleasant and nice. I thought that this was all a dream; I thought this was how it was after death.

Back in San Diego they treated me for kidney disease and liver disease. They fixed my teeth, and when I got malaria—right there in the hospital—they cured me of that as well. At first, I had to sleep on the floor; a bed was just too soft. I had lots of bad dreams, too, and I'd wake up three or four times a night sweating and screaming and yelling.

The doctors say I'm doing pretty well now. I weigh about 150 pounds, and I've got as much energy as anyone else. I still have some ringworm on my feet; there are a couple of bugs inside me that they have to take care of, and I'm losing all my hair. I feel pretty bad about that, but they tell me that it will just be temporary.

Anyway, Marina doesn't seem to mind. We flew to Reno in early October and got married, and I have to admit I'm pretty happy about that. In a few more weeks I should be able to fly again. That will make me happy too. □

Ten thousand miles and an entire existence away from Vietnam, Dengler and his bride Marina enjoy the sun.

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More and more Americans are taking great pains to qualify their daughters as debutantes

Guests from the Woods party reenact their fountainside frolic, with pianist Peter Duchin sitting in for laughs.

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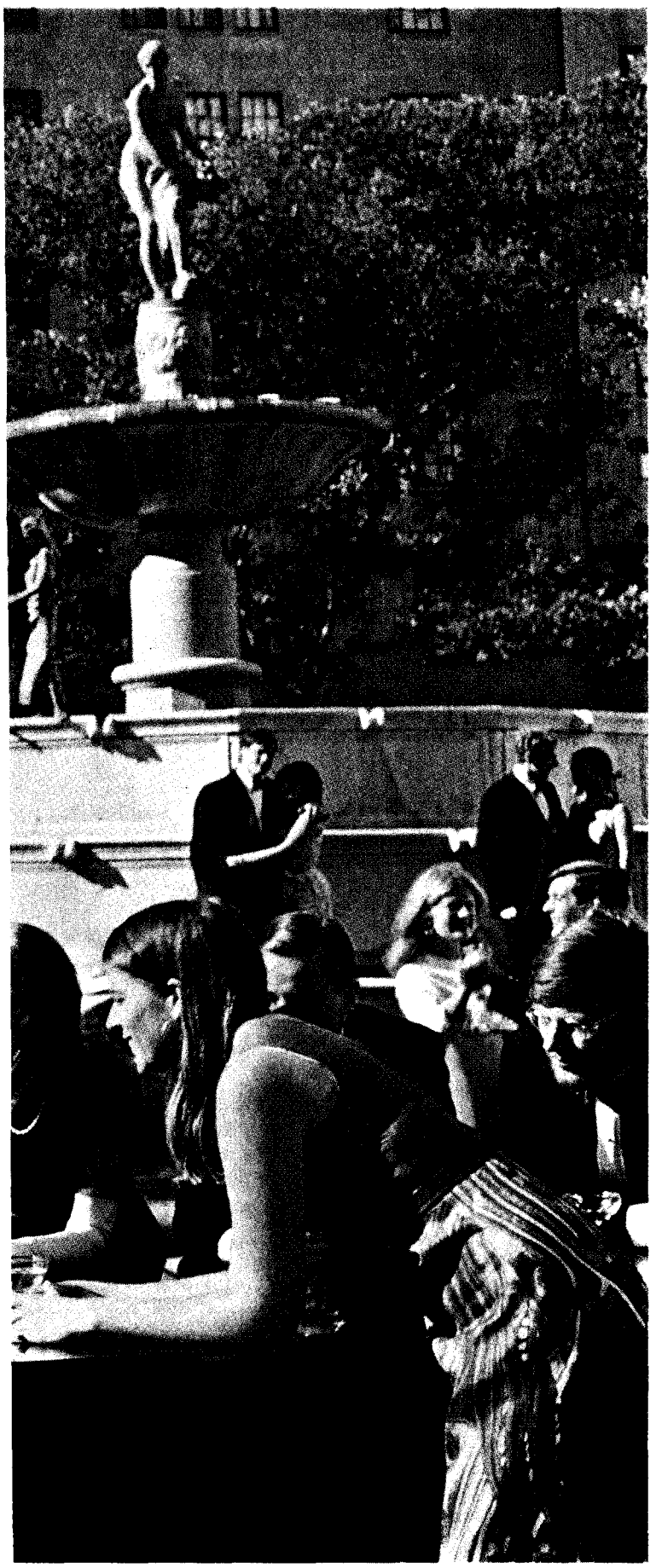
But to the kids, it's usually just a ball.



'AFTER THIS PARTY SHE'LL BE INVITED EVERYWHERE'

By Beth Day

Photographs by Larry Fried

At the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom on the night of December 19, 100 teen-age girls of wealthy, aristocratic or otherwise acceptable family will form a line and step forward one by one before a bank of spotlights. Gowned and gloved in symbolic white, each will pause in the glow of lights to curtsy and smile before her peers—the ritual moment at New York's annual Debutante Cotillion and Christmas Ball which represents her formal introduction to society. For her parents, watching from ballroom boxes, the moment will most likely have an even stronger symbolic charge. It is a clear affirmation of their own social standing.

Among the multiplicity of American status symbols, there is nothing that quite compares with a debutante in the family. The distinction is not easy to come by, and inevitably expensive for anyone not born to it. To make the Cotillion invitation list (culled this year from about 700 applicants), parents normally must finance their daughter's education at proper, socially desirable private schools, beginning with first grade. It also demands years of social spadework by the mother, or four-figure donations by the father to the New York Infirmary (which the ball benefits). Even then, the Cotillion itself will be an anticlimax for debs like Colette Woods, a dark, doe-eyed 18-year-old whose first and most important debut was a supper dance for 650 given in her honor by her father and stepmother at the St. Regis Roof last June. Tradition demands a private debut party, and the 4,500 debs who will "come out" across the country this year will be honored with everything from $100 teas to $200,000 dinner dances. The average American deb, as hostess at her own coming-out party or guest at others, will dance something like 100 miles, drink 12 quarts of champagne, respond to 35 toasts and gulp 25 orders of post-party scrambled eggs during the peak Christmas season alone, three weeks of high-level socializing which will cost about $20 million.

Such lavish exercises in status assertion are almost unheard of in Europe, where the custom has its roots; on the Continent, a girl's introduction to society is commonly accomplished by nothing more than a symbolic gathering of relatives and close friends. In Britain, Queen Elizabeth recently dropped the ancient ritual of court "presentations," in part because too many "patronesses" were charging exorbitant fees for getting customers on the presentation list. But the size and cost of the U.S. debutante crop grows larger every year.

Where birth in "old-family society" was once essential, this year's debs are drawn in equal parts from the *Social Register* (family), the corporate aristocracy (money), and what the society pages call "the society of achievement" (mainly celebrities and near-celebrities in the arts). Parents whose daughters are not invited to top-drawer balls like

Face designer readies Colette Woods for debut.

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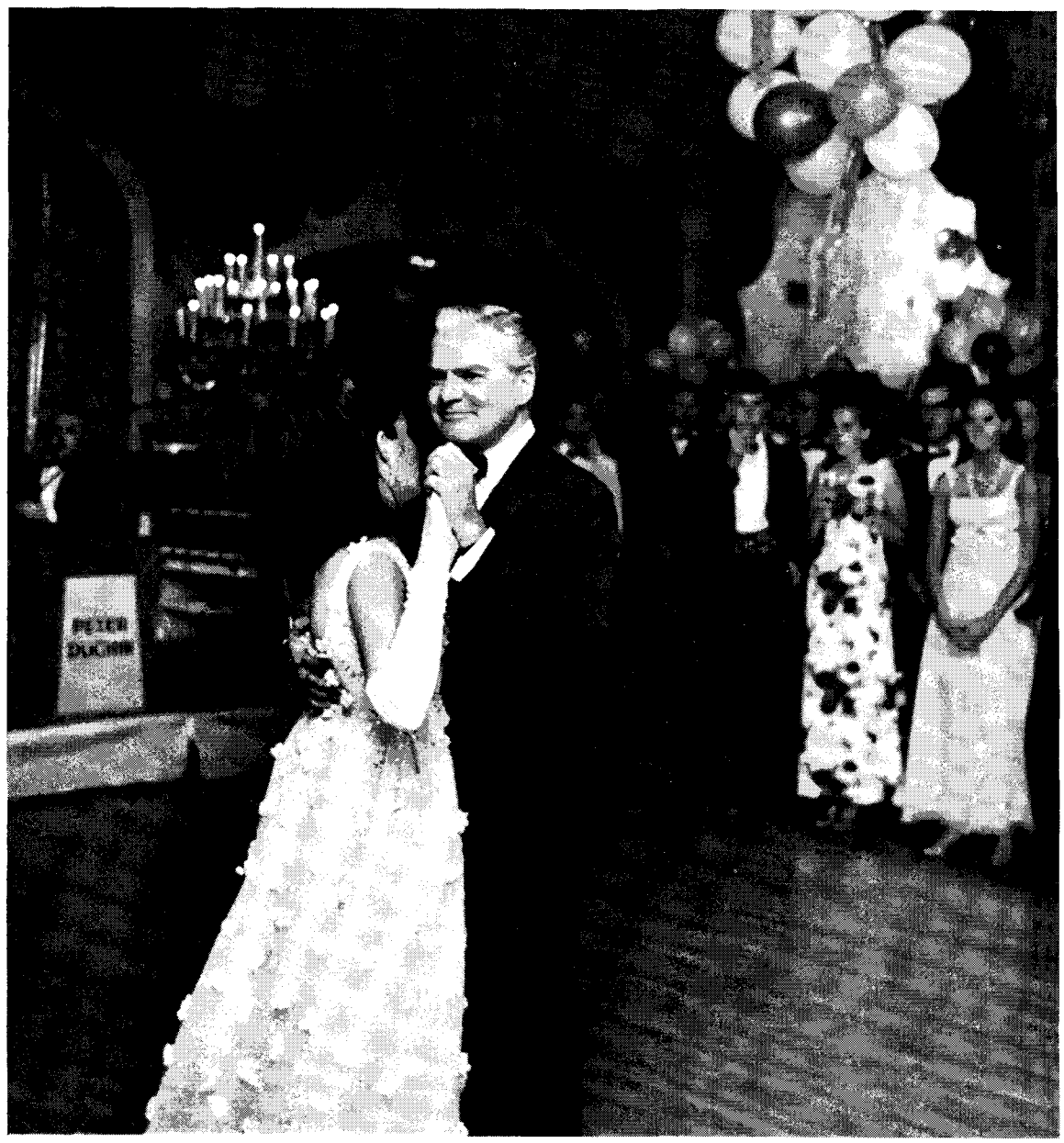
The debutante's father and stepmother greet guests in receiving line before debut party at St. Regis.



"I thought I'd be nervous dancing alone with Daddy. But we talked all the time, and I was all right."

the Cotillion, the Philadelphia Assembly or the St. Cecilia in Charleston, S.C., have an ever-widening range of lesser parties to pick from. The newly rich who never had the chance to build up their children's status from the age of four, can hire public-relations consultants who will get the girl's name in the society pages and create an "instant deb." "But the girl must have had some private schooling and show some refinement," says Marianne Strong, a New York specialist in such work, "or you'd be a fool to touch her."

To make the top ball lists, in fact, a girl must conform to certain society rules for manners, appearance and speech. A relative newcomer to the frenetically competitive New York social world, having arrived at the age of eight, Colette Woods typifies many of the current deb standards.

She is a petite, languidly feminine brunette who speaks English with a boarding-school drawl and French with offhand fluency. Like other debs this season, she wears her hair long and straight, her skirts short, and would not be caught dead in high heels or lipstick. The only child of a wealthy mining-company executive (her parents are divorced), Colette lives with her mother in a Park Avenue apartment, summers in Southampton, skis in Squaw Valley and dreams of the day when she can maintain homes of her own in New York and Palm Beach and little pieds-à-terre in Paris, Rome and Gstaad.

Colette has a natural taste for luxury ("I like conservative things, like diamonds and white mink"). She received so many family gifts of jewels from Van Cleef and Arpels upon her graduation from boarding school that M. Arpels tossed in a lagniappe of rubies and diamonds in homage to his once and future customer.

Like the other 1966 debs, Colette drinks sparingly (preferably champagne), can frug all night without breathing hard, dresses in full formal regalia in 15 minutes, and thinks nothing of flying across the country for a big party or a skiing weekend. She prefers small, private clubs (Oleg Cassini's Le Club on 55th Street is her favorite) to larger, more plebeian discothèques. She "always knew" she'd have a party, and simply accepted the fact (yawn) as her God-given right. "I never expected to have so much fun," she said after her June debut. "I thought I'd be nervous. But it turned out to be the very best night of my life."

Colette had nothing to do with the plans for her party. "Don't let the girls fool you," declares Mrs. Robert Considine, wife of the writer, whose 17-year-old daughter, Debbie, is coming out at the Gotham Ball and the Debutante Cotillion this year. "The girls don't give a damn! It's the Mamas who do all the work and planning."

It is also the Papas, despite their customary air of amused detachment from such frivolous goings-on. The status value of debuts impels many of the largest corporations to encourage ambitions in this direction. Important executives have been urged to hire press agents for their daughters (at retainers from $300 to $1,000 a month), who will not only create a debutante but help build up the whole family. Some companies allow free use of the company's public-relations department for such purposes; one ex-member of a chemical company p.r. department complains that "a good twenty percent" of his time was devoted to promoting the debutante daughters of executives.

Colette 'always knew' she would have a debut party

Men's secret social clubs are the foundation of local society in many U.S. cities, and members of such groups as New Orleans' Krewes, St. Louis's Veiled Prophet, Dallas's Idlewild Club and Charleston's St. Cecilia Society have always exerted anonymous control over the top debutante balls in town. Other fathers are less reticent. Henry Ford II took personal charge of the arrangements for his daughter Charlotte's $250,000 coming-out party in 1959. More recently, Magnavox tycoon Frank Freimann let everyone know it was his idea to have his yacht carry his daughter Francine and 20 friends on a floating debutante luncheon around Manhattan Island.

William J. Woods Jr., a slender, deeply tanned Princetonian with the unlined face of a perennial underclassman, personally planned the décor for Colette's debut party with an assist from society designer J. Perry (Jack) Kelly, a friend (noted for his stark black-and-white striped décor for Charlotte Ford's prenuptial party).

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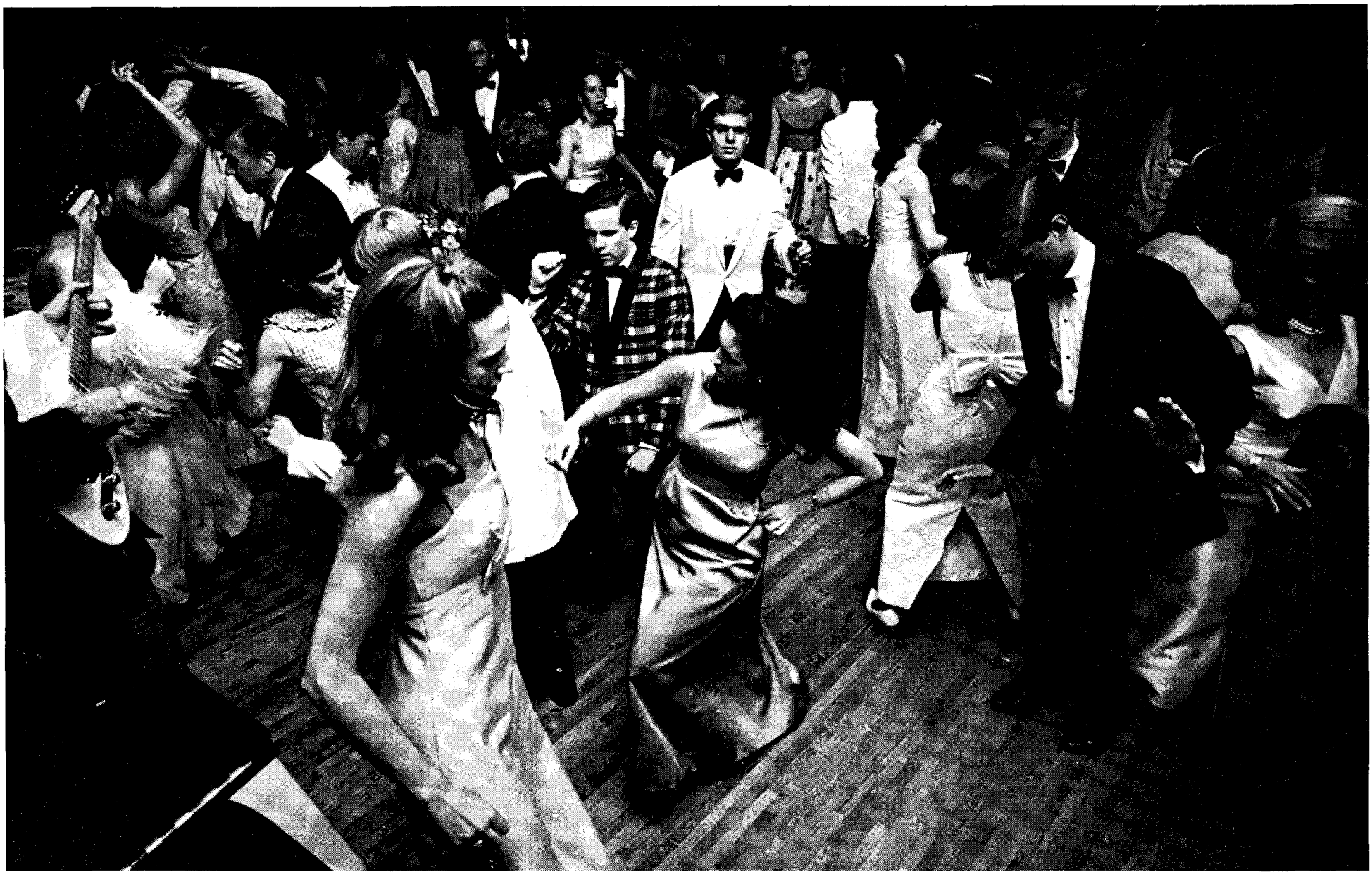

When the combo replaced the orchestra, older guests left the dance floor and the St. Regis Roof trembled.

The planning of debutante parties involves parents—or their social secretaries—with dress designers, caterers, florists, decorators, champagne importers and a wide range of other services. Specialty stores such as Dallas's Neiman Marcus and New York's Saks Fifth Avenue have added salons, counselors and designers exclusively for their debutante trade. Saks's Adam Room, which claims to offer more deb service than any other store, is dressing 400-odd girls this season in gowns which are advertised from $200 to $795 and come much higher "on special order." In Chicago, chic Michigan Avenue shops have introduced a line of clothes designed for "The Mother of the Deb." Two Long Island tent-and-awning companies reported a recent 15 percent increase in business from a new source: renting circus-size tents for summer deb parties. An obscure Brooklyn manufacturer of hair-straightener, who formerly had a small market in Harlem, has made enough out of the current deb vogue for straight hair to retire to a pirate's castle in the Caribbean.

The favored society orchestras—Meyer Davis, Lester Lanin and, most recently, Peter Duchin—each gross as much as five million dollars annually from debuts alone. This season it is the In thing to have one big orchestra alternate with a rock-'n'-roll combo. For the Cinda Firestone debut, held at her parents' home in Bryn Mawr, Pa., on June 22, the ubiquitous Meyer Davis supplied both a 25-man orchestra and a combo. For Colette's debut, a week later, Mr. Woods hired Duchin with 12 of his men, and a five-man Canadian rock-'n'-roll group known as The Sparrow. A socialite and millionaire in his own right, Duchin frankly enjoys both the financial rewards and the "musical freedom" of the deb business. "You can play what you want. The debs go for the bossa nova and jazz as well as traditional dance music. If they hadn't hired the combo, I'd also play rock 'n' roll."

Colette did not want to "pick up a dress at Saks or Bergdorf's" and run the risk of seeing another deb in the same thing, so she had a ball gown (of pailletted white tulle) created exclusively for her by Ferdinando Sarmi, the sad-eyed ex-lawyer from Rome who is one of society's favored designers of evening clothes. Her coiffure was styled by Monsieur Marc with a hairpiece for extra body, and her makeup was created by Elizabeth Arden's inventive young Italian face designer, Pablo (who, in deference to her youth, reined in his talents for turning eyes into exotic, bejeweled flora and fauna).

Colette thought she would wear the elegant ball gown "at least once more" (although she was getting a second Sarmi gown of ice-blue faille banded with white ermine for the exclusive Grosvenor Ball on November 26). "Debutante clothes are more expensive than trousseaus," says a member of the *Social Register*, who is longer on family than money, and found it took a bit of doing to see two daughters through the deb routine. "When the girl marries, you can get her just a few good things—then let the husband take over."

If parents start early enough, the cost of bringing up baby to deb status runs around $50,000 invested in the approved nursery schools, day schools and dancing classes. In New York, embryo debs attend the William de Rham classes (taught since Mr. de Rham's death by his widow) which are held at the River and the Colony clubs; John Barclay's classes which are held at the Colony, and, in Westchester County, the Bedford dancing classes. Although she skipped the dancing-class tradition ("If they played a waltz, I'd step on my partner's feet") Colette more than qualifies for social acceptance through her schooling: Miss Hewitt's classes (now the Hewitt School, tuition $1,450), Foxcroft boarding school (Middleburg, Va., tuition $3,300-plus). She will enter Bennett Junior College (Millbrook, N.Y., $3,750 per annum) this fall. "It will be fun at Bennett," Colette says. "Half of Long Island (*i.e.*, girls who also summer at Southampton) will be there. . . ."

Time-tithing for charities is a standard social-climbing procedure, a subtle form of bribery often recommended by professional public-relations counselors. Sports and church affiliations may also be important, and New York p. r. firms steer their clients to such fashionable faiths as the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches; in Philadelphia it helps to be a Friend. In the fashionable Chicago suburb of Lake Forest social status is most commonly achieved through hospital work or horseback riding. "Chicago is really coming into its own," says Mrs. Lydon Wild, chairman of the city's Presentation Ball. "We have thirty-three debs this year. There are thirty-one listed with the Passavant Cotillion, and there's a large ball at Lake Forest."

Daughters of professors, scientists and other eggheads are socially best off in Boston. Washington society favors the daughters of public officials, although its two most prominent daughters, the

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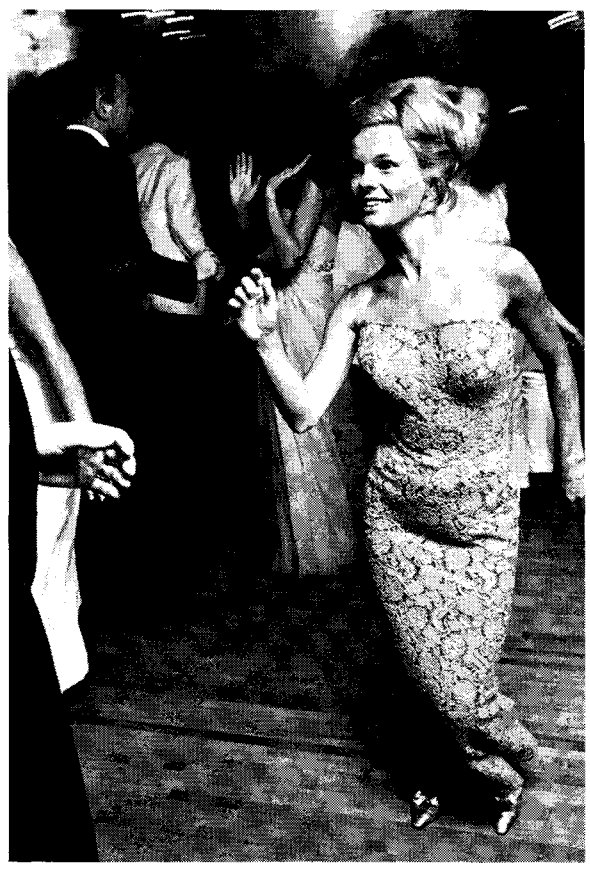

The Sparrow makes its sound and Mrs. Brownlie Curry, a family friend of the Woodses, responds. Opposite, Colette chats with some friends among the party's 650 guests.

Johnson girls, have never bothered with the debutante routine. ("A group of us went to the White House," reports Colette, "and Luci met us in *high heels!*" Almost every big city has many alternatives to the "high-society" balls. There are dozens of Junior League balls in cities and suburbs, and charity balls in honor of everything from the Mercy Ship S.S. Hope to the Humane Society.

Lists of acceptable names are an inseparable part of the debutante ritual. The 1966 *Debutante Register*, a New York annual which presumes to a certain official standing, contains about 3,000 names of girls who have been screened by its "sponsors"—a network of society editors, mothers of girls already listed and other sources of proven social reliability.

Names are essential to social secretaries whose principal business is arranging debut parties. Fees for this service range from zero—when the parties are set up by local socialites or editors who act as a clearinghouse at no charge—to very large sums paid to professionals. The latter furnish lists of male escorts, send out party invitations, and engage the necessary help for flat fees of $500 and up. Some secretarial services such as Tappin and Tew and Miss Katherine Palmer in New York, Miss Racine Rucker in Chicago and the office of the late Mrs. Edward MacMullan in Philadelphia, collect a commission ranging from 10 to 15 percent on the fees of the caterer, florist, orchestra and other services.

Food and liquor bills are fairly standard, based on the number of guests, but decoration costs can and do vary wildly, since social secretaries often vie for the most unusual party motifs. Philadelphia's imaginative Mrs. MacMullan once ordered a replica of a roadside diner built into the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, another time installed a facsimile of the Hialeah race course. ViVi duPont's Wilmington debut in 1963 had an American Revolutionary décor which included waiters and orchestra costumed in livery; gardenia trees and diamond favors.

The Woodses' party featured a "Young, New World" look, with draperies, table covers and canopy in flowered shocking-pink-and-orange vinyl, echoed by layers of similarly colored balloons. Sprightly, but relatively modest, the decorations ran under $5,000 (as compared to a party the previous week when the entire St. Regis Roof was draped in silk to simulate a sheik's tent—at a bill of $50,000 for decorations alone). At that, the Woodses' party, with a free flow of champagne and liquors, a midnight buffet and a 3 A.M. breakfast, and two orchestras playing throughout the night, passed the $20,000 mark. "It sounds like a lot of money, it's true," agreed St. Regis banquet manager Herman Masini, "but when you have a lot of money, you don't miss it. And it does a great deal for the girl. After a lovely party like this, she will be invited everywhere."

The serving staff consisted of 25 hotel waiters and bartenders, an announcer to call out the guests' names, a hotel security officer, and the handful of Pinkerton men who are invariably present wherever an array of furs, jewels, and gate-crashers is expected. Parties given in private homes require, in addition, the services of parking-lot attendants and off-duty police, to control the drink-and-drive youngsters.

To forestall gate-crashing, guests were passed in review before two hawk-eyed elderly ladies from the Tappin and Tew office, clutching yard-long guest lists. "Those women are very good," one of the security men said admiringly. "It's amazing how they can match the names and faces." A member of the hotel staff wasn't so sure. "We often get a couple who will give names that they know are on the list, are passed in, and then the right couple will show up." In Palm Springs, Calif., party crashing became so irksome that a resolution was put before the city council to outlaw it. In Chappaqua, N.Y., one debut was utterly overrun by an outside gang who crowned the celebration by pitching the deb and her friends into the swimming pool.

Debs rarely marry the boys they meet at their debuts

It is usually more of a problem to get enough boys into a debut than to keep them out. Since their presence is required in a minimum ratio of two to one (most social secretaries recommend 2½ or 3 to one), they are the spoiled darlings of the debut system. Often they are strangers to the debs, having been produced, for a fee, from the secretary's lists. Most escorts are boys who have attended fashionable prep schools, such as Groton, St. Mark's or Deerfield, or have enrolled in one of the Ivy League colleges. They stay on the lists from three to five years—or until they get engaged, become 21, or are blackballed for drunkenness.

"I've been out of school just six days—and I've been to six parties!" exulted a plump, freckle-faced boy at the Woodses' party. When I expressed astonishment at the sheer stamina of an older stag from Washington, D.C., who admitted to five years' escort service at friends' parties, he answered, with businesslike cynicism, "These parties are important to me because of the contacts I make. When I marry, it will be a girl with family and money behind her. And the guys I meet will become the bankers, lawyers, stockbrokers I'll deal with later. I make friends with them; they introduce me to their friends. In a few years I'll be using them; they'll be using me."

To start the party, Mr. Masini ordered up 20 cases of imported champagne along with mixed cases of liquor, all of which could be, and were, replenished on a moment's notice from the hotel cellars. The buffet featured seafood Newburg, scrambled eggs and sausages, and plenty of finger-food—bite-sized hamburgers, wedges of ham and turkey. "When you are dealing with the teen-age crowd," explained Mr. Masini, "you want easy-to-eat, simple food and plenty of it."

Colette stood in the receiving line with her father, stepmother and mother, greeting the guests for over an hour. Of her graduation class of 36 girls at Foxcroft, 30 showed up, each with her own favorite escort. Colette's own choice of escorts was cosmopolitan: Luis Menocal, an expatriate Cuban now living in Mexico City (". . . and Palm Beach, New York and Acapulco," Colette noted) who attends Andover, and Xavier Hermes, who is heir to the Paris handbag company.

Shortly after midnight Colette appeared at the

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dance floor, on the arm of her father. The guests all stepped back, Peter Duchin struck up *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, and Colette danced her first dance of the evening. "I thought I'd be terribly nervous dancing alone with Daddy and everyone watching, but we talked all the time, and I was all right."

Her second dance went to Menocal, and before Hermes could cut in, another stag had beat him to it. By 5 A.M. Colette had been off the floor for a total of 10 minutes. Whenever The Sparrow split the air with "their sound," known as Funk Rock, adults drifted off the floor, and the kids rocked the room. "It isn't really dancing," Colette explained later. "It's just physical movements. We invent as we go along—which is why older people never do it right. They learn the Monkey from Killer Joe, but you can't do the Monkey all the time. We were all just frugging, for instance, when Darcy Brown made up a step called The Basketball—you dribble down the floor and take a hook shot—and we all began doing that. Darcy's the one who's flying fourteen of us to her ranch at Aspen for a weekend. . . ."

While the deb's parents often behave like tense drill sergeants at their daughter's party, Colette's father, stepmother and mother all relaxed and "had a ball." Colette is especially proud of her pretty, playful, party-loving mother. "She's never been the stern-mama type. Did you notice when she found that boy with his tie off and his shirt unbuttoned? She just took him by the arms and said, 'you'd be so much more handsome with your tie on and your shirt tucked in. All the girls would fall in love with you. Here, let me help,' and she had him shaped up in no time."

Peter Duchin played until 4. By 6:30 even The Sparrow had lost its voice and began to pack up. Colette and a handful of friends spied a wheeled plank which the combo used to haul equipment, and commandeered it for a skate board across the dance floor. When The Sparrow had retrieved its board, the kids charged the St. Regis lobby and slid down the brass banisters. From there they flocked to the Plaza fountain for a dip, and then "Breakfast at Tiffany's" with a bag of buns to be eaten in front of the store window, coffee at Reubens and finally home. "That was really the very best part of all," mused Colette dreamily. "The whole night was wonderful, and I only realized it was over when I found myself back in my room with seven girl friends stepping over bodies trying to find a place to sleep!"

For Colette it was all a huge success. "More fun than I thought possible."

Some girls, of course, think differently. "I go to the balls because my mother wants me to," said Debbie Considine, a slender, grave-eyed, thoughtful girl with a curtain of brown hair across one brow. "I was afraid it would seem snobbish. And I don't like to get all gussied up and have my hair teased—I don't feel like the girl I am."

"Lots of my friends don't want debuts," Colette told me. "The Cushing family doesn't go in for debuts, but Allie had so much fun at mine, she said she was going to have a big party too, whether it was a debut or not. Olive Watson [daughter of I.B.M. president Thomas Watson Jr.] doesn't like parties. She got 22 invitations and she's going to only four, including her own. I guess it really depends on the kind of girl you are. It's probably different with girls from big families who've been to a lot of family parties. But I'm all by myself, so it means a lot to me to be with other people. I'd go to a party every night of the week!"

After the partying is over, custom dictates that a girl cap her debutante year by going on to college. "What debuts are really for," explains the older brother of a New York deb, "is to prepare girls for college social life. They've all been stuck off in private girls' schools, and they don't know how to handle themselves, carry on a conversation, or be interesting to men. Why, their first party in June, they're so nervous they come *early*. By December the same girl will talk easily, look great, and wander in late like everyone else."

I have been told that it is considered chic these days for a deb to have plans for a career after college, regardless of family wealth. But few of the debs I have talked to seem to have any clear-cut ambitions, although many talk vaguely of exotic careers in music, theater or the restaurant business. Colette's skiing partner, tall, fresh-faced freckled Alexandra Cushing, told Colette that what she would most like is to marry an ambassador. Colette, who inherited an alert fashion eye from her stylish French mother, talks of some day perhaps working in one of the great French couture houses. "She likes languages and she likes to travel," Mr. Woods assured me. "But she's not really career-minded."

The traditional purpose of the debut has been to signal and to smooth a girl's passage from sheltered girlhood to the state of marriageability. Yet debs rarely marry the boys they meet at their debuts. One stag I talked to could recall only three girls in five years who did so, and another boy challenged even this statistic. "Hell no, they don't," he said. "Their families spend all this money so they can meet the right guy, and they end up marrying some boy they meet in a discothèque somewhere."

Some social observers, in fact, are convinced the debut is fast losing its *raison d'être*. "It doesn't mean anything anymore," a Philadelphia matron complains. "It isn't as though girls were sheltered and needed to be introduced to society—they've been running around dating boys since they were fifteen." Furthermore, the swelling ranks of new debs who are making the debut as common as a mink stole are diluting status values in the minds of many "inner-circle" socialites. In Charleston the old guard became so annoyed at the inroads of wealthy strangers that they recently canceled the exclusive St. Cecilia Ball for a year.

"My family has had debuts for four generations," said Mrs. Horace Dill of Baltimore. "But that was before they became such a commercial thing. I think it's terrible to subject a teen-ager to that brouhaha and phony publicity before she's old enough to have any sense of values."

Such opinions, however, are likely to have little effect on the growing army of parents fighting the good fight for social status in the reflected image of their daughters. Nor are they likely to bother the debutantes themselves, whose sense of values often seems to bear up very well amid the brouhaha. Mrs. Beatrice Joyce, founder and president of New York's International Debutante Ball, is convinced that few modern debs take the status aspects of the ritual seriously:

"I really don't think it's a social thing," Mrs. Joyce says. "It's just something to do—just a way of getting together." □

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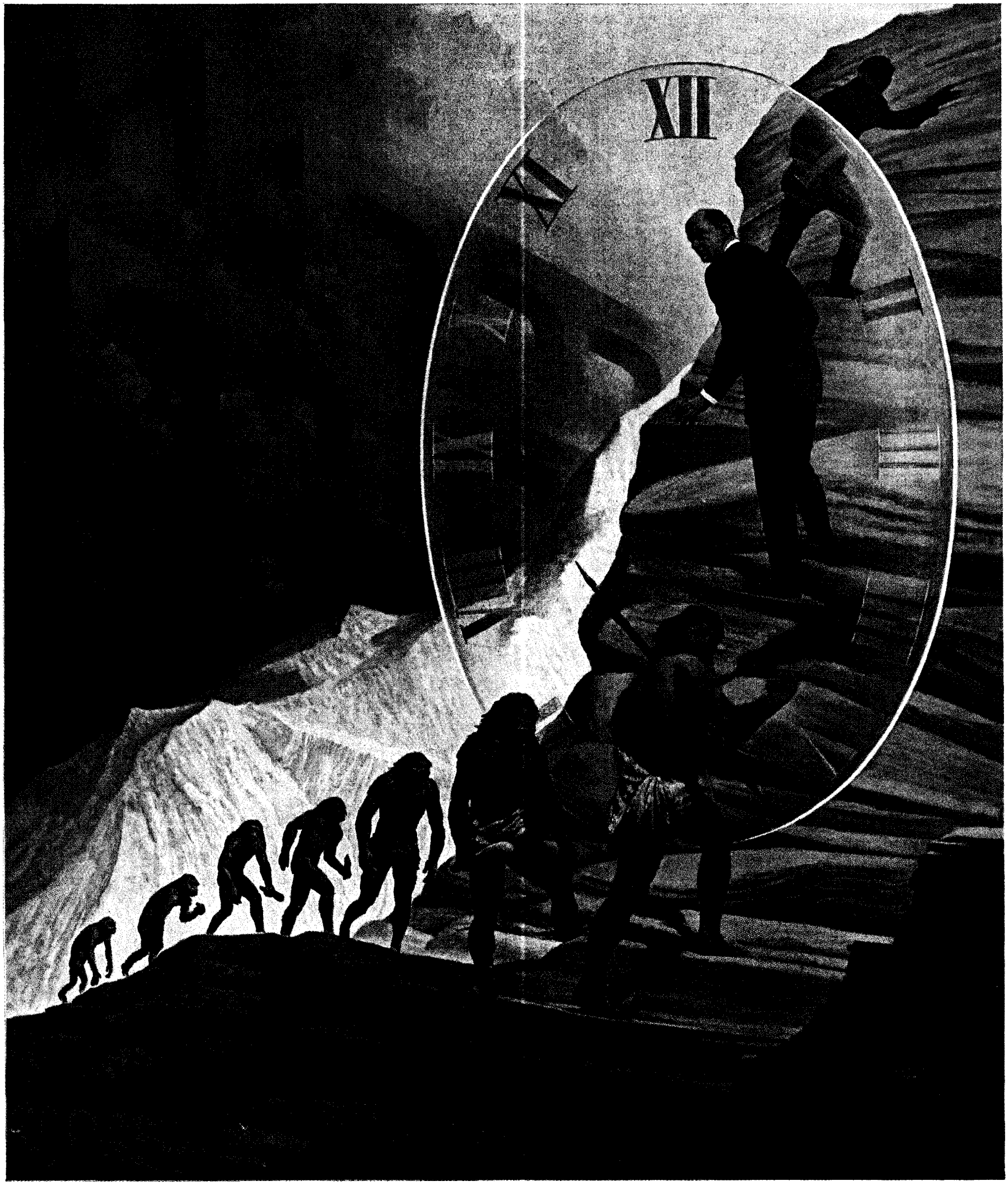

"We are the latest members of a family that arose more than 15 million years ago in the forests of the Old World, descendants of primates that were neither monkeys nor apes nor men, but something quite different and outside our experience—men in the making."

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MAN-THROUGH TIME'S MISTS

New facts and insights from men and women who dig, scratch, study bits of bone, quarrel and watch animals to fathom man's deepest mystery—his own origin.

By JOHN PFEIFFER

Paintings by
BIRNEY LETTICK

"We knelt together to examine the treasure . . . and almost cried with sheer joy. For years people had been telling us that we'd better stop looking, but I felt deep down that it had to be there. You must be patient about these things." Louis Leakey, director of Kenya's Centre for Prehistory and Palaeontology in Nairobi, was recalling one of the most exciting events of his long career.

For nearly three decades Leakey and his wife Mary had been looking for traces of our remote ancestors in the Olduvai Gorge, a system of deep and rugged canyons located in a wildlife reserve more than 300 miles from Nairobi. Season after season they lived in tents near the edge of the gorge, shared a waterhole with rhinoceroses and other big game, and walked down into canyons carrying digging equipment and food to sites as far as 10 miles away. They came back exhausted in the evening, loaded with stone tools and animal fossils but, until that day, no remains of the toolmakers themselves.

Mary saw the treasure first. It consisted of a bit of skull lying exposed on a recently eroded slope and, stuck firmly in the face of a nearby cliff, two large and shining brown-black premolar teeth. One glance was enough to tell her that the teeth belonged to a primate, a member of the order which includes the human family as well as monkeys and apes, and that it was neither a monkey nor an ape. Nineteen days of digging and sifting produced several hundred bone fragments. Several months of putting the pieces back together again produced the beautifully preserved skull and upper jaw of a new kind of human ancestor, which Leakey hailed as the "world's earliest toolmaker."

That discovery on July 17, 1959, was a personal triumph for Leakey, but the end of one search marked the beginning of another. It led the way to further discoveries at Olduvai, which has turned out to be amazingly rich in traces of times past. Even more important, it opened an attack on one of the toughest and most challenging unsolved problems in science: to deduce from the buried remains of prehistoric creatures who stayed awhile and then passed on, and from the behavior of living species, the story of the emergence of man.

It is a story of unimaginable complexity. Man represents not only a new kind of animal but a species in turmoil, the proud and angry pioneer of an entirely new kind of evolution. All other animals survive mainly by what they inherit, by qualities built into the giant molecules that are their genes. They survive in the cold because they have thick fur, and defeat their enemies with sharp teeth and horns and bony armor. Man depends increasingly on things that are not inherited, on his inventions. He can live anywhere with the aid of walls and furnaces, and he masters lesser species with weapons of his own making. For a number of reasons the question of human beginnings is of more than academic interest; looking back is a way of obtaining fuller knowledge about ourselves and our present dilemmas.

Man has been around a long time, much longer than was suspected as recently as three or four years ago, and he has spent more than 99 percent of his time on earth roaming the wilderness and competing with other meat-eaters for available supplies of game. His brain, the brain whose basic structure we inherit, was designed for purposes other than working in offices and factories with more and more sophisticated machines—which explains in part why we find it difficult to cope with a world of vanishing wildernesses, and why events of prehistoric times may prove to be as significant in understanding the species as the events of early childhood are in understanding the individual.

We are beginning to see these events in fresh perspective. In fact, present-day investigators have learned as much about the origins of man during the past few years as their forerunners learned during the entire preceding century. Digging continues to yield much of the basic information, although it is a brand-new kind of digging, especially designed to uncover long-preserved patterns, prehistoric Pompeiis that contain clues to the way people lived hundreds of thousands of years before classical times. Furthermore, a new emphasis on other research methods furnishes a far more vivid picture of times past than could possibly be obtained from excavations alone. Some of the most spectacular discoveries come from the area of "living prehistory," observations of monkeys and apes in the wild and experiments planned to reconstruct the behavior of prehistoric hunters.

Human evolution turns out to be a long and exceedingly subtle process. As far as we know there was no "magic moment" when our ancestors crossed the line from pre-man to man. It was a gradual change resembling the

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transition from twilight to evening or from childhood to adolescence. We are the latest members of a family that arose more than 15 million years ago in the forests of the Old World, descendants of primates that were neither monkeys nor apes nor men but something quite different and outside our experience—men in the making. They were primarily vegetarians, but for reasons we can only guess at, they gave way to creatures that consumed greater and greater quantities of raw meat, and, as they learned to kill bigger animals, evolved into human beings.

Among those leading the current research boom are adventurers, men with strong personalities and a willingness to spend their lives following up leads and hunches. This spirit apparently goes with strong emotions, and feelings often run high when it comes to interpreting evidence. Criticism is sometimes regarded, and perhaps intended, as a deep personal insult.

Not long ago a professor wrote an article questioning a former teacher, in the mildest possible terms, about the authenticity of a certain find—and ended a friendship of 30 years. On another occasion an eminent anthropologist arose to speak at a meeting given in his honor, and began reminiscing about the early days of his career when his ideas concerning human evolution had been ignored. But he managed to complete only a few sentences of his talk. Then, overcome by the recollection of years of frustration, he lowered his head and burst into tears. Investigators have stalked out of meetings, indulged in personal vituperation (in technical journals as well as privately), argued over priorities, accused colleagues of stealing their ideas.

Such behavior may be somewhat less common than it was, and it is by no means unknown in other areas of science, but its incidence has been strikingly high among prehistorians. The reason for this occupational ailment is obscure, but it may have something to do with the shortage of solid evidence. Reconstructing prehistoric peoples and ways of life from the sparse remains available is rather like trying to figure out the characteristics of modern populations from only a dozen skeletons selected at random—and sometimes the less excavators have to go on, the more ardently they stick to their guns.

"I can't account for it," says an anthropologist who has been in the thick of a number of fights, "but there is something about exploring the past that affects you. It seems that every time a man finds a human bone he goes crazy on the spot."

Of course, not all prehistorians have explosive tendencies; some operate at low pressure and generally keep their imaginations and tempers under control. What they all share is a rare combination of mental and

We are hunters who have created a world that no longer has any place for hunters.

physical qualities. In addition to an advanced education, they must have a capacity for sustained loneliness, because the best sites may be located in isolated places where wild animals are considerably more common than people. Patience also helps when their excavations yield nothing of unusual interest, which is most of the time. Furthermore, they must be in top physical condition and able to break and lift rock and dig and keep digging at least six days a week under conditions that no union official would tolerate.

Not surprisingly, the number of investigators who can meet these qualifications is small; perhaps 50 specialists throughout the world devote a major part of their time to work on human origins. They spend about $500,000 a year, a modest figure in these days of billion-dollar science budgets. Most of the money for American studies comes from grant-giving agencies such as the National Science Foundation and New York's Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research—and goes for a wide variety of activities from excavating with dental picks and paintbrushes and fitting pieces of bone together to making stone tools (often at the price of a bashed finger) or studying monkeys so long and so closely that the observer almost becomes a member of the troop.

The accent at present is on techniques, on the art of getting the evidence and making the most of it. First, of course, you have to find your site, which generally involves hunting in Africa, where our closest living relatives, the chimpanzee and gorilla, survive and where the earliest human remains have been discovered. Every lead must be followed up. There are local rumors about bones in haunted caves, the diaries of explorers and travelers, and fossils uncovered during the building of roads and railways. Geological maps indicate ancient lake shores and river beds and exposed deposits; aerial photographs, examined through stereo viewers, provide miniature three-dimensional pictures of the territory to be searched.

Luck also plays a major role. A chunk of fossil-bearing rock blasted loose by a quarryman's dynamite charge, light falling at just the right angle on a bit of dusty bone, likely-looking cliff formations seen through a spyglass from the deck of a lake steamer running off course—these are some of the coincidences that have led to significant finds, clues to the story of man. The Olduvai Gorge itself was discovered in 1911 by a German entomologist named Kattwinkel, who nearly fell over one of its cliffs while chasing a butterfly.

But in the long run luck generally comes to the most patient searchers, and I learned firsthand what patience means when I visited an expedition in the wilds of Malawi not long ago. Desmond Clark of the University of California at Berkeley, head of the expedition and an authority on African prehistory, has been exploring the southern end of the Great Rift Valley, a series of deep gashes in the earth which run north more than 4,000 miles to the Sea of Galilee in Israel. In one day we tramped eight dry and dusty hours through brush and brambles and down steep gullies under a blazing sun. (The only other kind of weather in Africa, the rainy season, is too much even for paleontologists.) We had only one small canvas bag of water between us because our African water carriers, with some logic, considered us crazy and managed to "lose" us early in the morning. Furthermore, we had had a total of little more than half an hour of rest, taken in all-too-brief snatches, and I protested weakly toward the end of the hike. "You can't be tired, really," Clark replied in the surprised tone of someone who has just started a stroll along a comfortable English lane. "There's a lot more to look at. The army, you know, allows only five minutes of rest for every hour of marching."

Clark explained that he and his colleagues are looking for something special: "We need more sealed-in living sites which have been preserved in about their original condition ever since prehistoric times. The excavation of such sites is extending our knowledge in a way that would hardly have been believed possible twenty years ago. The next step is to be able to select meaningful patterns and interpret them. That's the real problem."

The marks of man are surprisingly persistent. Objects covered by the gentle action of falling volcanic ash or lake sediments may remain in position, in context, for hundreds of thousands of years—like the pieces of an intricate mosaic. The trick is to excavate sites so that you do not miss the messages, the so-called "living-floor" patterns. So, once you find an undisturbed site in mint condition, you approach it with almost surgical care and precision. Removing the top cover of rock and soil exposes underlying layers, and from there on things may proceed very slowly. Indeed, you can spend entire days on your knees digging two to four inches deep in an area not much bigger than the page of a newspaper. Furthermore, the position of every object, every bit of bone and stone, must be measured and noted and eventually plotted on living-floor diagrams.

The most impressive sites excavated to date lie near the bottom of Olduvai Gorge, some 300 feet below the surrounding East African plains. Mary Leakey, who learned

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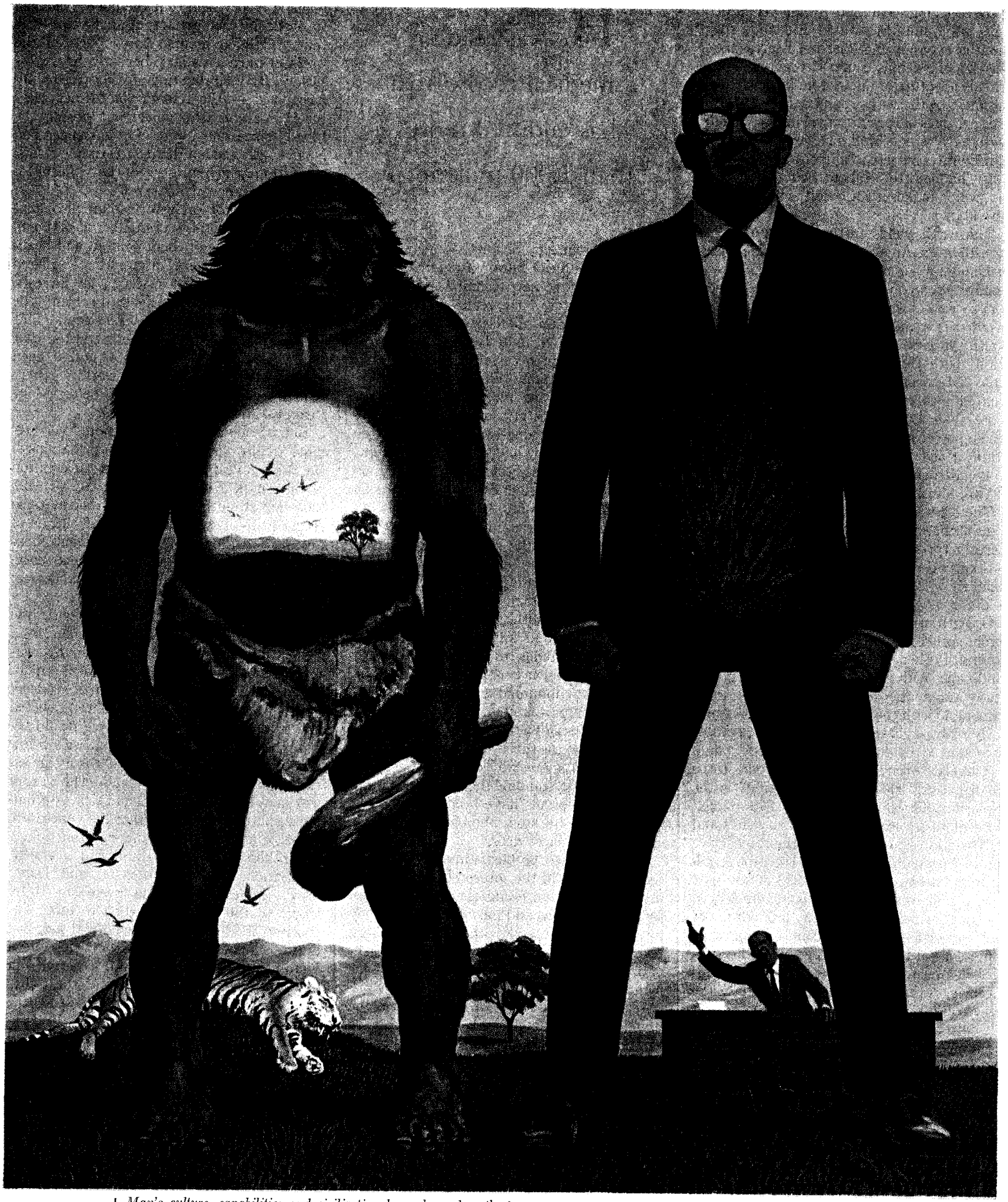

Man's culture, capabilities and civilization have changed vastly through the millennia. His body clings to the past. In fear or anger, the body produces fat for quick burning in fight or flight. Primitive man could use it up; modern man must keep it bottled up inside.

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precise digging techniques during her student days at a hill-fort site in England, spent months exposing material in an area about the size of a tennis court. Her final diagram reveals a feature of unusual interest. Extending most of the way around a saucer-shaped area are piles of rock arranged in a semicircle, perhaps a crude wall or windbreak. This hardly rates as an architectural milestone, but it happens to be about two million years old, which makes it the oldest artificial structure known.

The earth yields further clues to skilled investigators. An eye for jigsaw-puzzle pieces of bone and the details of tooth structure is required to reconstruct our extinct predecessors as well as the animals they hunted and avoided. I remember the exclamation of a South African anatomist as he inspected a fossil tooth through a jeweler's magnifying lens: "My poor child—you're so sickly!" He was reading a medical record that has endured more than 1,000 millennia, enamel defects which showed that the child had three separate attacks of a long-lasting illness (possibly gastroenteritis) at the approximate ages of two, four, and four and a half.

The color and consistency of soils indicate weathering, erosion and climatic changes. Certain types of black soil are signs of wet periods with thick forest; angular, split particles show the effects of frost. Ancient pollen is preserved in such fine detail that an expert with a microscope can identify oak, birch, spruce, holly, date palms, juniper and dozens of other plants—and reconstruct past landscapes with great accuracy. In one pollen study the sudden decline of an oak forest, coinciding with the appearance of grasses and early man, suggests the accidental spread of fires started by hunters to stampede game.

There are even invisible timekeepers in the earth, natural clocks whose "ticking" is the explosion of radioactive atoms. Bits of volcanic glass are scattered over many sites and may contain traces of U-238, the radioactive form of uranium involved in the production of early atomic weapons. U-238 atoms split at a regular rate, leaving "fission tracks" in the glass, which resemble tiny grooves under the microscope and can be counted to provide a measure of the time elapsed since the glass cooled. General Electric researchers used this recently developed method to calculate the figure of 2,000,000 for the age of the lava at the bottom of Olduvai Gorge, where the semicircle of piled stones was found (more precisely, they estimated 2,030,000 give or take 280,000). Another valuable clock, found in certain types of lava, depends on the steady accumulation of the inert gas argon as a product of the breakdown of radioactive potassium atoms. Still another involves the decay of C-14, a radioactive variety of carbon.

He was reading a medical record that has endured more than 1,000 millennia.

Living prehistory is another increasingly important source of information, involving a whole complex of new techniques. For some time investigators have realized that fossils and other dug-up materials alone are not enough, that an intimate feeling for the ways of our extinct predecessors can come only from firsthand studies of existing species.

According to one recent estimate, more than 100 scientists in a dozen countries are engaged in such long-term studies in the wilderness, and they have already made some striking discoveries. For one thing, they expected to see considerable violence among wild monkeys and apes, because animals observed in laboratories and zoos often fight viciously and to the death. But violence turns out to be an effect of life in cages rather than an innate primate characteristic. Although wild primates frequently threaten and chase one another, pitched battles are extremely rare and killing is even rarer, a finding which tends to deflate the theory that human violence is a built-in trait inherited from subhuman ancestors.

Studies of past human behavior are also based on a sort of Stanislavsky approach to prehistory, on the theory that doing what our ancestors did is one way of identifying with them and understanding them better. A number of prehistorians have become experts at making and using stone and bone tools, traps, snares and other devices.

In addition to problems involving the research itself, and the interpretation of data, investigators have found their way blocked by preconceptions and misinformation. They have had to contend with man's stubborn resistance to the notion of evolution in general, and in particular, to the notion of his own antiquity.

It all comes down to an iron belief in the immutability of species—the belief that each kind of animal was created once and for all, ready-made as it were, and has not changed since. In other words, there could be no such thing as extinction, which implies the creation of species designed so poorly that they failed to endure. In the 16th century, for example, people were so deeply committed to this point of view that they simply could not concede the existence of fossils. They regarded the objects that kept turning up, objects that looked very much like skulls and teeth and vertebrae and the imprints of ferns and seashells, as mere illusions of a sort produced by the action of natural forces on rock. A less widely supported but somewhat more realistic theory held that the bones belonged to dead, but not extinct, animals, to beasts that still lived in unexplored parts of the world or in caverns deep beneath the earth's surface. By Victorian times fossils were finally recognized as the remains of extinct creatures, but creatures wiped out during the Flood (since they were not passengers on Noah's Ark) and not related to existing forms, a position which preserved the concept of perfect and unchanging species.

The works of prehistoric man also kept turning up and also presented a problem. Flint tools, some of them pointed and beautifully shaped, were originally considered natural accidents like fossils. A few investigators knew better. In the 18th century the English antiquarian John Frere found flint tools in a Suffolk clay pit and reported that they belonged to "a very remote period, even beyond that of the present world." (Frere has the added distinction of being Mary Leakey's great-great-grandfather.)

But no one realized how remote "very remote" really was. Different interpretations of the Bible gave different dates for the creation of the earth, 3700 B.C. or 4004 B.C. or 5199 B.C., but all authorities agreed on a date so recent as to allow little time for evolution of any sort. Although people had vague ideas about a barbarian stage of human existence, the emphasis was all on the glory of classical and medieval times.

Against this romantic background, the 1856 discovery of Neanderthal man in a little valley near Düsseldorf, Germany, was received with a shock of horror—as if a monster had been uncovered in the attic. Indeed, he has become our most reviled and rejected ancestor. At the time, few people would accept the short, stocky individual with a low and large skull and massive limbs as an extinct breed of prehistoric man. He was, it was said, modern, freakish and sick. A prominent anatomist reported that the bones were those of an idiot who suffered from rickets and other bone diseases and had a violent disposition. The flat forehead and heavy brows, he explained, had been caused by blows on the head. According to other authorities it was a Cossack who had perished during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, a victim of water on the brain, a hermit, an "old Dutchman," "a member of the Celtic race," a wild man "half-crazed, half-idiotic, cruel and strong."

At this stage of our knowledge, a series of further fossil finds has amply established that Neanderthal man is a form of *Homo sapiens* that lived over a span of more than 50 millennia (from about 90,000 B.C. to 35,000 B.C.) and apparently had brains almost if not quite as good as ours. Yet he continues to be widely belittled. Many textbooks still describe him

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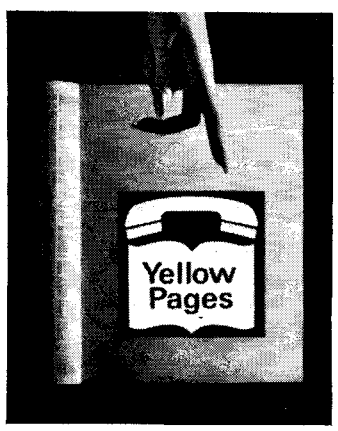

as an "apelike" and "coarse" creature with a clumsy, stooping, shuffling gait.

The facts are that this picture is based on an early study of the skeleton of an old individual stricken with severe arthritis. A more recent study points out that although Neanderthal man was somewhat low-browed, he walked fully erect, and concludes, "If he could be reincarnated and placed in a New York subway—provided that he were bathed, shaved and dressed in modern clothing—it is doubtful whether he would attract any more attention than some of its other denizens."

After the Neanderthal discovery, evidence began accumulating more rapidly. In 1868 five skeletons of men who appeared in France after the Neanderthals about 37,000 years ago were found in the Cro-Magnon rock shelter of Les Eyzies, a village in southern France. (Incidentally, the shelter continues to serve human needs, being the site of a hotel where you can enjoy one-star meals and take a hot bath under exposed rock walls that housed prehistoric families.) About a decade later magnificent colored paintings of animals were discovered in the Altamira cave on the northern coast of Spain, but again the find was greeted with disbelief. Experts, convinced that prehistoric man of 30 millennia ago was incapable of anything so beautiful and sensitive, considered the whole thing a fraud and recanted only after a number of similarly decorated caves had been discovered in France.

Meanwhile investigators were hunting for traces of the most remote ancestors of *Homo sapiens*. Among them was the young Dutch anatomist Eugene Dubois, who reasoned that remains of earliest man would turn up in the East Indies, where apes still lived. During the early 1890's he uncovered part of the jaw, brain case and other fossil bones of a "missing link" embedded in the bank of a river in central Java (Indonesia), a creature that was more advanced than an ape and walked upright like a man.

The find gave rise to more violent controversies. Some skeptics argued that the creature was a deformed man; others considered it a large chimpanzee or gibbon. The effect on Dubois was tragic. He went into virtual hiding, felt his colleagues were plotting against him, put his fossils in a chest, and buried them in the ground beneath his dining-room floor. In his later years, by the time his ideas had attained respectability, he lost confidence and conceded that perhaps he had found only the remains of a huge gibbon. Today Java man is considered a variety of *Homo erectus*, the variety of man which preceded *Homo sapiens* and existed more than half a million years ago.

The first hint of still older ancestors came about 30 years later from an unexpected quarter. One afternoon in the fall of 1924 Raymond Dart, an anatomist at the University of the Witwatersrand Medical School in Johannesburg, South Africa, received two large crates filled with fossil-bearing rocks from a limestone quarry in Taung, a northern Cape Province village. In examining the rocks, he found a stone block containing the cast of a large brain case and major parts of a skull and jaw. Dart speculated that "the face might be somewhere there in the block," and went to work with hammer and chisel and, for the most delicate work, a knitting needle requisitioned from his wife. Day after day he picked at the specimen: "No diamond cutter ever worked more lovingly or with such care on a priceless jewel—nor, I am sure, with such inadequate tools. But on the seventy-third day, December twenty-third, the rock parted. I could view the face from the front, although the right side was still embedded. The creature which had contained this massive brain was no giant anthropoid such as a gorilla. What emerged was a baby's face, an infant with a full set of milk teeth and its permanent molars just in the process of erupting. I doubt if there was any parent prouder of his offspring than I was of my Taung baby on that Christmas."

Dart reported the find about six weeks later in the widely read British scientific journal *Nature*. Unlike many pioneer fossil hunters he was extremely cautious, describing as a manlike ape a specimen which would today be identified as an ape-man or even a primitive man who lived at least a million years ago. Also, he drew special attention to Africa as a great "laboratory" for the study of human origins. Unfortunately, both points were completely ignored. The announcement created a dull thud in international anthropological circles, thus preserving the old traditions of bitterness and hurt feelings. Dart recalls that he felt as if his colleagues were "ganging up" on him: "None of their arguments persuaded me to deviate in the slightest from my earlier conclusions, but, from being excited, my mood changed to one of depression."

Authorities in England, including one of Dart's former teachers, stated flatly that the Taung baby was merely an ape and not a very unusual one at that. Furthermore, as far as Africa was concerned, they could hardly have been less interested. All eyes were on the Far East, which, partly because of Dubois's work, was believed to be the birthplace of man. A few years after the downgrading of the Taung discovery, workers began excavating a filled-in ravine near Peking, China, and by the outbreak of the Pacific phase of World War II they had removed about 170 feet of earth without reaching bottom—recovering many remains of Peking man, a variety of *Homo erectus* who had used fire, lived chiefly on venison, and may have practiced cannibalism some 360,000 years ago. This material, packed in crates marked "secret" and en route to the United States for the duration of the war, disappeared on a Chinese wharf at about the time that the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and has not been found since.

Two major reversals of opinion took place after the war: the recognition of a previously discounted find, and the rejection of a find that had once been accepted without question. During the late 1940's the weight of evidence, old and new, confirmed Dart's original ideas. He was delighted and heartened by the continuing support of Robert Broom, a Scottish-born physician and paleontologist, who was noted for, among other things, excavating in all weather while wearing Sunday clothes complete with high collar and necktie, and who found more primitive skulls and jaws in crumbled limestone caves not far from Johannesburg. Dart himself had

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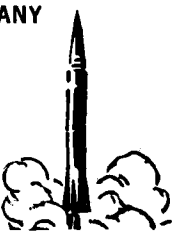

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opened up a rich source about 150 miles away at another lime quarry in a valley with red cliffs and a waterfall at one end, a "lost-world" valley as wild-looking today as it was when our ancestors wandered there more than 20,000 centuries ago.

The rejected find made news in November, 1953. About four decades before, Charles Dawson, a British lawyer and part-time antiquarian, reported the discovery of the Dawn man, an individual with a human skull and an apelike jaw, in a gravel pit near the village of Piltdown on the southern coast of England. The material—plus skull fragments and apelike teeth that Dawson later found in a field two miles away—was immediately added to the growing list of our prehistoric forerunners, although the experts could not agree about where it fitted into the evolutionary picture. The contrast between the humanness of the skull and the apishness of the jaw was so great that it seemed to imply that men or pre-men started with oversized brains and then proceeded to put them to use. Moreover, no fossil apes had ever been found in England, so the curious jaw could not easily be dismissed as that of an ape accidentally washed together with the human skull fragments.

No known remains showed such a contrast; neither did further finds reported over the years. So the mystery deepened until investigators finally had to face the fact that the fossil might be a fake. A series of special tests conducted during 1953 at Oxford University and the British Museum of Natural History removed all doubts. The Dawn-man skull fragments belonged to a modern man, the jawbone and teeth to a modern ape, and the material had been filed down and chemically treated and otherwise tampered with to make it look ancient and authentic. After accomplishing this bit of fakery, someone had planted the doctored specimens where they were later found. The culprit and motive remain unknown.

The results were highly embarrassing. Headline writers had a field day with such efforts as EARLIEST ENGLISHMAN PROVED A FRAUD. But the exposure helped discredit once and for all the theory that man was created big-brained and fully human, and cleared the way for acceptance of a more plausible theory based on the analysis of African remains. In a fundamental sense, man made himself, starting with a relatively small brain that evolved along with his own evolving purposes.

Our story starts about 14 million years ago (according to the potassium-argon clock) in the abundant subtropics of Asia and Africa. The savannas, yellow-brown grasslands, were wide as oceans then—rolling in all directions to the horizon and beyond, penetrated here and there by dark peninsular stretches of forest. It might have been an Eden of a sort except for or perhaps because of, the fact that man had not yet appeared.

His coming was imminent, however. According to one theory, the line that would lead to us had already begun in a marginal zone along the irregular border between forest and savanna. Most forest animals lived enclosed lives snug inside "green caves" of leaves and branches, tunneling along time-worn trails through the underbrush, moving high in the canopies of tall trees, and generally avoiding the bright uneasy places where savanna grasses rustled at the very edges of the woods. But one type of animal had begun exploring the open spaces, seeking food in the traditional hunting territories of stronger and swifter predators. It probably looked something like a small chimpanzee, and had the nimble hands and general agility of a monkey.

This species has been studied by a young Kansas-born, Texas-raised scientist specializing in primate evolution. Elwyn Simons started collecting bones when he was 10, and is now curator of vertebrate paleontology at Yale University's Peabody Museum, which houses a collection of more than 100,000 fossil specimens. His examinations of teeth and jaw fragments gathered during the past half century in India, East Africa, China, Germany and Spain suggest the existence of a widespread species distinguished by, among other things, a short face and small canine teeth. It is known officially as Ramapithecus, because the first specimens to be recognized came from the Siwalik Hills of northwest India ("Rama" is the name of a hero in Hindu mythology, the incarnation of the diety Vishnu; *pithekos* is Greek for "ape").

The size of the teeth is especially significant. Apes, like such carnivores as lions and tigers, have long and large canines—formidable ripping and tearing implements for shredding food, or for fighting. But at least one prehuman primate apparently did not require such weapons. "Ramapithecus wasn't feeding the way apes feed," Simons points out, "and that indicates it prepared its food and defended itself in some other way, presumably by using its hands. Furthermore, the implication is that it walked upright and fashioned tools of a simple type, although we need a great deal more evidence before we can prove that."

Some indirect evidence has been obtained from observations of the chimpanzee. Among the leading investigators of primate behavior is an attractive blonde, Jane Goodall. Formerly a secretary to Louis Leakey, she is also a baroness, having married Baron Hugo van Lawick, a Dutch photographer who met her among the chimpanzees during an assignment for the *National Geographic* magazine. She has visited and revisited the forests of northwest Tanzania many times, watching and living among wild chimpanzees, and her observations do much to weaken the old notion that man is the only maker of tools. At the beginning of the rainy season in late October, when worker termites burrow passages from the depths to the surface of their hills, a chimpanzee will take a straw or bit of vine, trim it neatly by pulling off leaves and side shoots, break it off to a length of about a foot—and approach the termite hill with a glint of anticipation in his eyes. After licking the stick he pokes it into one of the burrowed holes, and waits a moment or two. When he draws the stick out, it is covered with a glob of clinging termites which he licks off as gleefully as a child licking a lollipop. The presumption is strong that Ramapithecus, the earliest known (but not the earliest) member of the

Shake hands with L.S.Green

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family of man, was at least as ingenious as contemporary chimpanzees.

We have only a fleeting glimpse of Ramapithecus, the equivalent of a few frames clipped from a feature-length motion picture. The next view comes some 12 million years later and it is more than a glimpse, bringing us to sites in the Olduvai Gorge, where some big changes have occurred. Ever since the discovery of the skull in 1959, work has been active at Olduvai, where the Leakeys maintain an unusual establishment. Last time I visited the gorge I arrived in the evening after a magnificent 10-hour Land Rover drive from Nairobi, past Mount Kilimanjaro and up three steep palisades like giant steps and then down from Ngorongoro Crater into the Serengeti Plain.

Louis Leakey greeted me and led the way to an open thatched-roof structure, a dining room and laboratory and the work center of the camp. A big weather-beaten man of 63, with a shock of white hair and the drive of a high-pressure executive, Leakey was reared in Kenya by English-missionary parents as the only white child among the Kikuyu, who initiated him into their tribe. Thirteen years ago, during the Mau Mau uprisings, he ran a special police unit and risked his life helping to bring about a settlement.

Our company now included, besides the Leakeys and myself, two students and a small zooful of lesser species—crickets, flies, praying mantises and other insects attracted by our lamps, four Dalmatians, one terrier, one dormouse, a young wildebeest that had lost its mother and was being fed from a nippled brandy bottle, a tame but rambunctious monkey named Simon, and a large poisonous snake kept in a cotton bag hanging near the table. The work area and surrounding tents were protected by a ring of branches and brambles to discourage rhinoceroses and other animals from wandering into the camp. (That night a leopard came too near the barrier, and was chased off by two of the Dalmatians.)

Next morning it was up at six and down a steep trail into the gorge with Leakey: "Sometimes we come across rhinos down here, but they won't bother you." We stopped at an area on the bottom carefully covered by tarpaulin, the place where the semicircle of piled stones had recently been found. Some distance away, about 15 feet above the lava floor and near the branching part of the Y-shaped gorge, was the site of the 1959 find, marked by a concrete memorial slab. "We did a lot of work here, mostly on our hands and knees," Leakey recollected. "In one thirteen-month period, with the support of the National Geographic Society, we moved more than twice as much dirt and rock, about seven thousand tons, as we had in all our previous seasons of digging."

During the past five years or so the Leakeys have found the skull of a female referred to as "Cinderella," "Poor George" (a skull trampled to bits by Masai cattle), and remains of more than a dozen other individuals, ranging in age from about a million to a million and a half years. I later saw Poor George, also know as "Olduvai George," at the Leakeys' home outside Nairobi. Mary opened a safe in her study, removed the dome-shaped top of a skull, and set it down gingerly. "We spent a couple of months recovering hundreds of bone fragments after the cattle came through, and I've put about two hundred of them together in this specimen. I worked over a period of eight and a half months, on odd Sundays and times like that. It would drive you crazy doing that all the time!"

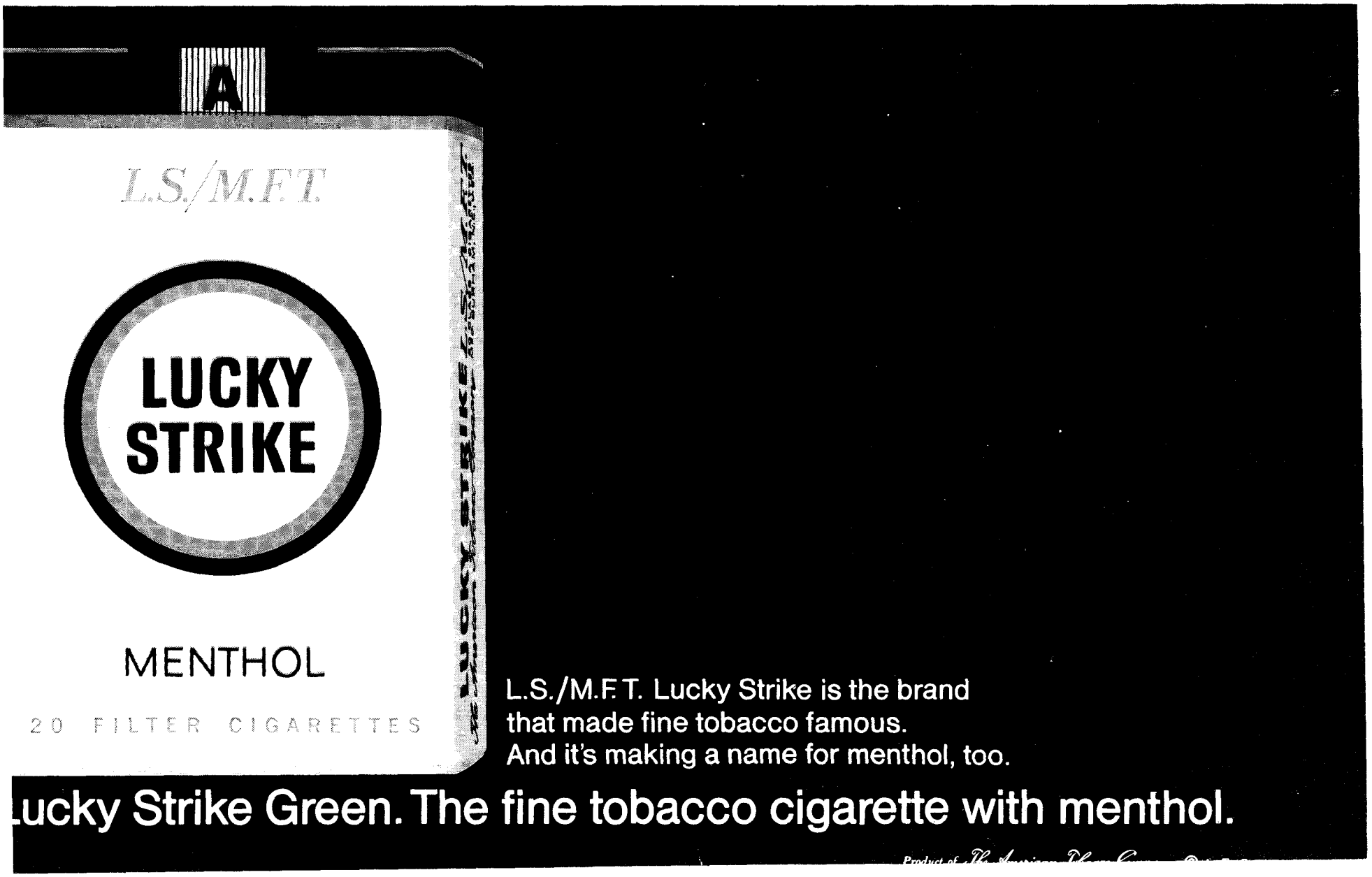
A highly technical debate is currently under way over which of the Olduvai individuals deserve the coveted title of *Homo*. In general, Leakey and his supporters tend to bestow the honor more readily than their opponents. But there is no argument on one point—several species of higher primates roamed the region at various times, including creatures well on the way to becoming full-fledged human beings.

These primates, call them near-men for convenience, combined archaic and advanced features, something like a high-fendered Model-T chassis fitted with bucket seats and automatic transmission. They stood about four feet high, smaller than today's pygmies, and probably had hands resembling those of a young gorilla. But their feet were basically like ours, and the odds are that they walked and ran about as efficiently. Their brain was on the small side, weighing perhaps a pound or so compared with some three pounds for modern man, although size measurements do not take account of the quality or organization of cerebral tissue.

Such creatures get credit for almost all the really clever work uncovered at Olduvai. They probably built the semicircular structure, and new studies indicate that they used more kinds of tools than previously suspected. They stored large quantities of rubble or unworked rocks, perhaps to hurl at marauding animals at night, and the most common item in their tool kit was a stone with flakes knocked off one or both sides to form a rough cutting edge. But as far back as two million B.C. they were also making scrapers, gougers, borers and other implements that were not supposed to have been invented for another million years or so. "At first it was rather a shock to us," Mary Leakey says. "We had a hard time believing that such tools could have been made so early. Now it should be easy to believe practically anything!"

No one knows what the near-men were doing with all those tools, but there are clues to one especially significant use. An Olduvai living-floor provides a vivid picture of the carnage left behind when they got up from dinner. It includes an area about two or three feet in diameter that is packed with the remnants of hearty meals, bones broken to bits for the marrow inside, and chips and flakes from the tools used to smash the bones. Around this area the debris thins out, except for one place nearby which contains bigger bones such as skull and jaws. You can almost see the diner, squatting on the ground where the shattered material is concentrated, tossing the unbroken bones over his shoulder. He was an enthusiastic meat-eater. Most of the bones found at the site are those of rodents, hares, birds, lizards and the young of antelopes and other large animals—in other words, small game.

One key question at this stage of human evolution is why our ancestors took up meat-eating in the first place.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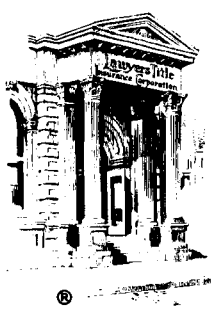

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Apes are more or less vegetarians, living predominantly on fruits and grass shoots and other plant foods, and it is a safe bet that at one time our ancestors did the same. But somewhere along the line they began acquiring a taste for red meat. Work in the field of living prehistory offers a basis for further shrewd guesses. Experience in African game parks suggests that scavenging may have been the rule at first. Jackals can be scattered easily; vultures are more of a problem, but they will retreat before a vigorous man wielding a stick. Even driving away the killers themselves is not out of the question. Tribesmen in northern India still scan the skies for vultures, rush to the spot, and almost always manage to drive tigers away by shouting and generally making nuisances of themselves. So prehuman primates could have used similar tactics to compete successfully with other species for the leavings of more formidable predators.

Recent findings indicate that, whether or not they scavenged, they did some killing on their own. Several years ago Sherwood Washburn, of the University of California at Berkeley, descendant of a long line of Puritan theologians and one of the most imaginative of current anthropologists, started studying wild baboons in Kenya. He selected the place and the species for special reasons. Kenya contains wide, grassy savannas, dry, open country with trees concentrated near occasional streams and waterholes, the sort of environment where early man lived—and where baboons thrive. Washburn's coworker was Irven DeVore, one of his graduate students who is now a professor at Harvard.

They eventually noted meat-eating among baboons. In a typical case an individual baboon would be walking along through the grass, come across a nest of fledgling birds, and scoop up the contents without breaking stride. In other words, it was usually an act performed in passing. But not always. Something less casual took place in 1964 when I spent several weeks with DeVore in Kenya. One July afternoon we were driving through the Nairobi National Park, looking for baboons as usual, and heading for a shallow stream. All of a sudden we saw a large male baboon with a freshly killed hare in its mouth, a noteworthy event in itself since meat-eating is rarely observed. But there was more to come. A whole troop was crossing the stream, and a few seconds later another large male passed with another hare, and not long after that a third male carrying the remains of a small antelope.

"I've never seen anything like this," DeVore remarked as he left the truck to look at the passing troop. "It certainly indicates some sort of group activity, although not necessarily hunting. The troop members all seemed aroused, jittery. Since baboons eat such small animals in a matter of minutes, these animals must all have been killed recently and almost simultaneously, suggesting that the sight of one individual catching an animal aroused fellow troop members to go after other animals in the vicinity. The result could have been the triggering of a kind of brief, spontaneous bloodlust episode."

These studies permit further deductions about behavior in the past. For example, given a stretch of open territory with clumps of bushes and tall grasses where lions may be lurking, what is the best way of organizing a group of individuals for effective defense? A baboon troop represents a living solution to this problem. As it moves through dangerous areas, large males are spread out in front and in rear, while the center is occupied by females and infants and the biggest and most dominant adult males. Covered-wagon trains employed such strategies in crossing hostile Indian territory, and so did destroyer-escorted convoys during World War II. We have every reason to believe that man's forerunners moved in the same sort of protective patterns as they roamed in search of food. Also, like baboons, they may have slept chiefly in trees or perhaps on cliff ledges. Large-scale cave-dwelling probably came later, after they had learned to use fire to drive out predators and keep them out.

Of course it is one thing to show that near-men hunted, and something else again to figure out how they did it. One way of exploring the possibilities is to try doing it yourself. Leakey, the world's leading expert in this field, described some of his tactics to me: "You try to think, observe, move and outguess your prey the way hunters might have done it two million years ago. You try to understand their feelings and the way their minds worked."

Once, near a lake outside Nairobi, he prepared to stalk a small gazelle. First he camouflaged himself with leafy branches around his head and waist, "mainly to break up the shape of my body"; then he started to advance, "never moving my arms or legs sideways, since that changes your shape and frightens animals, but always straight ahead." He moved very, very slowly, changing direction as the gazelle wandered from place to place, coming forward a few steps at a time when its head was lowered for grazing, stopping when it raised its head to look around. "You can tell just beforehand when the head is coming up; the animal makes a subtle movement, raising one shoulder a bit higher than the other."

Leakey played a double role as he advanced. Part of the time he tried to put himself in the gazelle's mind and anticipate its actions; part of the time he was a hungry hunter whose life depended on what he could catch. He stopped several times waiting for birds, which might have given alarm calls, to fly away. It took at least two hours to reduce the original distance from 250 yards to about six feet—at which point the prehistorian brought down the gazelle with a perfectly timed flying tackle.

He has also gone after hares with his bare hands. "When you see a hare, it runs straight away, and you run straight after it. It has its ears back, but not all the way back. The ears go all the way back when it's about to dodge, a sharp right or a sharp left. If you're right-handed, you always dash to the right anticipating a dodge to the right. That means the odds are fifty-fifty, and you should catch half the hares you chase. If you've guessed correctly, the hare runs by instinct directly at you and you can scoop it up

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like fielding a fast grounder. If it happens to get past you, stop and watch. It will probably dart under a bush and freeze there, assuming it has gotten rid of you. Then you can go over and simply pick it up."

Once you have your animal, you need more than teeth to dismember it, as Leakey knows from experience. So he has learned to make tools like the ones unearthed at the oldest Olduvai sites, and he has also learned to use them. In fact, one Christmas Eve at his camp, before an audience of entranced Masai herdsmen, he spent about half a minute making a chopper out of a pebble and another 20 minutes skinning and cutting up the carcass of a freshly killed antelope.

The do-it-yourself approach to prehistory can never provide final answers. Early men may not have been so clever as Leakey, and if they had been, we would undoubtedly be considerably more civilized today. On the other hand, they had good brains for the times and lived as animals among animals, and knowing the ways of animals was a matter of life or death. Furthermore, this approach emphasizes the value and power of the close, intensive observation which must have distinguished all prehistoric hunters and prepared the way for the next great step in human evolution—the shift from small-game to big-game hunting.

A hunter operating strictly on his own could catch a small animal, kill it, and devour it on the spot. But sooner or later he began to realize that it makes more sense to go after meat in large packages, and that taking on bigger and stronger animals with stone weapons is no job for a lone man. Ten hunters working together can get appreciably more than ten times as much meat as a loner, and sheer evolutionary efficiency dictated a change. The change came slowly, taking more than a thousand millennia, but it created a new way of life.

Big-game hunting demanded cooperation, the devising of traps and pitfalls and ambushes, sharing the kill, and other activities that put a premium on increased intelligence. It demanded a new species with larger brains, *Homo erectus*, the first human being. The change came about so gradually that there are many in-between forms, and it is not easy to tell the differences between an advanced ape-man or near-man and a primitive man. But anthropologists are generally convinced that going after big animals played a major role in the process.

This phase of prehistory is currently of special interest to 41-year-old Clark Howell of the University of Chicago. His youthful appearance and a certain innocence of expression are misleading, for his knowledge is formidable. Trained in anthropology and biology, he can more than hold his own in geology, prehistoric archaeology and paleontology, a distinct advantage when it comes to modern interdisciplinary studies of early man. He has dug in Africa and plans to dig there again. But right now he is focusing on material obtained from two sites occupied by big-game hunters who swept out of Africa and roamed over most of the Old World.

The sites are located in a valley cut into a 3,000-foot plateau in north-central Spain, near the village of Torralba. Discovered in 1888 by railroad workers linking the region to the main Madrid-to-Barcelona line, it was partly excavated by a Spanish nobleman and amateur archaeologist. Howell decided to extend the excavations about five years ago. "We started more with hope than anything else, and sometimes hope doesn't pan out. We were lucky."

Evidence from pollen, fossils and other sources permits an unusually complete reconstruction of a camping and butchering site 400,000 to 500,000 years old, a site in a broad valley near a sluggish, meandering stream and sedge-covered swamplands. In one area most of the bones of a big bull elephant lie close together with a few isolated bones of two other elephants, an infant and a young female. Bones of other elephants, as well as horses and red deer and wild ox, lie scattered over the area. Among the bones is an abundant supply of stone tools. The animals had been bogged down in thick mud either by accident or, more likely, driven there by hunters. Whatever happened, the hunters came in to kill and dismember the trapped animals. Other patterns, Howell points out, are more "enigmatic." For example, why would prehistoric man whittle a pencil-sharp point on the tip of an elephant tusk over four feet long? This puzzling object was found not far from a row of large elephant bones and a tusk, next to a smashed elephant skull. Could some of the remains be a support for a shelter of hides held down at one edge by the aligned bones and held up at the other edge by sharpened tusks driven into the ground to serve as posts?

Homo erectus had a brain nearly double the size of the brain of Dart's Taung child, which puts it within the range of modern brain sizes, and a new way of life. Apes and other primates that live mainly on plants confine themselves to relatively restricted areas, 15 to 20 square miles at the most. But the world widens for primates who go out into the savanna to find and follow herds, and the new men may have had hunting territories of 500 to 1,000 square miles.

Hunting heightened the division of labor, the differences between the sexes. Men went away in groups and stayed away longer, perhaps all night. Women became the "other sex" in a sense that is true for no other primate, the first females to be left behind. Physical changes included a widening of the pelvis to permit the delivery of bigger-brained infants, who remained helpless longer and required longer periods of maternal care. (Infant dependency probably lasted about five years for *Homo erectus* as compared with three or four years for chimpanzees and six to eight years for modern man.) A wider pelvis also meant that women became somewhat more dependent themselves, since it decreased their running ability.

There was also the fire to take care of, another development of the times. The earliest evidence for the use of fire, at least five hearths and fire-cracked stones, comes from recent excavations at a site in southern France which is probably about a million years old. We can imagine men fleeing before great natural fires set by volcanic embers or lightning, and noticing even in their panic the panic of other fleeing animals, especially the big cats and other predators. A plausible next step would have been to bring fire into camp for protection, to keep carnivores and scavengers away at night. More aggressive uses, such as driving animals out of caves and stampeding herds during the hunt, probably came later.

Fire brought important advantages—warmth, for one thing, cooking and, above all, light. For the first time men had the power to change the ancient and powerful rhythm of sleeping and waking. They no longer had to end their days with the setting sun, but could gather inside the bright circles of hearths and make tools and perhaps tell tall hunting tales. Certainly fire provided some leisure and an opportunity for the growth of language, a trend already fostered by the need to devise new plans and strategies for the hunt.

At this point we have covered some 90 percent of man's past, the all-important formative period during which human beings emerged gradually from prehuman primates that have been extinct for millions of years. It is also the period about which we know least. The rest of the story, only yesterday on the time scale of human development, occupies the last few hundred thousand years, years which have seen the appearance of *Homo sapiens*. It is more solidly documented.

Neanderthal man appears to have invented religion, a finding which hardly jibes with the lingering notion that he was an apelike savage. One of his most spectacular sites lies at the foot of a mountain south of Rome, close by the Mediterranean surf. Here, deep inside a cave, a Neanderthal skull was found surrounded by a ceremonial ring of stones. Other burial sites in Europe and the Middle East contain whole skeletons and include rings of goat and cave-bear skulls, as well as meat and tools left at the graveside for the use of the deceased in an afterlife.

Among prehistory's greatest mysteries is the vanishing of Neanderthal man. He seems to have been wiped out or absorbed by Cro-Magnon and other later peoples, and after that the pace of things quickened even more. By 10,000 or 15,000 years ago man had developed tool kits including a wide variety of blades and harpoons and arrows—and prehistoric art had reached its high point in the cave paintings and carvings found mainly in France and Spain. The invention of agriculture, the resulting population explosion, the first towns and temples and cities—these are some of the major advances of the last few millennia. Prehistory ends officially with the invention of writing some five thousand years ago.

Where do we stand today in the perspective of prehistory? Although we have developed cooperation and social organization to an unprecedented degree, we still harbor opposing tendencies which could become our undoing. We are hunters who have created a world which no longer has any place for hunters. After more than two million years of killing and avoiding killers, we have been struggling to civilize ourselves for perhaps five millennia (a very generous estimate)—which is about the same thing as a man trying to reform in a few weeks after a lifetime of crime.

It is no wonder that in moments of stress our responses may be those of people still on the prowl in prehistoric times, of wanderers in a wide and alien wilderness where death comes suddenly and often without apparent cause. A

Continued on page 65

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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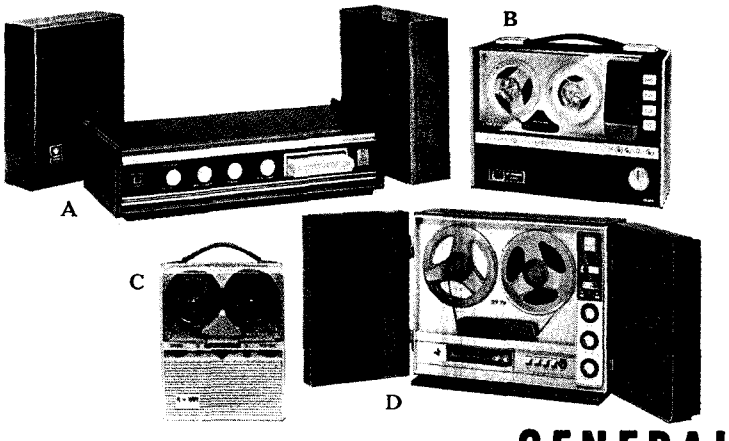

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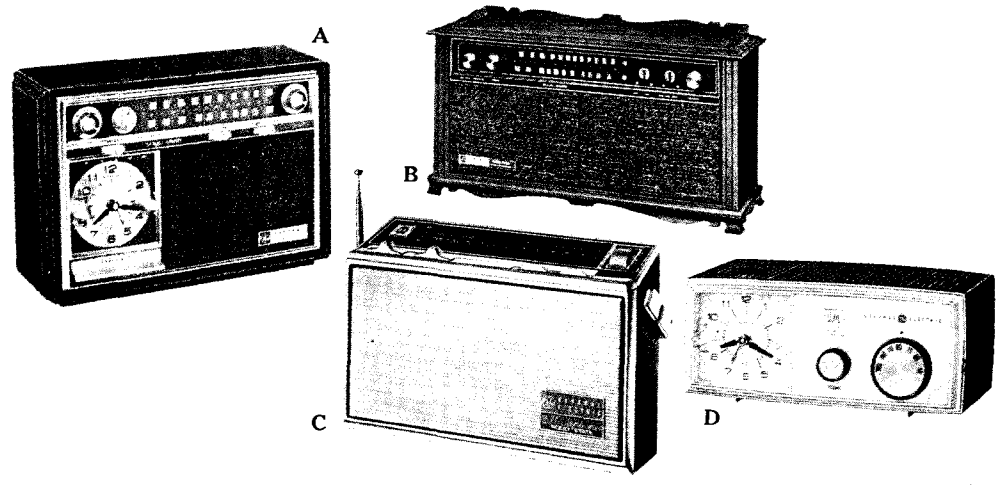

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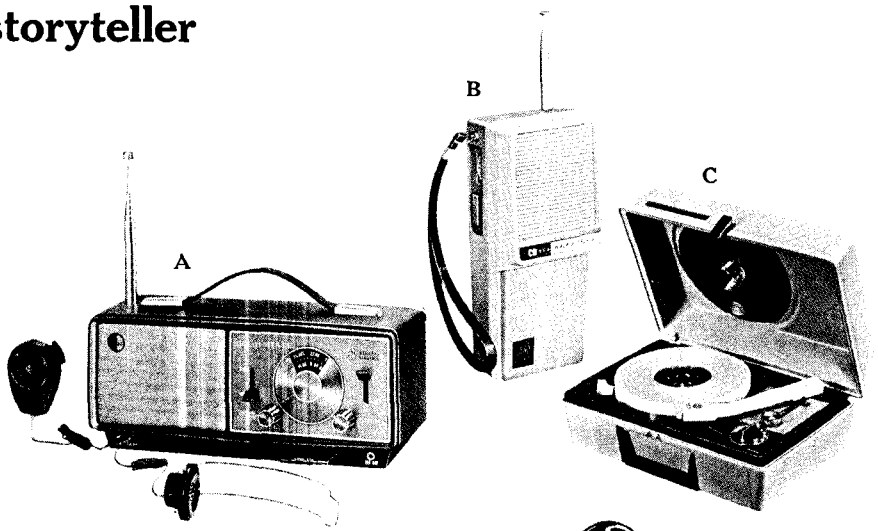

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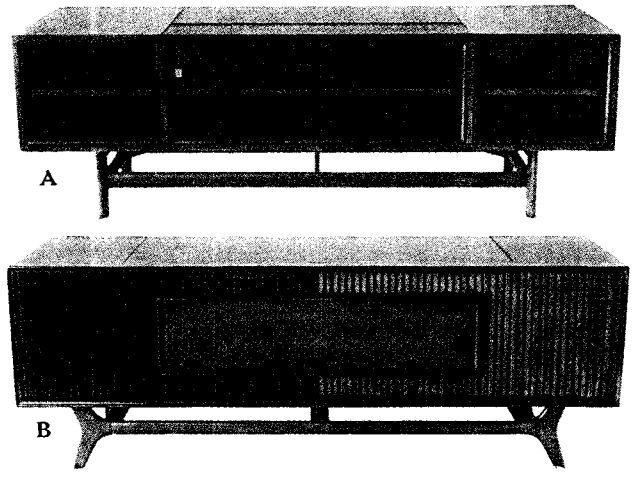

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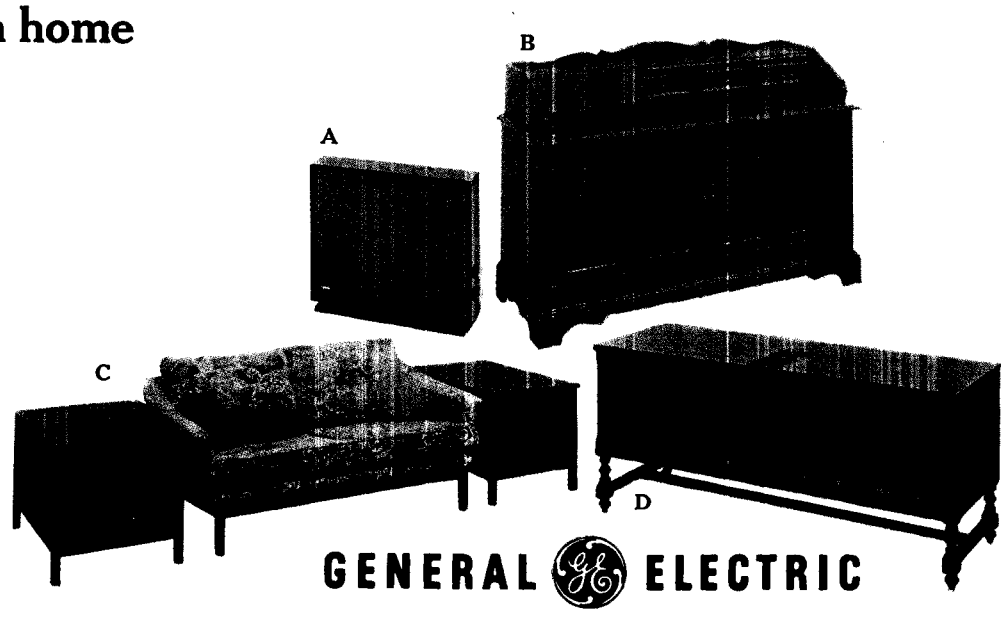

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Continued from page 52

hatred for strangers and people who look different, a limited capacity for caring really deeply about anyone outside our immediate circle, an easily aroused aggressiveness, an almost pathological fear of uncertainty and the unknown and being wrong—such reactions make a great deal of sense in a small and tightly organized little band fighting for survival in hostile surroundings. But they are dangerously inappropriate for the 20th century.

To cite only one example, David Hamburg of the Stanford University School of Medicine emphasizes the effects of rage, fear and other intense emotions on the adrenal glands. These glands are designed according to a primate blueprint millions of years old. They mobilize the body for violent and immediate activity in times of emergency, by secreting extra quantities of hormones into the bloodstream. The hormones in turn draw on the tissues' fuel reserves, releasing fatty products which can be used within a minute to provide energy for the muscles.

So far so good, if we would only start fleeing or fighting promptly the way our ancestors did. Of course nothing of the sort happens. Trained to control our impulses, we generally keep smiling and seethe inside. So fats are not used up and circulate in the blood where they may eventually form clogging deposits on the inner walls of the arteries, eventually bringing on heart attacks.

The hope of understanding such problems better, and perhaps modifying ourselves accordingly, is one of the chief reasons for expanding research in prehistory. Investigators are intensifying their efforts to fill major gaps in our knowledge; for one thing, they have yet to trace the origins of the human line. Some specimens of Ramapithecus date back 14 million years, but this extinct primate had achieved a fairly respectable status even by that time, which implies the existence of still earlier species. So the search continues for the first members of the family of man, who lived perhaps five million years earlier and may be found in some remote African or Asian site.

Another more recent missing link involves descendants of Ramapithecus. When I last spoke with Leakey in Nairobi, he discussed the 12-million-year gap between Ramapithecus and the tool-making near-men of Olduvai and South Africa. "My son Richard will soon be digging at a site for remains of species that will help us fill the gap. I know just where to dig the trench." The location of the site is still a trade secret, but it includes deposits about six million years old, and perhaps the crude tools of remote species as well as their fossilized bones.

Meanwhile other excavators are looking toward the Orient again, the way their predecessors did in the 1920's. Only this time they have new knowledge, new techniques and new objectives. According to current notions, man broke out of Africa more than a million years ago, and reached China at least 500,000 years later. But we do not know why he spread to other continents (whether it was because he discovered fire and could live in colder climates, or took advantage of climatic changes, or for some other reason), how he made the journey, and by what route.

The answer to these questions may lie in as yet undiscovered sites along the corridor from Africa to the Far East—in Israel, northern Pakistan, the foothills of the Himalayas, and Burma. A British expedition, financed for five years, has just started surveying limestone deposits in hills rising from flat plains north of Bangkok, in Thailand, while American workers may be digging in India within a few years. The search is for more sealed sites, more living-floors.

As evidence continues to accumulate, man's most advanced thinking aid, the high-speed digital computer, will be called on more and more to examine the records of times past. Lewis and Sally Binford, a husband-and-wife team at University of California at Los Angeles, are among the leaders in this new field, and they point out that even the impressive brain of *Homo sapiens* cannot tackle the information already unearthed without electronic assistance. There are many different sites in many different settings representing many different periods; each site may have as many as 50 or more occupation layers—and each layer may contain traces of different peoples, and different tool kits and animals and climates. Which of these variables are significantly related to one another? Do certain tool kits tend to appear with certain climates or certain types of prey? Why are Neanderthal burials generally found at sites which also include high proportions of heavy flint scrapers? Only computers can pore through mountains of data in hours instead of years or decades, and come up with clues to the possible answers.

In the area of living prehistory, studies of wild primates will be extended considerably. Jane Goodall, who has already spent more than 4,000 hours among Tanzanian chimpanzees, foresees "at least another decade of work." Among other things, she would like to know more about how young chimpanzees learn to make tools (she recently saw them trying to make twigs into termite-hill probes after watching adults perform the feat).

This sort of observation prepares the way for new experiments conducted to provide information difficult or impossible to obtain in the wild. For example, under what conditions will chimpanzees organize themselves into hunting bands? Lions use teamwork, roaring or urinating upwind to drive prey away and into the jaws of other lions who are lying in wait, and chimpanzees could certainly work out hunting strategies if they had a choice between cornering an antelope or going hungry. It would be interesting to discover the nature of such strategies and whether they would demand improved communications, the invention of new sounds or gestures.

The future will also see new research on contemporary man, perhaps the most revealing relic of prehistoric man. We have much to learn about extinct human species from today's primitive peoples. Richard Lee, a Harvard anthropologist, has started the first systematic study undertaken specifically for this purpose, having spent 15 months with Bushmen in the Kalahari Desert—the initial phase of a project that may take many years.

In addition to doing the usual studies of their family life and social organization, Lee has recorded details of camp layouts and kill sites (as aids to interpreting prehistoric living-floors), and other information which is in the process of being analyzed. Findings also include some 35 silent hand signals which the Bushmen use to represent everything from hares and polecats to giraffes and lions. An extraordinary incident which took place at the start of an extra-dry spell indicates the sort of cooperation Lee received. He wanted to observe how the Bushmen managed to survive in a severe drought, and yet he knew, and so did they, that he could use his trucks to bring them to another region with sufficient food and water.

The young investigator put the question squarely up to them, pointing out that they were the only people who could teach him what he wanted to know. It was as if a sociologist asked New Yorkers during the electric-power blackout of 1965 to endure an extra two weeks or so of no electricity because he was interested in studying how city dwellers behaved during emergencies. The Bushmen consented readily, and showed Lee how ingeniously they could fend for themselves and survive through the harsh season.

Finally, there is the No. 1 mystery of human evolution, the origin of language. This is one of science's critical problems in the sense that a better understanding of how our languages arose from the grunts and calls and barks of lesser primates would throw light on a wide range of related phenomena, from the nature of Ramapithecus to the influence of tool-making and hunting on the emergence of speech.

Language is the most human thing about human beings. Monkeys and apes cannot talk, but more intensive studies of their ways of communicating will surely reveal basic factors that might have favored language development. For example, a recent report shows that certain monkeys have half a dozen different alarm barks to tell their companions about a snake, a large bird, a predator on the ground, and so on—which is a long way from words or sentences, but considerably more advanced than anything known a few years ago. Studies of how children acquire language indicate strongly that they learn because their brains are designed to learn—that there is a built-in thing which must be in the structure of the highest centers of the nervous system—and brain researchers are trying to identify such structures.

The scope of research in prehistory is becoming broader and broader. It is part of man's increasing effort to see himself and his problems more objectively, as he prepares to invade and inhabit space. He arose in times of grave physical danger and hardly any social change, living pretty much as his ancestors had lived for hundreds of thousands of years. His problem today is that of a species still trying to adjust to a world where predators are few, but where social changes are taking place at an accelerating rate. How you figure his chances of making the adjustment or failing depends on whether you are an optimist or a pessimist. But so far at least he has consistently shown a genius for getting out of, as well as into, trouble—and the possibility exists that we may be the representatives of the first species to avoid extinction, and to evolve indefinitely. □

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How could someone so young, with so much trouble behind her, find the courage she would need?

GIRL ON A DARK ROAD

In the early daylight, Mrs. Margaret Bradley—divorcee, social worker—ignores small fears and makes her way through breakfast with competence. Her son must find a cleaner shirt; her daughter must hang up her nightgown, she may not wear high heels to school, she must *try* to look less sullen at the table. The eggs cook three minutes, the toaster clicks before it pops, the chrome coffeepot perks.

Mrs. Bradley is a tall woman whose face is open, kind-hearted, and discouraged. A good social worker, she now mulls dutifully over her pre-dawn dream. Was she the looming figure in the dark robe? Or was she the prisoner? Yes, the prisoner. That was Sandra Antonelli threatening her with the gavel, then breaking into laughter. That child, a mother . . . The toast pops up and Mrs. Bradley butters it. She herself is a mother. *Is she doing a good job?* One daughter in the State University (my God, I'm forty-five years old!); a thirteen-year-old girl, fascinated by high heels and cosmetics; a boy of eleven, now reading the cereal box. There is another child here. Herself. Margaret Marie Hunt—roller-skating through a summer dusk; at Epworth League, accepting a green pickle from a blue-and-white dish; alone before a closed door and afraid. Of what? Of whom? The hidden fears of childhood; we all have them. She claps eggshells into the garbage. "Hey, you kids, get going!" They go.

In her office that morning, for two hours, Mrs. Bradley complied with forms and regulations, drafted memos, dictated, conferred with her supervisor, and otherwise did her best. All the while, she was filled with concern, with a foreboding about the call she would make when the office work was done. At 11:15 she was on her way.

The car had county seals on the doors, so she parked a block away from the house. It was an orderly neighborhood of middle-class homes; Sandra's brother's bungalow was stucco like the rest. The bell sounded; the door swung open; there stood Sandra Antonelli, Ward of the Court.

After a moment, Sandra let her small smile vanish. She was a slight girl, with high shoulders and a flat chest. The scar tissue on the left side of her throat and cheek was still noticeable, even after three years.

"Did you get my note, Sandra?" Mrs. Bradley asked.

The girl nodded.

"I have some things to talk over with you. May I come in?"

She followed Sandra through the living room. There were screaming abstract oils on the walls, rumpled bedclothes on the divan, an Army sleeping bag on the floor, high-fi components in orange crates, books, a sculpture of rusty iron, a Teddy bear, cigarette butts, dirty coffee cups, a vaporizer. Passing through the dining room, Mrs. Bradley noted a motion-picture film-splicing machine, loops and coils of film, metal canisters, a child's stroller, more coffee cups, a pile of cinema quarterlies, alphabet blocks, a broken cuckoo clock, a clothes-drying rack.

In the kitchen, she sat down at a table covered with red-and-white oilcloth. Sandra stood at the sink. "Want coffee or anything?"

Mrs. Bradley asked for tea. Neither of them spoke as Sandra filled the kettle and placed it over a blue flame. The twang and thump of radio rock-and-roll came from the back porch, but Sandra seemed unaware of the noise. Staring at the kettle, the girl said, "Is there something wrong?"

"Continuation School reports that you haven't been there for eight days ——"

"Is *that* all?"

"Well, your phone has been disconnected, and I've learned that your brother has been flagged by the Retail Credit Bureau. I ——"

"You snoop everywhere, don't you?"

"Sandra, it's the court's responsibility to keep an eye on you, to help you."

BY JONATHAN PRATT

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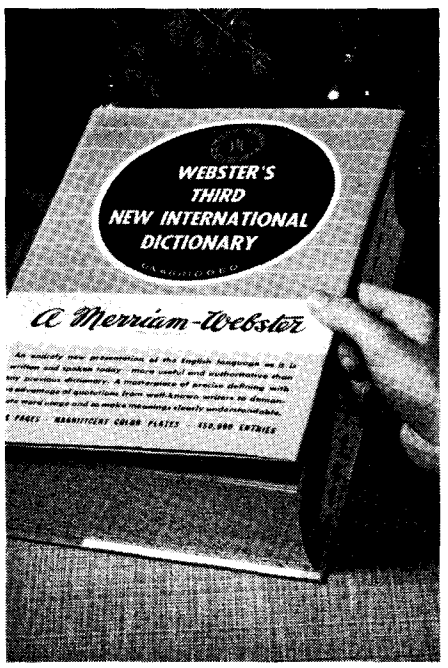

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"Help I don't need."

"You've been getting it."

"Money? That goes to Leonard. See Leonard about that."

"I was hoping Leonard would be here. Did you show him my note?"

Sandra shrugged. She placed two cups on the table, dropped tea bags in them, and poured bubbling water over the bags.

"Sandra, we're simply making sure that you're getting along. After the car accident you begged not to be sent back to your aunt and uncle. So we put you in the Group Home." Mrs. Bradley raised her eyebrows.

"You're the *only one* who has ever thrown my baby in my face!" said Sandra with quiet ferocity. "*The only one.*"

"I'm not throwing the baby in your face, Sandra. You've said yourself, many times, that the baby was an accident, a mistake. If we had checked on you more carefully at the Group Home, we might have helped you to avoid that mistake."

The girl was looking out the window. "You sure conned me out of the baby," she said slowly. "I'm still thinking about that. Maybe you did me a bad wrong there."

In silence they sipped tea. At last Mrs. Bradley said, "Sandra, do you remember at the hospital, how you *begged* to be allowed to live here with your brother's family?" Sandra stared at her. "Do you realize I went out on a limb for you with my supervisor? That I entered an appeal with the Case Review Board?"

A scowl froze the girl's plain face, making the scar-tissue seem ugly. Mrs. Bradley stopped herself. "Never mind all that. I gathered you people might be having trouble, so I came out to see if I could help. That's all."

"The only trouble we've got is you coming around to bug us," Sandra muttered. She cracked a queer, one-sided smile.

"So? Why have you been out of school?"

"Aw, that's nothing." Sandra glanced at the alarm clock on the sill above the sink. "Hey listen! It's quarter to twelve. I've got to go up and cross Caitlin at the boulevard."

"Caitlin?"

"My niece. One of Leonard and Fay's kids."

"Oh yes, of course. May I wait here?"

"Sure." Sandra tucked the tail of her man's shirt into her jeans, making herself look thinner and more boyish than ever. "Heat up more tea water if you want." She walked straight out of the house.

Mrs. Bradley went through the rooms swiftly, her professional eye penetrating the disorder. Two small children sharing the back bedroom; a larger bedroom turned into a cluttered film workshop-and-storeroom filled with complicated-looking equipment; more film stuff in the dining room; Sandra's brother and his wife sleeping in the living room; Sandra sleeping on the flimsy rear porch, her cot jammed against the laundry tubs. Mrs. Bradley noted the improvised clothes rod, the cheap mirror, the snapshot of a youth on an enormous motorcycle, the plastic radio, the opaque poster paint—orange, blue, green—on the windows instead of curtains. She estimated the square feet of living area, minus the space required for tubs and washing machine—about half the state minimum. And no heat. She looked into the refrigerator, nodding at grapes, carrots, frozen orange juice, frowning at frozen dinners and a bowl of leftover spaghetti. She saw two baskets crammed with unfolded laundry and sniffed them. The things were clean. A moment later, an open, twenty-five-pound sack of dried milk provoked her to say "Good" aloud.

When footsteps sounded on the front porch, Mrs. Bradley was at the kitchen table, pouring hot water over her tea bag. Sandra entered, followed by a five-year-old girl with large, unblinking eyes and a fistful of brightly colored papers. "Say hello to Mrs. Bradley," Sandra commanded.

The child stared at Mrs. Bradley, at the same time allowing her fist to lay the kindergarten trophies slowly on the kitchen table.

"I expected Leonard home by now," Sandra said. "You want some lunch?" Mrs. Bradley hesitated, and the girl opened a cupboard. "I'll just make an extra can of vegetable ——"

Having calculated that she was building rapport with Sandra, that she should watch Sandra in action with her niece, that it would be wise to remain and see Leonard, Mrs. Bradley said casually, "I'd enjoy a little soup."

At the stove, her back turned, Sandra said, "I'm not missing anything at that school anyway. They're a bunch of apes over there." Mrs. Bradley's heart sank.

Four years earlier it had been simple truancy that started Sandra down a darkening road. Orphaned at thirteen when a highway accident killed her parents, she had been sent to live with a great-aunt and great-uncle, devout evangelicals, in an unimpeachably middle-class suburb. Three months later she was picked up in a stolen car with four boys, truants from a different school. Fishing for understanding, Mrs. Bradley—then recently divorced, recently trained, desperately earnest about this early case—got from the sullen girl only that her great-aunt was a "phony," that school had always "bugged" her, and that she'd met the four boys "hangin' around the Laundromat." Soon after that, another joy ride in another stolen car ended against a telephone pole, and Sandra acquired scars she would never lose. Placed in a welfare agency's "Group Home" (her great-aunt had declared her absolutely unmanageable), she again dropped out of school, and went farther down the dark road, this time with an older man—there had been a baby that she could not keep.

Now, because things had seemed finally to be working out, Sandra's absence from school, her sarcasm about it, filled Mrs. Bradley with concern.

"Did I tell you what I'm planning to do?" Sandra asked. "I'm going to be a beautician."

The girl's off-center smile commanded a smile in return. Then Mrs. Bradley looked down and moved her cup on the red-and-white squares. "That's an interesting idea. It might make a splendid long-term project."

"Long-term nothing," Sandra snapped. "I start in two weeks. I'm going to Mademoiselle Beauty College out on —— Listen, do you know how much a beauty operator can make?"

"A trained, successful beauty operator can earn a good living, I'm sure, but ——"

"You're against it, aren't you? Keericed. I might have guessed." The girl pushed her chair back from the table and flung out her thin legs. The child, Caitlin, lowered her eyes to her bowl, as if in modesty, and continued carefully to spoon her soup.

"I'm not against it, Sandra. But you haven't finished high school. Beauty colleges require a high-school diploma."

"I'll go to beauty college in the daytime, see? And night school at night. Before the beauty college is over, I'll have my diploma, so that'll be all right."

"Sandra, you'll need the diploma before they'll *admit* you to beauty college."

"They've already admitted me. The manager is a girl that Leonard used to go with. Clarice. She had a part in one of his films. I'm in, all right."

Mrs. Bradley covered her eyes with her left hand. She knew about beauty colleges; they figured often in the fantasies of girls with whom she worked. She looked up to find Sandra studying her.

"I get it," Sandra said. "You think I wouldn't be any good. You think all beauticians have to be beautiful."

"I don't think that."

"It's personality that counts. And skill. Mainly skill. I *know* I can do that work. Anyway, I asked Clarice about my face, whether it would hold me back. She says not if I'm a good technician. Who knows? It might even *help* in some spooky way."

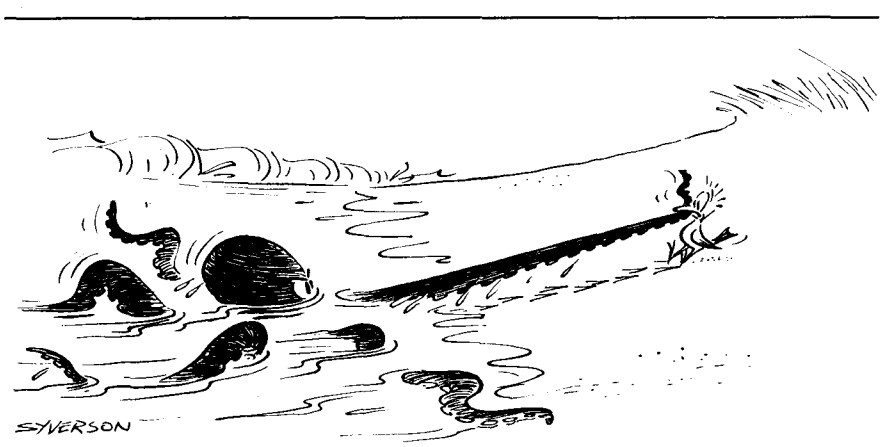
"How much is the tuition, Sandra?"

"Three hundred dollars. Leonard's going to loan it to me."

Caitlin said, "I want dessert now," and Sandra told her to get some grapes. The child climbed down from her chair and went to the refrigerator.

"Does Leonard have three hundred dollars?" Mrs. Bradley asked.

"There's such a thing as credit, you know."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Where's your sister-in-law? You haven't mentioned her."

"Fay's out looking for a job."

"Is that why you dropped out of school? To take care of the children?"

"Of course."

"Why didn't you tell the principal?"

"I'll tell him when I go back."

"But Sandra, if you'd made some *arrangements*, the principal wouldn't have called me. Your teachers could have given you work to do at home."

Sandra looked away. "Make arrangements, get permission. That's too funky. Anyway, I thought I'd only be out a couple days."

"You make things hard for yourself, Sandra. This idea about beauty college—it doesn't help simply to drop out of school without a word."

"Then you're not against that beauty-college scene?"

Mrs. Bradley met the girl's intent scrutiny. "Some beauty colleges are rackets, Sandra," she said finally. "I wonder whether they're being honest with you about your chances. Then there's the tuition. Is Leonard working now?"

"Of course."

"Where?"

"On his films."

Mrs. Bradley's heart sank again. She had once attended a program of experimental films that included one by Leonard Antonelli. His, like the others, had struck her as beautiful, boring, and repulsive by turns. And disturbing. It was as if her own dreams and nightmares had been spliced into the dreams and nightmares of the people with whom she worked—the delinquent girls, the bureaucrats, the pot smokers, the policemen, school nurses, priests.

Mrs. Bradley remembered now that the admission receipts that night could hardly have paid the rental of the hall, let alone reimbursed the film makers. "Sandra, doesn't Leonard spend more money on his films than he earns from them?" she asked.

"Now, sure. But he's thinking about the future. He's ——"

"*Is* he thinking about the future, Sandra? Leonard is the head of a family. Let's forget art and the future, and talk about reality now."

"Aw, you always end up spouting reality."

"Surely you're aware of the court's reluctance to remand you to Leonard's custody. This is a probationary arrangement ——"

"That fink judge in Small-Claims Court wouldn't listen. Just because Leonard wouldn't ——"

"Small-Claims Court?"

Sandra nodded toward the front room. "Here he is. Talk to him."

Leonard was short and slightly pudgy. A scraggly arc of reddish whiskers looped around his chin, and he wore a scarf inside his open collar. He had come into the kitchen with a three-year-old boy in short pants. The boy's cheeks were flushed and his eyes looked feverish. Sandra nodded toward Mrs. Bradley and mumbled her name. "Hi," Leonard said. To Sandra he said, "Infection in both ears. They gave him a shot of penicillin. It hurt, huh, John?"

The child's mouth began to work, and when Sandra said, "Come here, John," he rushed to her and pressed his face into her stomach. His sister, Caitlin, moved close, peering to see if he was crying. "Offer him a grape," Sandra said. When the boy ignored the grape, Caitlin went to the back door and opened it. The radio on the porch blared loudly.

The noise, the sick child, the kindergarten pictures smeared with margarine, the alphabet noodles stranded in her soup bowl, Leonard's soiled scarf—it all filled Mrs. Bradley with a sudden panic. She pressed her eyelids with her fingertips again.

Sandra warmed up soup for Leonard, they agreed that John should have only broth and crackers, and then Leonard began to berate himself for spending one of Sandra's welfare checks to buy a better editing device. "I've kept track, though," he whined, thinking it was this that Mrs. Bradley had come to discuss.

It was to this man, Mrs. Bradley thought, that she had implored the judge to award custody of Sandra. She had known that Leonard had been divorced at twenty-one, was suspected of a suicide attempt at twenty-two, had spent years in and out of colleges, had been jailed for an anti-war demonstration; she knew that he went on occasional drinking sprees, that he had been booked recently for brawling with a sculptor over whether a certain obscure poet had fascist tendencies. Now, watching him crush an aspirin with a spoon and mix it into the sick child's applesauce, watching him lead his son to the bedroom for a nap, Mrs. Bradley remembered that there had been no other place to send Sandra except the detention home.

"Sandra, go and see your principal," she said. "Right now. Get some assignments from your teachers. No matter *what* you want to do—beauty college or anything else—you can't afford to lose this whole semester."

Sandra changed into a skirt and went off cheerfully, taking Caitlin with her. Leonard, who had returned to the kitchen, sagged into a chair and demanded of Mrs. Bradley, "Remember that old tune *When My Baby Smiles at Me*?" He whistled several bars. "Well, old John smiled at me just now. The penicillin reached him. Man, we had a rough time around here last night. Fay and I must have gotten up with him about five times."

"Leonard, I notice the phone's been disconnected," Mrs. Bradley said.

"Yeah. We have to go down to the gas station now. Try directing a film sometime without a telephone."

"Sandra says you've been in Small-Claims Court."

Leonard looked at her in momentary surprise, then concentrated on the soup and leftover bread on the table before him.

"What's going on, Leonard?"

"It's simple. We're broke." He stood up suddenly, went out to the back porch, and snapped off Sandra's radio. Returning to the kitchen, he said, "I've got to audition a tape. Wait a minute."

In the living room, he threaded a tape recorder, and a conglomeration of sounds followed him as he rejoined Mrs. Bradley—rising and falling whistles, clanks, rumblings, bells, humming.

"That's an automated machine shop down on Seventh Street," Leonard said. "Machines running other machines, correcting their own mistakes."

"Weird," said Mrs. Bradley.

Leonard looked pleased. "Leonard, I *do* have some things to talk over with you."

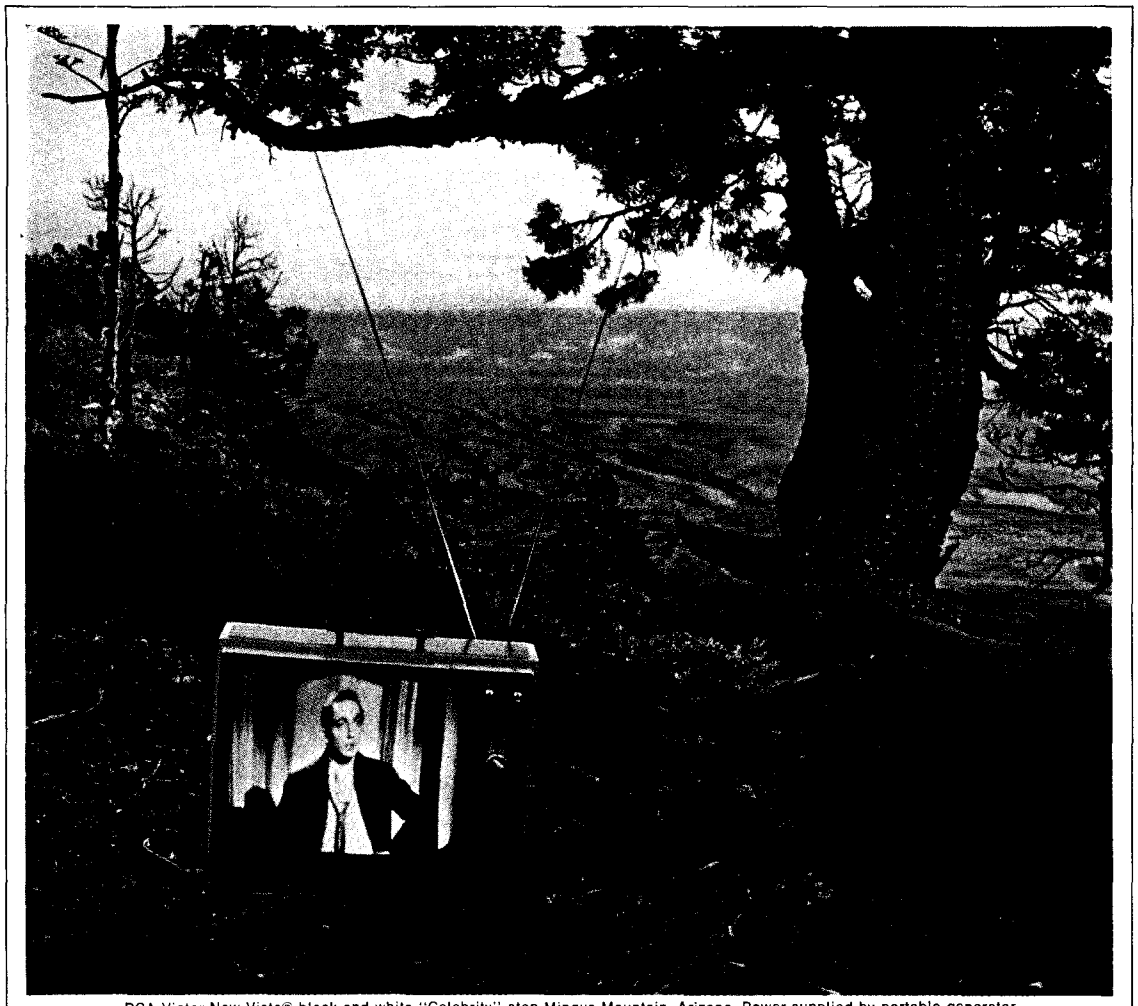
"That's okay. I can talk and listen at the same time." He ignored Mrs. Bradley's wince. "If you want to know something, we're *worse* than broke. We're in the hole. That judgment was nothing. We've got a mess of other bills."

Mrs. Bradley watched him quietly. Was he about to face facts?

"It'll work out," Leonard went on. "I'm finishing up a three-thousand-dollar commercial job this week, a sales-training film for Wentworth Pump. It's finished now, only I'm not satisfied with the pace."

"Will that clear up your bills?"

"Yeah, sure." Leonard looked troubled. "Well, not exactly. See, I'm finishing up Part Three of *Femur*, and there've been a lot of processing charges. I promised it to the Association of Film Societies for showings in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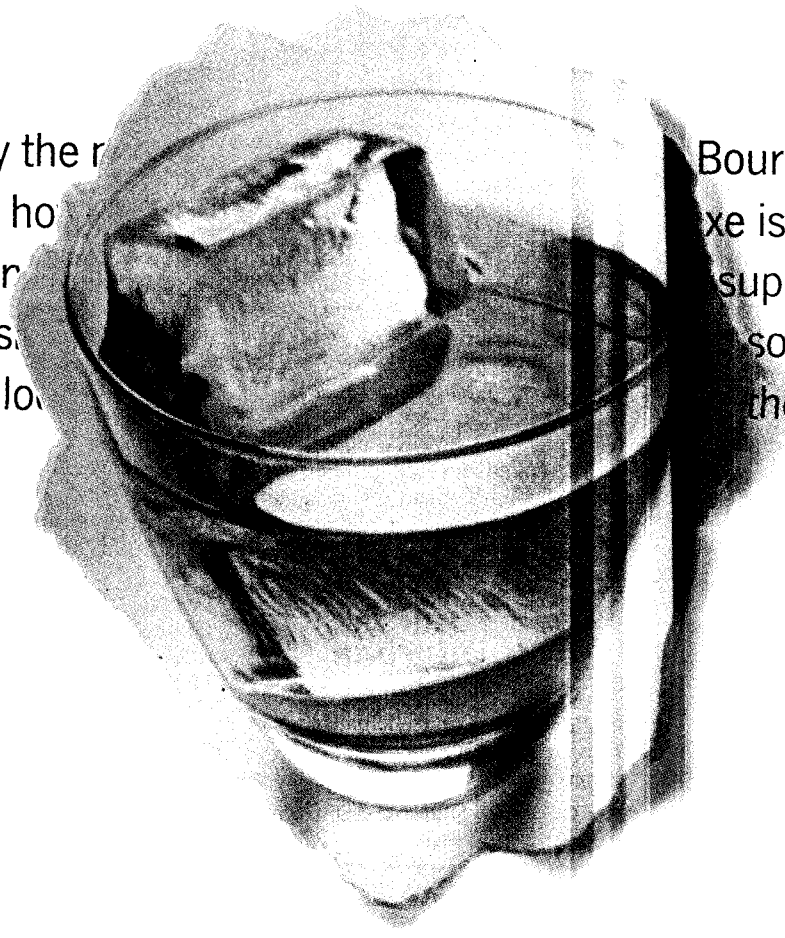

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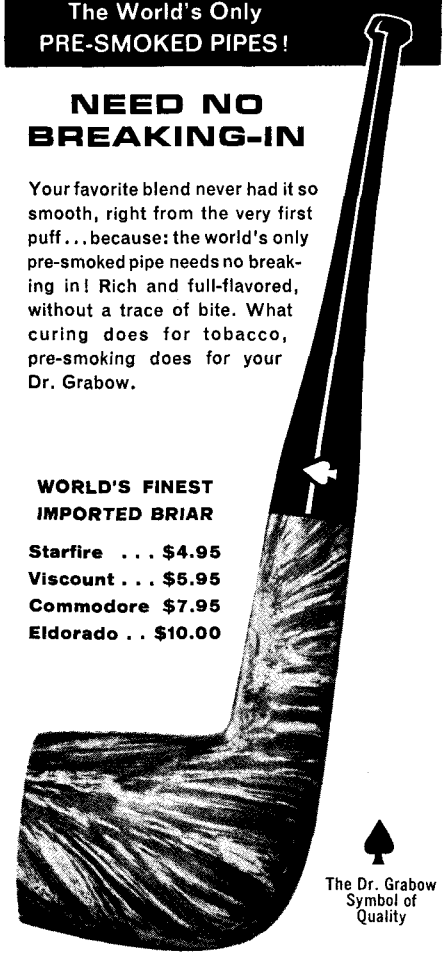

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February. Did you see Parts One and Two of *Femur?*"

"I'm afraid I haven't heard of *Femur.*"

Leonard sighed and stood up. "Let me show you something."

In the bedroom that was also workshop, storeroom, and office, he showed her racks of prints of his films, booking schedules, and accounts that included back royalties of more than a thousand dollars due from film societies and cinema clubs. "I'll never collect those," he said, "but at least the films were seen." When Mrs. Bradley expressed gratification that he seemed organized in a fairly businesslike way, he said, "That's Fay. She slaves at this stuff." He showed her clippings and reviews, and she learned that Leonard's films had won prizes at three film festivals, that he was one of a "handful of outstanding young producers, operating on a shoestring," and that "foundations are interested in his work." She asked Leonard about the foundations and he said nothing had happened. They returned to the kitchen.

"I do understand you better now," Mrs. Bradley said. "Still, my responsibility is Sandra. Sandra has dropped out of school, and the real reason is your money troubles."

Leonard took off his scarf. His neck looked very scrawny suddenly, and Mrs. Bradley saw in his flat eyes, his slackened facial muscles, his uncertain chin, a very deep fatigue. Nonetheless, she insisted that they lay out his situation in columns of arithmetic. After an hour, taking everything into account, they found that his indebtedness was seventeen hundred dollars. A final payment of four hundred dollars was due from Wentworth Pump, but that had already been attached. In the next two weeks his only certain receipts would be thirty-five dollars from a cinema club and Sandra's eighty-six-dollar monthly welfare check. Even if Leonard's wife, Fay, should get a job, most of her salary would have to go to a housekeeper. "Frankly, Leonard, it looks hopeless," Mrs. Bradley said.

"What's that? Is that any way for a social worker to talk?" Leonard grinned. "Hell, we've been in worse pickles than this. Anyway, let's get fundamental. You've talked to Sandra. Is she sick? Is she underfed?"

Mrs. Bradley didn't answer.

"Hell no, she isn't. Sure, we've used her welfare check, but is she complaining? Is she?"

"No."

"Old Sandra's making it, that's why. She's a real existential chick."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that was a mess of chaos she was in. But she kind of—well, *made* herself, right in the middle of those bad scenes. Now she really *is.*"

A knock sounded at the front door, and Leonard shouted, "Come in!" A youth in boots, jeans, and a leather jacket strode through the living room into the kitchen, a white cyclist's helmet under his arm. He had a handsome, thin face and a troubled brow. "Sandra here?"

"Back in a while," Leonard said.

"The machine's fixed," the young man said. He turned and left. From out front came the roar of a motorcycle starting up, then the blats of its violent departure.

Sandra returned, and Leonard excused himself to take a nap. Her teachers and the principal had been okay, Sandra said. They had told her that if she completed enough homework assignments she might yet receive her credits, even if she had to take care of Caitlin and John for the rest of the semester. Encouraged, Mrs. Bradley said she'd try to arrange a transfer to night school next semester. They were about to discuss the beauty college when the youth with the leather jacket and motorcycle helmet returned. His anxious brow seemed to smooth when he saw Sandra. "I got the sprocket," he said.

"Too much, man," Sandra said. Standing with her arms crossed before her, she looked down at Mrs. Bradley as if to announce that the interview was over.

Mrs. Bradley introduced herself, and the young man said, "I'm Mike. Pleased-ta-meetcha."

"I have business to finish with Sandra, Mike. I'd appreciate it very much if you'd leave us in privacy for a few more minutes."

The boy cringed as if expecting to be struck, a mocking gesture, and then he looked at Sandra, who nodded toward the front door. He clomped out.

"Why do you hate him?" Sandra raged as the door closed. "What's he done to you?"

Mrs. Bradley stared in amazement.

"He's not a punk, y'hear? He's a warehouseman, a *union* warehouseman. He makes a hundred and eight dollars a week. You can't tell *me* who to go out with! I'll go out with anybody I damn *please!*"

"Sandra! Of course! I have nothing against that boy."

How did I provoke that? Mrs. Bradley asked herself as the girl glared. It was true that Sandra's baby had been fathered by a married, thirty-year-old motorcycle mechanic. (He had made her drunk, but she had insisted that the responsibility was hers.) Well, Sandra obviously didn't blame it all on motorcycles, as Mrs. Bradley now realized *she* had done.

"Perhaps I do have a prejudice," she said. "Motorcycles frighten me. The riders don't seem interested in control."

"You ever been on a motorcycle?"

"No."

Sandra shrugged. There was a long silence, then the girl sat down at the table again.

"Sandra, do you see a lot of Mike?"

"Enough. He wants to get married."

What's she got? thought Mrs. Bradley. Skinny, young, plain. And disfigured besides.

"Do you want to marry him?"

Sandra shook her head.

"Why not?"

Sandra looked out the kitchen window, from which Caitlin could be seen playing hopscotch in the driveway next door. "Did you watch Leonard with the kids?" she said. "Those kids have *changed* him. He used to be a mess, a real kook. Now he works like crazy. You know what he told me? He said, 'The main thing is, Fay and I *wanted* Caitlin and John, we tried to have them. So now we realize we've got to take care of them, and doing everything for kids makes you automatically sort of love 'em. And when you realize you love your kids, then you begin to like yourself more.' It's like church, Leonard says. If there's anything at all in going to church, it's because you spend a whole hour in there, and they set it up so you think good thoughts most of the time, and then you're amazed you could do it, even just that long, and you feel better about everything."

Mrs. Bradley, moved, was blinking away tears, but Sandra hadn't noticed.

"It happens to me, even," the girl said, "just puttering around the house here with those kids."

Mrs. Bradley was silent for a moment, and then she smiled. "I think I know what your brother means," she said. "But from what you've just told me, I should think you'd *want* to get married."

Sandra shrugged. "Mike's just a friend. We do things together, that's all, and I like riding the bike. But I don't want to get married, not until some guy really made me feel like rinsing diapers and all that."

She stood up. "Fay'll be home soon, all pooped out," she said, and began carrying dirty dishes to the sink.

Mrs. Bradley opened the car door and sat for a moment on the end of the front seat, her feet on the pavement. Then she lifted her feet inside the car, and slammed the door. She sat quite still, conscious of the county seals on the car doors, of the official state license plates. I ought to feel secure, she thought, and tried to consider what she would report. The angry snarl of a motorcycle distracted her, and in the mirror she saw the machine slant from around the corner behind her. Accelerating smartly, it whipped past her and on down the block. Sandra, riding sidesaddle, clung to the goggled and helmeted rider. At the intersection, the motorcycle's brake light glowed red for a few seconds; then the bike banked around the corner and was gone.

Automatically, Mrs. Bradley analyzed the depression that swept over her. She felt old and square, of course, and perhaps she feared secretly that her own children might never be as mature as Sandra Antonelli was right now. She sighed, remembering that she must report to her supervisor what she had seen and heard, what she had concluded. What *had* she concluded? An existential chick? Brother way out? Yes. And both of them quick to bug.

How did it happen? How did a child emerge so strong from so much ugliness? Stress toughens, Mrs. Bradley told herself. And, of course, E.H.E. Her supervisor was always talking about E.H.E.—Early Home Environment, the first five years. She tried to recall what she had learned about Sandra's parents, but all she could remember was that the mother had been obese, that the father had been a compulsive golfer and a salesman of some kind. □

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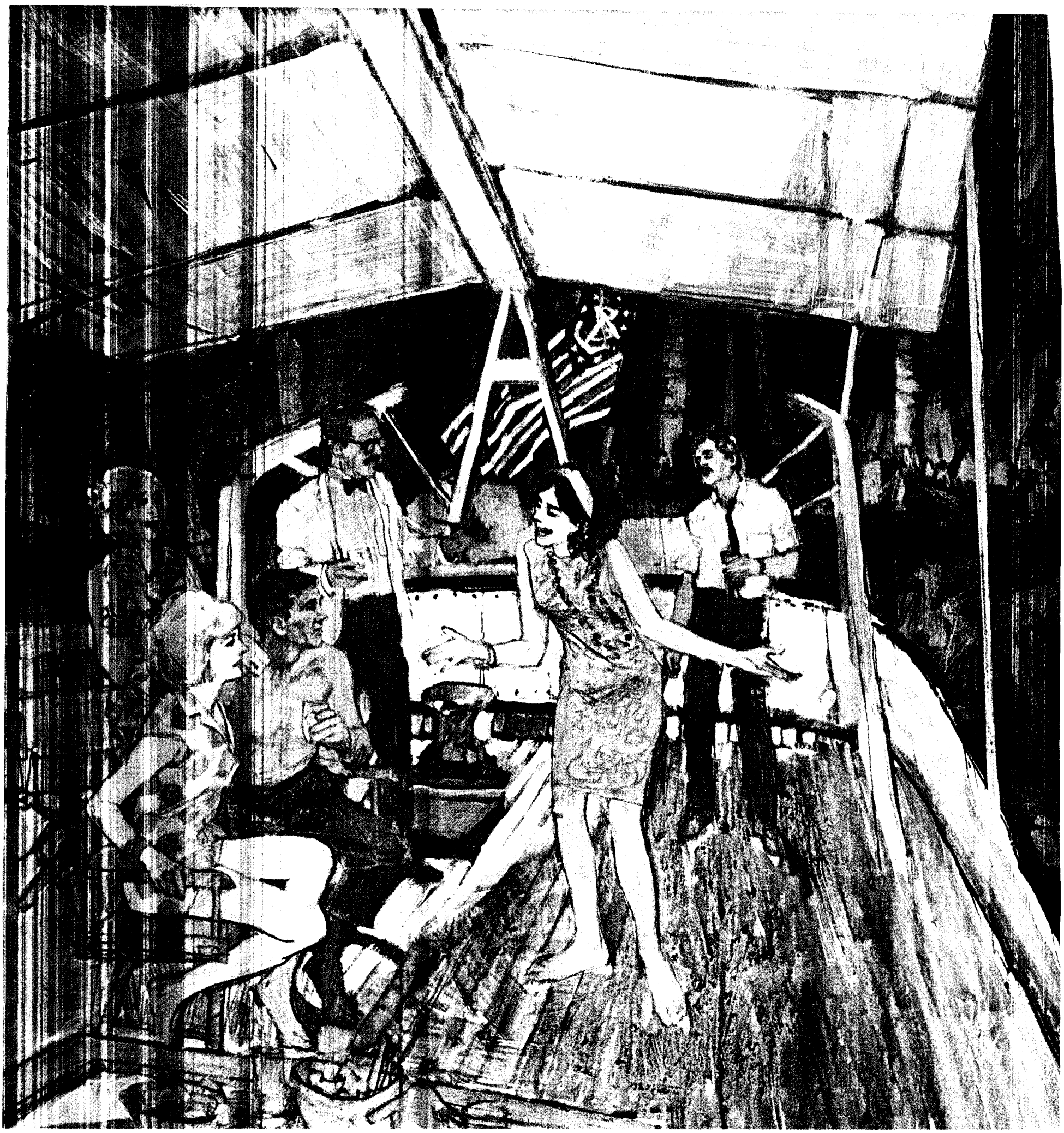

"Please get me out of here," she sobbed, and then she turned on Foxie. "It was you!" sh

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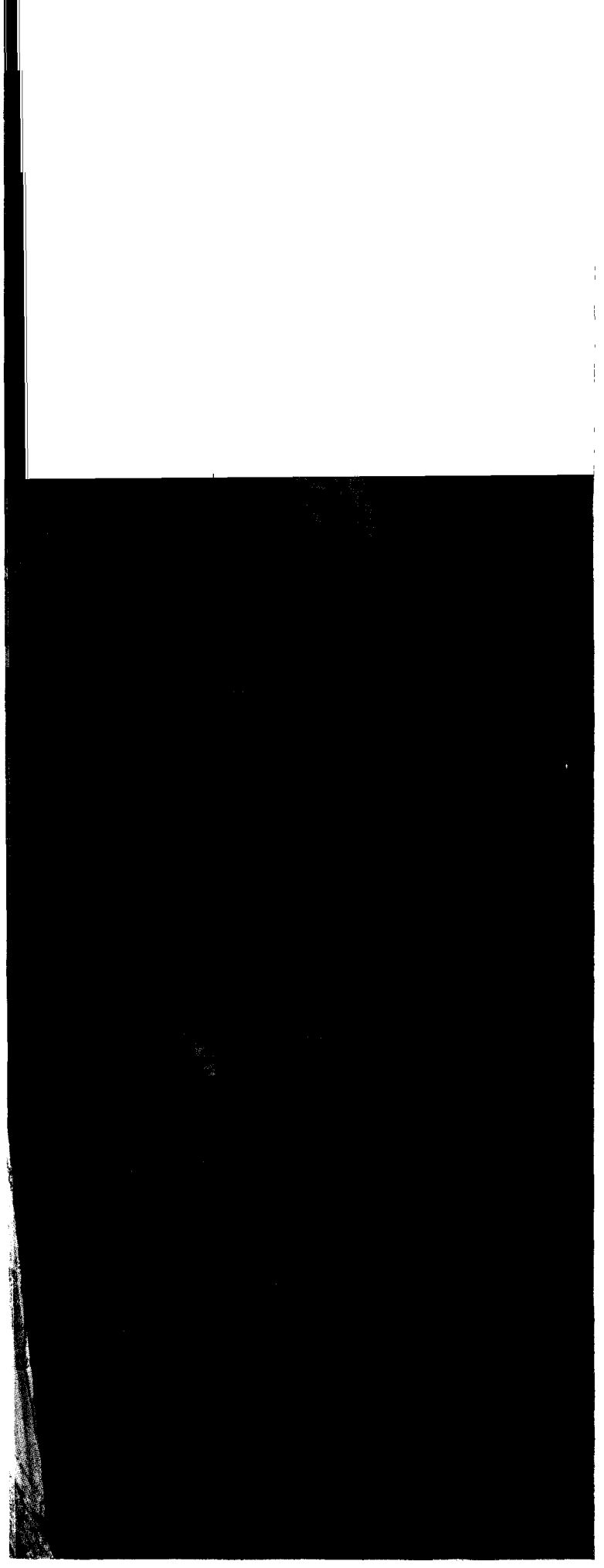

screamed. "You put him up to it."

THE PRIVILEGED CLASS

By George Bradshaw

Civilization at the Hacienda Lucknow depended upon a gasoline engine. The gasoline engine made electricity, the electricity made ice, and the ice chilled the drinks which the guests at the hacienda so seriously needed.

The gasoline came by boat from Guaymas, a hundred miles across the gulf, and Doña Lucia, dubious of the winds and tides, always kept an excess supply at hand in drums sunk in the ground. Oh, there were occasional rumors of ice in the town of Las Rosas, but that was ten back-breaking miles around Santa Rosa Bay, and the rumors usually proved unfounded. As for ice beyond that—well, a road supposedly went west over the mountains to join the highway to La Paz, but no one had ever been found who soberly, truthfully, would say he had driven it. "Have more ice," Doña Lucia would say. "There is plenty of gasoline." On your first day at the Hacienda Lucknow you were not accustomed yet to think of ice as a triumph. But such it was.

I found Doña Lucia's hotel by chance. You are not likely to hear of it, for it has only nineteen rooms, is never advertised, and can be reached only by plane or boat. I was staying in Guaymas when somebody told me about it. A young Mexican, Luis something, who had a converted C-47 which he used as a tramp, was flying over in a couple of days, and he agreed to take me. If I liked it, I could stay; if not, he would bring me back.

The trip was comfortable. Luis had equipped his plane with two ancient, overstuffed velvet chairs behind the cockpit. I had one of them; a young American girl, Helen Adams, had the other.

Miss Adams knew where she was going and why. In the forty-five minutes it took us to fly the Gulf of California, I learned something about this pretty girl.

Her room was reserved at the Hacienda Lucknow. She would stay a month. "I'm on a field trip," she said. "I'm with the Hedges Oceanographic Institute. I'm a conchologist."

I told her that was interesting.

"Of course, all this coastline has been hunted for shells," she said, "but I still may be able to come up with something wonderful."

"A golden cowrie?" I said.

She smiled tolerantly. "Golden cowries," she said, "are found only in the South Pacific."

I must be careful what I say about Hellie Adams. I could easily make her sound unattractive. She was not; she was only young. We often forget how learned the young are—certainly when I was twenty-two I knew five times what I know now. Hellie was a sharp reminder

Illustrated by Neil Boyle

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that knowledge can be pure, and opinions unshakable, and that to answer yes-and-no is a sure sign of age.

I never resented her; it was touching, rather, to see someone who had such faith in facts. And she was so pretty. That first day she had on a dark gray silk dress, an elegant cowhide pouch hung over her shoulder, and she carried a pair of smart, pale-blue sunglasses. Everything was right for her dark-brown hair and golden face; the figure hid the conchologist perfectly. Only her manner was scientific.

She said to me, "What do you do?" and when I explained, she seemed disappointed.

"I hoped, if you wrote, that you did articles," she said. "I only like articles."

I said to her, "Articles deal in truth, and truth is so subject to fashion that I find it unrewarding."

She said, "You're quite wrong."

Suddenly Santa Rosa Bay and Baja California were beneath us, and we circled in for a landing.

Doña Lucia was Lucille Corbin, once of Urbana, Illinois. Almost sixty now, she had been for thirty years a self-satisfied exile from the rainy north. She had come in the beginning, I suppose, as a tourist, but then, falling in love with the country and needing to make a living, she had become an innkeeper, first in Taxco, then Acapulco, then Jalisco, and now on the far and inconvenient shores of Santa Rosa Bay.

She is a familiar figure. If you tramp around the world, you will see her in Bermuda, in Peru, in Mexico—the elderly American Bohemian, white hair bobbed, endless cigarettes dangling from her lips, native jewelry clanking. She has a Midwest prejudice against dirt, a merry disposition, and a fluent and incompetent command of the native language. She could have stayed at home and run a tearoom, but that would not have satisfied her wandering urge; she wanted the tearoom, all right, but it must have a romantic view, and a little foreign music in the air.

Doña Lucia had tiny, pretty feet, and she showed them vainly as she padded, barefoot, around her hotel. The Hacienda had been built by a German more than fifty years ago—there were stories of funny business with submarines during World War I—but Doña Lucia had so altered it and added to it that probably very little remained of the original structure. Now it was a cool maze of patios and loggias and fountains and pleasant views; flowers and shiny leaves exerted themselves in any possible corner, and everywhere there was a comfortable place to sit down.

I meant to work, but it is hard to start right away when you arrive in a new place. So for several days I explored the coves and beaches of Santa Rosa.

I either started out with or met Hellie. She was always up early, for like everything in nature, shells are idiosyncratic—some like dawn, some like dusk, some sun, some shade—and Hellie aimed to please them all. She collected basketfuls of beautiful, foul-smelling creatures. She told me their bothersome Latin names, and taught me to distinguish one from the other.

So Hellie and I became friends, but I am afraid nothing more. I won't say she tolerated me—that is too strong a word. Rather, she treated me with the kindness one might use toward a bright child. I believe that she divided people into two categories: those engaged in the holy rites of science, and others. "Others" were often acceptable, but fundamentally they were unimportant. Of course, I am exaggerating this attitude slightly, but it was nevertheless sometimes strong enough to nettle Doña Lucia.

The three of us had our meals together. (There were other guests at the hotel, but they were waiting for the marlin to show up, and they don't come into this story.) One day at lunch Doña Lucia said, "And what will you do, my dear, when earth's last shell is catalogued? Get married?"

Hellie said, "Before that, maybe."

"Well, then," Doña Lucia said, "find a placid man, with plenty of money."

"The money won't matter."

"Oh, come," Doña Lucia said, "be sensible."

"Or the placid either. I'm afraid I'll have to have a man with a brain I can respect." She looked at me. "One who isn't afraid of the truth."

"Ouch," I said.

"Men are in various ways useful," Doña Lucia said, "but whether they have brains or not is unimportant."

So we might have gone on talking for a month, except that just then a waiter called and pointed, and as we looked out through the long windows, we saw

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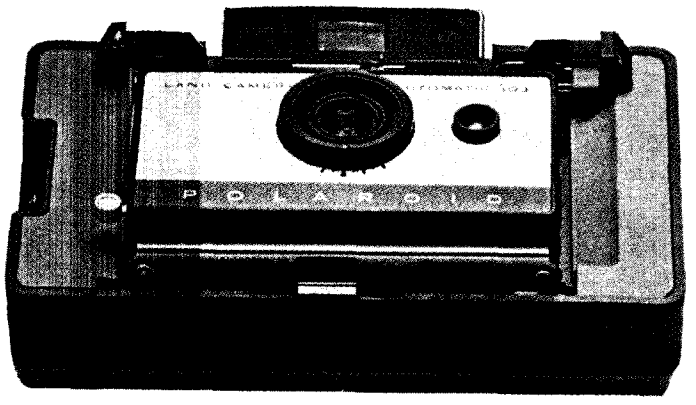

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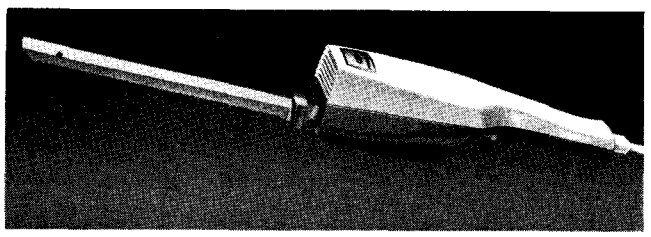

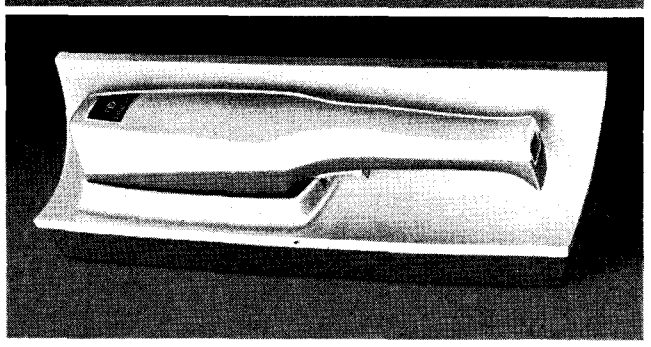

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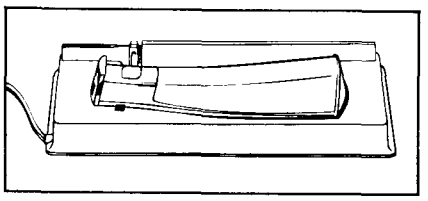

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America, America

a yacht slowly coming in to anchor off the hotel.

"It's Foxie Benham!" Doña Lucia said.

Yes, it was Foxie Benham. With her yacht, her captain, her guests, and her husband, in that order.

Let's take Foxie. The first thing to remember about her is that she was rich. Not new rich. Old rich: rich with the accumulation of four generations; rich to the point of quixotic stinginess; even rich enough to be a public benefactor. She must certainly have been in her forties, but when you saw her—which was never before noon, after she had been pounded and scrubbed and brushed—she looked a good twenty-eight. Her pale shining hair, her small, tanned face, her miraculous figure—all stood the test of the brightest sun. She swam and danced and drank and ate and laughed endlessly. I think one of the things we are apt to forget about rich people is what a good time they have. They take advantage of their advantages and enjoy themselves. Foxie had an energy that may have been compulsive but was certainly real. She talked in a quick, surprising way that passed for wit, and she had the appearance of constantly being busy. She was not busy, of course; she was simply making sure that she wouldn't be bored.

Her guests on the boat were two other couples of her world—not so rich as she, and the women not quite so handsome—but gay and pleasant people who made every show of having a good time.

It's hard to know what to say about Jerry Benham, her husband. He was her third. He had been married to her for nine years, and it was clear that he was not going to last much longer.

Poor Jerry. If things had been different—if he had never met Foxie, that is—he might have been a successful second-rate actor. He had been a moderately successful one, and had been on his way to a small notoriety when Foxie picked him up. It was still obvious that he had been a good-looking fellow ten years ago, but the ten years of idleness and alcohol had taken their toll: Jerry, at thirty-five, looked done for.

He was not a drunk; in fact, he drank rather less than the average, but alcohol went to his tongue. He didn't stutter; there was simply a lag in his speech. He had to force the words out. Talking to him, you found yourself helping him, finishing sentences, nodding violent agreement with half-finished ones. It was tiring to talk to him, but also unrewarding, for Jerry really had little more to talk about than ten-year-old movie news.

Possibly it is condescension on my part to say I felt sorry for Jerry. He had made his bargain in marrying Foxie, yet somehow I believed he had expected something more.

Foxie was carrying on with the captain.

Oh, the captain.

Hellie gave the best description of him at dinner that first night after they all arrived. "He's a beautiful specimen," she said, and gave a frantic little laugh.

Doña Lucia looked at her coldly. "No need for hysteria," she said. "Men have been handsome before this."

"Not like the captain," Hellie said.

"I thought that you wanted a man with brains."

"I do. But as an example of what the race can produce . . ."

"Hands off, now," Doña Lucia said, "if you know what's good for you."

"I'm a scientist. I can appreciate a specimen, can't I?"

"If you keep a scientific view, yes. But let me tell you, Foxie has the teeth of a wolf."

"You don't understand," Hellie said.

"Yes, I do," Doña Lucia said.

He was actually a very nice fellow, Bill Daniels. The Navy had given him a good education, and he loved boats, so this present job was a perfect one. And if Foxie went with it, he wasn't averse.

I have found that extraordinarily handsome people are usually quite nice. They have no reason not to be. Everyone likes them on sight, they go everywhere, they are either given money or given a chance to earn it easily, they have none of those problems of making a place in the world for themselves, which seem to beset the rest of us. Enjoying life, they make life enjoyable for those around them.

At least, that is what Bill Daniels did for Hellie. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that is what he did in the morning; for the rest of the day, and the night, he was a hired hand. Hellie accepted this as natural.

They met early one morning by chance in a cove where Bill was swimming and she had gone to hunt for shells. They talked and swam and looked for shells until noon, when he had to leave. But they met the next morning. Then the next, and the next. When, however, they met at other times, they only smiled and nodded. Hellie said one day, "Don't be silly. Bill's told me all about it. Foxie's husband is around every minute, isn't he? It's just that Foxie treats everyone like a servant, especially servants. She wants Bill on call."

"Oh," I said, "so that's it."

"Yes."

I'm sure it all started innocently enough. From Bill's point of view, it was certainly more fun to go swimming with a pretty girl than not, and from Hellie's—well, it was good to have a happy fellow dive to get shells for you.

Foxie either did not know about the meetings or had proof they meant nothing. Anyway, she took a liking to Hellie when she found out about her work.

"My word, shells," she said one evening when all the yacht people were on shore for cocktails. "I know something about shells, you know. When I was a little girl my father used to bring me down here. He was very interested in the Hedges Institute. You know the collection there from Magdalena Bay?"

"Of course I do," Hellie said. "They're beautiful specimens."

With a kind of childish pride, Foxie pointed to herself. "I collected a great many of them. They were my special thing." She leaned toward Hellie, a string of sapphires rattling on her wrist. "Look here, you and I have a lot to talk about."

And they did, for a good twenty minutes. "Oh," Foxie said finally, "I'd love to go hunting again."

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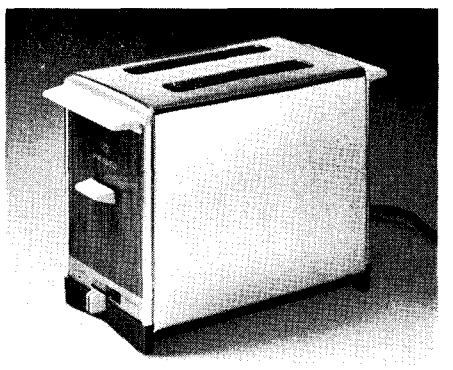

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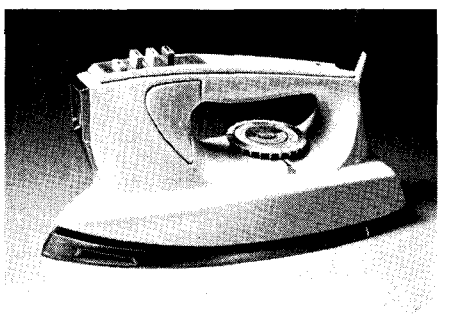

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THINK TWICE...AND YOU'LL GIVE PRESTO

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"Why don't you come?" Hellie said. "Some afternoon?"

"Tomorrow," Foxie said. "I'll do it."

Jerry, who had been listening carefully to all this, looked at me and smiled. I smiled back at him and nodded wisely, hoping I told him I understood everything he was thinking.

I did not, of course. I did not know one thing Jerry was thinking. I spent too much time watching the situation as it developed.

For Hellie, despite all her talk and disclaimers, fell in love with Bill. It was one of those quick and awful things, groundless, and, so far as I could see, without hope, but hard and inescapable. It happens, I suppose, to everyone at least once in his life, and this was Hellie's time.

In her eyes there was a new, distinguishable glow; she lost the thread of conversation, she walked differently, she seemed afraid that everyone was looking at her. I felt sorry for Hellie Adams.

For let's be blunt about it: I could see, and I was also told quite plainly by one of Foxie's guests, what was going on. Foxie had marked Bill for her next husband, and no sweet little girl who went around picking up seashells was going to upset the plan.

It was a recent thing with Foxie too, I was told. Bill had been hired as captain innocently enough—which would explain Jerry's presence—and the change had taken place in the six weeks since the yacht had left Santa Barbara. As Hellie said, Bill Daniels was a healthy specimen.

There you have it—but with one thing to be added which might possibly be forgotten. I mean the intimacy of all concerned.

You remember what it was like in the old days when people traveled by ship instead of plane. At the end of six days going to Europe you felt that the people you had met the first day were old, old friends, that you had known them and everything about them for months or years. The same thing happened in the isolation of the Hacienda Lucknow. By the end of two weeks we had all been in each other's pockets long enough to know the contents, and yet not be bored. We were all delighted new friends, in the happy way of a resort, which demands no responsibility. If some of us looked apprehensively at the spectacle of Foxie and Hellie and Captain Daniels, we were all very civilized, and did not talk about it—in public. We danced and drank and had suppers on the beach and swam in the moonlight. Everything was fine, and might have remained so.

But then the whales came. Of course, it is silly to suppose the whales had anything to do with it, but they marked the day.

Foxie had invited us all out fishing. We went in one of Doña Lucia's powerful fishing boats. There had been rumors that marlin had been killed out of Guaymas, and since marlin were one of the main reasons Foxie was at Santa Rosa, off we went. By "we" I mean the yacht people and Hellie and me; Doña Lucia was invited, of course, but she had caught enough fish in her life.

It was one of those sharp blue days with an occasional flat-bottomed cloud to turn the pale water to ink. We went fast out into the Gulf and south. José, who ran the boat, was famous for knowing where fish liked to swim.

We had been gone three hours, the lines were out, and we were possibly twelve miles offshore when we saw the first whale. He was, José said, a couple of miles away when we saw him come up and blow.

I was standing next to José. He turned to me and shrugged. "There will be no marlin," he said. "When the whales come, the marlin go."

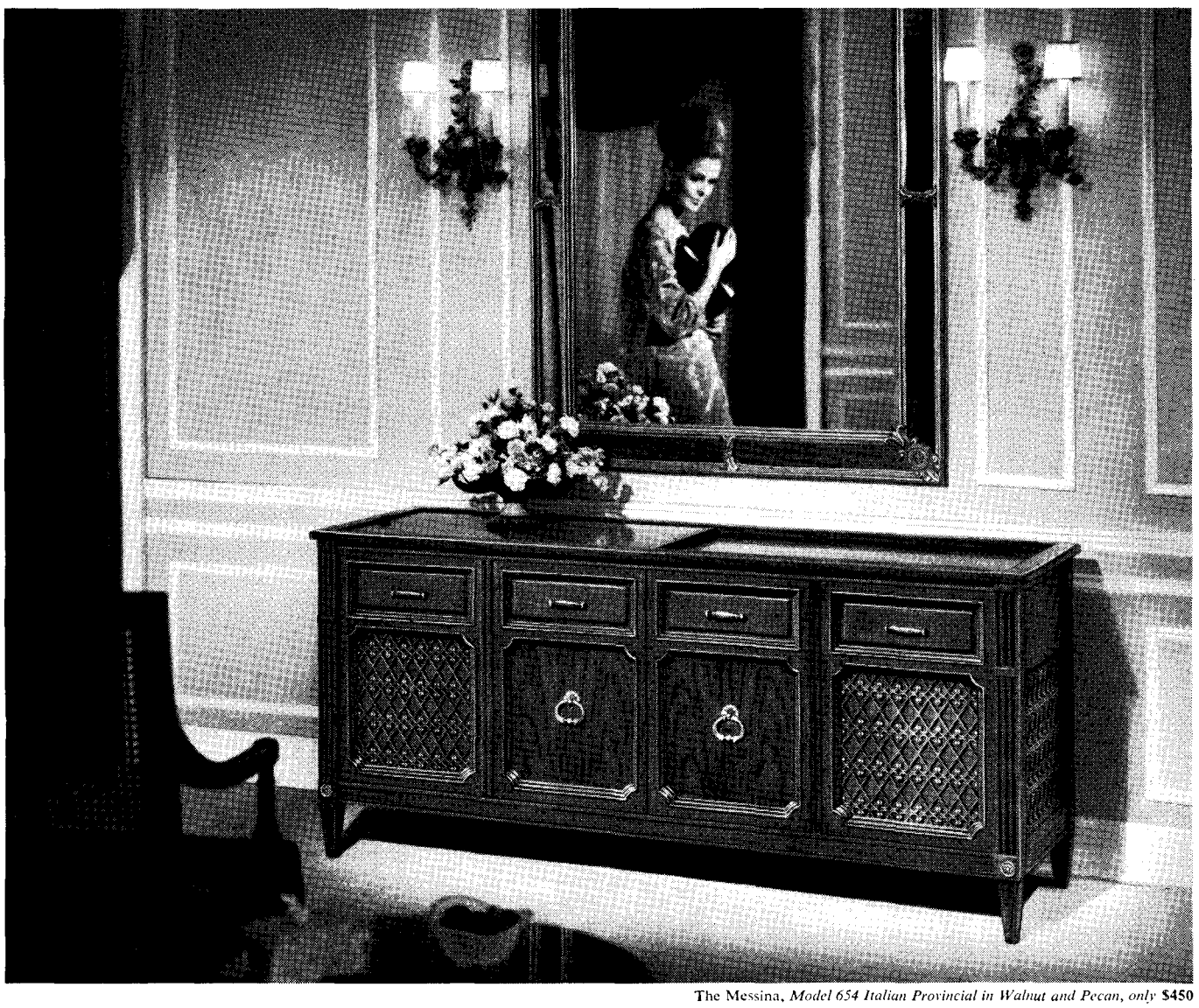
I said, "Whales don't eat marlin?"

José made a face. "The marlin don't take a chance."

In a little while we saw another whale, or maybe it was the first one again. But then we saw three together.

There is no way to prepare yourself for the sight. Whales are monsters of an impossible size, awkwardly playful in a way that never seems quite under control. To me they are frightening. I watched dry-mouthed and helpless when one surfaced not two hundred yards from us, water streaming from his back; he eyed us incuriously, and dived again. José said they never attack small boats; but like the marlin, I did not want to take chances. I wanted to go home. We did, but it took us almost four hours. We saw twenty-one whales.

It was not a good day. Whatever spirits we had were sobered; for the most part, we watched silently. Foxie



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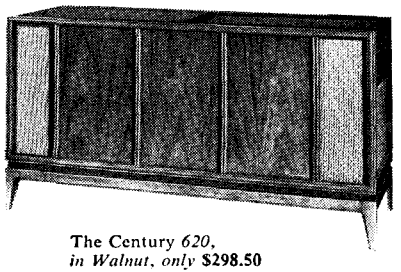

The Century *620, in Walnut, only* **$298.50**

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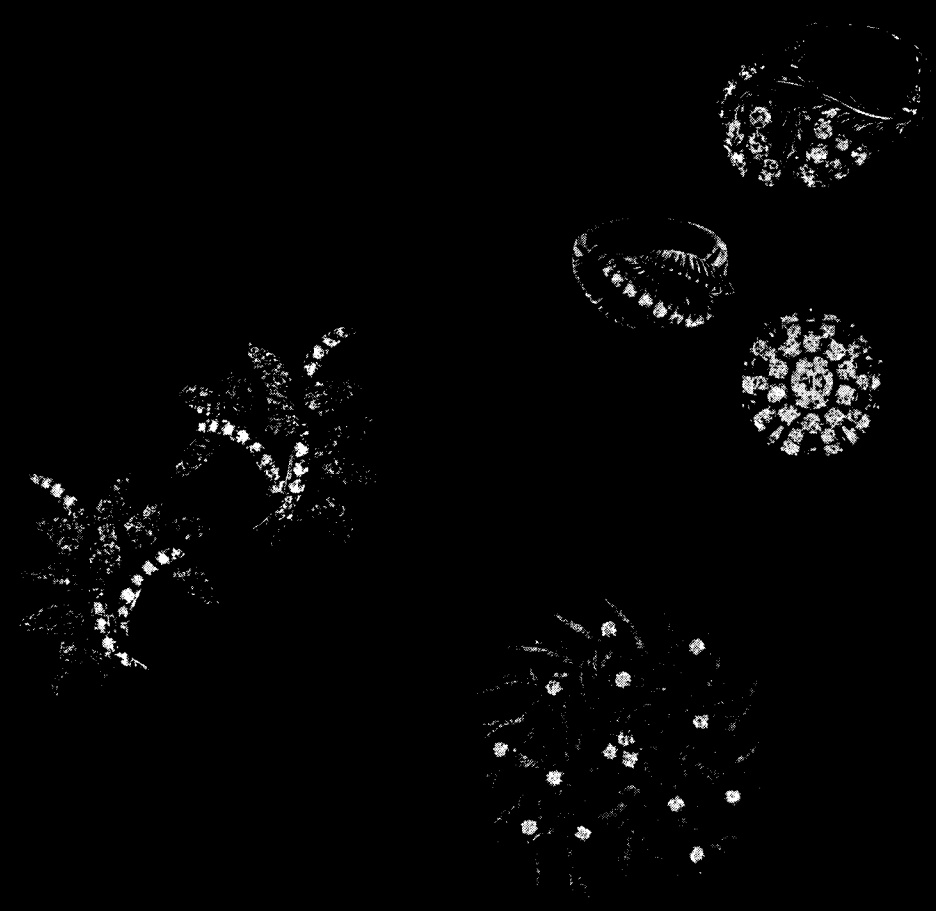
A gift of diamonds tells of ever-growing love

The gift of love's own gemstone, to celebrate a momentous day in your lives, has special meaning for you both. So, too, has the diamond gift that celebrates no particular occasion, just your abiding love. It gives the joy of a spontaneous embrace. But it's everlasting.



Earrings, about $1175; oval ring, about $210; dome ring, about $2200; sunburst ring, about $3500; pin, about $530. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

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What will become of little Sue?

Four-year-old Sue-Cha Shen has waited several hours for her stepfather to return. She is too young to realize *she has been abandoned.*

It was almost dark when one of our staff workers discovered Sue. Later we learned that her real father had been killed in an accident.

Her mother, with five sons and a daughter to support, married in desperation, but the stepfather didn't want little girls, and proceeded to get rid of Sue-Cha.

And what will become of her now? Our homes operate on a severely limited budget, and unless we find a sponsor for Sue — her future looks bleak indeed.

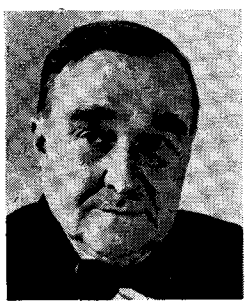
Will you help? The world is full of little Sue-Chas—waiting, looking for happiness, love, a warm meal, a clean dress.

This is why Overseas Children (formerly Christian Herald Industrial Missions in China) opened an orphanage in China, many years ago. And after the Communists forced us out, we moved on to Hong Kong, Formosa, then Korea.

And it seems we always have more orphans than sponsors. This is very dear to my heart. I have held children like Sue-Cha in my arms—innocent victims of a world full of violence.

I urge you to sponsor a needy child. The cost is small, only $10 a month. Besides the child's love and gratitude, you will receive his or her picture, life history, and the chance to exchange letters. Both groups and individuals can sponsor these youngsters.

Please—sit down right now, fill out the sponsor application, write your check for $10 and send it air mail. The need is urgent. A child is waiting for your love. Will you help? Today?



God bless you,

Daniel A. Poling

Daniel A. Poling, President

Christian Herald's SEP-126
Overseas Children, Inc. 27 E. 39th Street, New York, New York 10016

Dear Dr. Poling:
Yes, I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (country)_____or
☐ A child in greatest need.
For $10 a month, please send my child's name, story, address, and picture to me.
Enclosed is my first payment of $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____
Sponsorship payments are tax deductible

became irritable, and insisted to José he could drive the boat faster. We all had drinks, and left our lunch untouched.

I was sitting beside Jerry Benham. Poor Jerry, I think he hated the whales worse than any of us. At the time the nearest one surfaced, he let out a little strangled cry; the blood drained from his sunburned face and turned it yellow. His hand was like a claw clutching his whiskey and soda. When it was over, he said to me, in his halting way, "It's the worst thing I ever saw. I—I ——"

"I know," I said. Beside him I felt brave, and I was not brave. But Jerry was in pain.

I must add, here, that two of us were undisturbed: Bill and Hellie. They sat forward, over the cabin, fascinated, calling and pointing. Maybe they knew enough about whales to be confident. Anyway, they seemed to enjoy themselves. And it is just possible that it was their enjoyment, and not the speed of the boat, that made Foxie irritable.

Whales were not the only thing that happened that day. When we got home, tired and out of humor, Doña Lucia met us at the dock and said, "A tragedy has happened. The gasoline engine has broken. We have no ice."

We had dinner on the yacht. We all had a swim first, and after it Foxie said, "Come have dinner with us. Maybe we can cheer up a little. We need to." Doña Lucia came along, eagerly deserting her other guests. "Let them rough it," she said.

On the rear deck of Foxie's boat the chairs were long and low and comfortable. I sank into one and barely moved all evening. The wind was down and the sea was silent except for the occasional gentle slap of a wave against the hull. From somewhere, softly, came piano music on a phonograph. There was a sizable slice of moon, and the air was cool.

An ideal spot for a dinner, would you not think?—with the Mexican mountains rearing up gray and wild for a backdrop. Perhaps it was the drinks; everybody drank in the hope he would feel happy, but nobody did. Blame the whales, or the fear of them. It was an uneasy night.

Jerry drank too much—out of shame, maybe—and Hellie who wasn't used to drinking at all, drank because her heart was broken.

For that was the night Foxie went out of her way to show whom Bill Daniels belonged to. It was no vulgar display, but by her tone, her requests, her intimacy, she left no doubt in Hellie's mind about how things stood. Once—when Jerry was away for a moment, somewhere—Bill bent down to light her cigarette. She ran her hands through his hair and said, "O captain, my captain, you're the most beautiful captain on the seven seas." I will say for Bill that he seemed a little embarrassed, but also I will say he made no move to do anything that would displease Foxie.

I have no good way to describe the tension that mounted as the night went on. There was no overt act, but the whole atmosphere just turned nasty. Doña Lucia caught my eye once and made a face of disdain and disgust. I nodded. Rich people, I said to myself, are only good for poor people when they are happy. It seemed a bright thought at the time.

I saw Hellie get up and go forward, out of sight. I don't know why she went—maybe because she couldn't watch Foxie any more, or maybe because she thought Bill would come to her. In any case, after a little while Jerry got up and went after her. It was about five minutes after that, I think, when I heard her scream.

It was a scream of rage, and it was followed by another, and then by some high, choked words we could not understand. Just as we turned our heads, Hellie came running along the deck to us. She was pulling at the shoulder of her dress with one hand, and running the other through her hair. "Doña Lucia," she cried, "please get the boat. Please get me out of here."

The old lady, shocked and I think frightened, half rose from her chair.

"But, Martha!"

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But Foxie said only, "What's got into you?"

She had Bill sitting beside her, and one of her arms was draped over his bare shoulder.

"You know," Hellie said, her breath coming almost as if she were crying. "You know very well what happened."

"Relax," Foxie said.

Hellie was holding her head with both hands now. "Relax!" she said. "Get me out of here!" And then she sobbed. "It was you!" she screamed at Foxie. "You put him up to it."

"The girl's drunk," Foxie said, and leaned back. Hellie's words were dangerous, for Jerry had come aft now and was standing listening.

"You belong under a microscope," Hellie said. "You put your husband up to it to keep him quiet, to keep him satisfied while you and the captain . . ."

Bill said, "Take it easy."

Foxie said, "Shut up."

"That's what I said," Hellie screamed, "while you and the captain . . ."

Doña Lucia had her by one arm and I by the other, and together we got her down the side and into the little boat. She sobbed quietly all the way in to the dock. Doña Lucia led her to her room and put her to bed.

Later, when everyone else was asleep, the old lady and I had a rather shaky nightcap. We sat on the loggia looking out over the sea. The moon still shone too brightly; the water was motionless, and the night soundless, peaceful.

"The truth," Doña Lucia said, "how dangerous it is. How it is to be avoided. Look at those people. Everyone knew the situation, but they managed to live together, and there could have been a solution. But not now. The truth has been said out loud. Now no one can look at anyone else."

I said, "What morality!"

"No," Doña Lucia said. "That's not morality. Just a feeling for etiquette."

When I finally got to bed that night, I slept like a rock till six, when Doña Lucia came into my room and shook me awake. "Get up, please," she said. "Maybe you can help."

In the night, Jerry Benham had got a gun, shot Foxie in the shoulder, Bill Daniels in the leg, and then, turning the gun on himself, had grazed an ear.

Poor, innocent Jerry. He had aimed for tragedy, but had only made a mess.

"A mess," Doña Lucia said, sitting on my bed, and with trembling fingers, trying to light a cigarette. "A bloody mess."

Luis's plane, which brought the piece of machinery to repair the gasoline engine (which made the electricity which made the ice), took away Foxie and Jerry and, on a stretcher, Captain Bill Daniels. One of the men who had been Foxie's guest went along. The other man and the two women flew off a couple of days later. The yacht stayed for a week, then somebody sent for it.

But the Hacienda Lucknow was, after all, a hotel. New people came, purposefully bent on enjoying themselves, unconcerned with the past. Some of them were quite amusing people, actually, whom I came to like very well. It wasn't too long till nobody spoke of the yacht people and what happened to them.

I did not approve of this—this cutting off of a situation as with a pair of scissors. I like a little continuity to my days, even on vacation, but I didn't see what I could do about it.

So you can imagine my pleasure when, three weeks after the Event, Hellie got a letter from Bill Daniels.

"This is more like it," I said.

Doña Lucia was short with me. "You," she said. "Always trying to dream up a happy ending."

"What's the matter with happy endings?"

"They only lead to trouble later."

It was a newsy letter. Bill was out of the hospital, but had to walk with a cane. Foxie had fired him, and flown to New York—with Jerry, of all people. Finally, he hoped that when Hellie got back to Santa Barbara, she would let him know.

Hellie was bitter. "What kind of an insensitive creature can he be . . ."

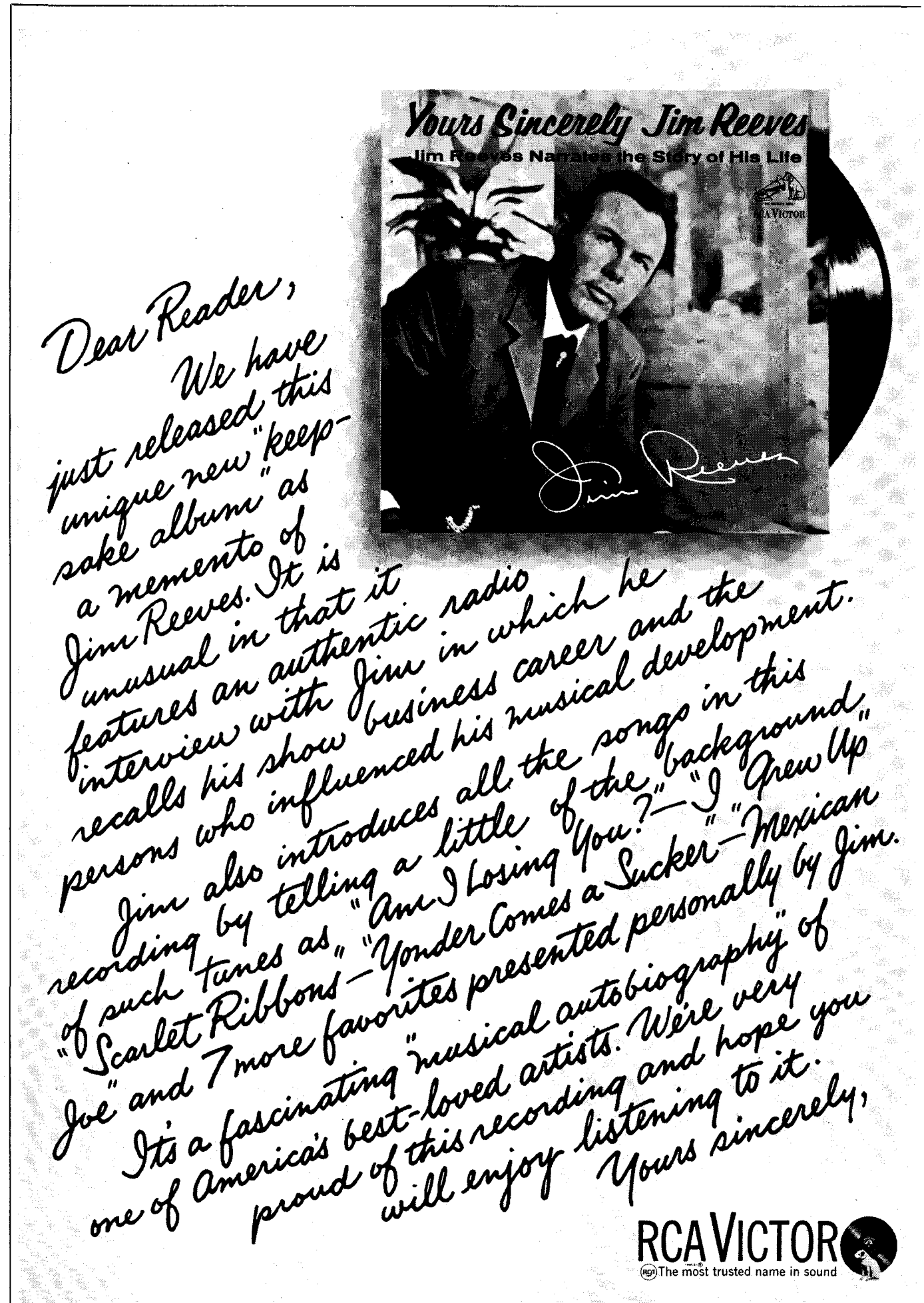
"Most unsuitable," Doña Lucia said. "Most unsuitable."

"Come off it," I said. "Love isn't suitable or unsuitable. Love is the curve of a neck or the sound of a step on the stairs."

"God Almighty," Doña Lucia said. She leaned back and closed her eyes. "You are an incorrigible nitwit."

"Maybe," I said, just to fill in the silence. I looked at Hellie. She was sitting quite still, with the letter in her hand, gazing out over the water. But she was not, it was plain, looking at that Mexican sea. Oh, no.

"Well," I said, "let's all keep in touch." □


Yours Sincerely Jim Reeves
Jim Reeves Narrates the Story of His Life
RCA VICTOR
Dear Reader,
We have just released this unique new "keepsake album" as a memento of Jim Reeves. It is unusual in that it features an authentic radio interview with Jim in which he recalls his show business career and the persons who influenced his musical development. Jim also introduces all the songs in this recording by telling a little of the background of such tunes as "Am I Losing You?" "I Grew Up" "Scarlet Ribbons" "Yonder Comes a Sucker" "Mexican Joe" and 7 more favorites presented personally by Jim. It's a fascinating "musical autobiography" of one of America's best-loved artists. We're very proud of this recording and hope you will enjoy listening to it.
Yours sincerely,
RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

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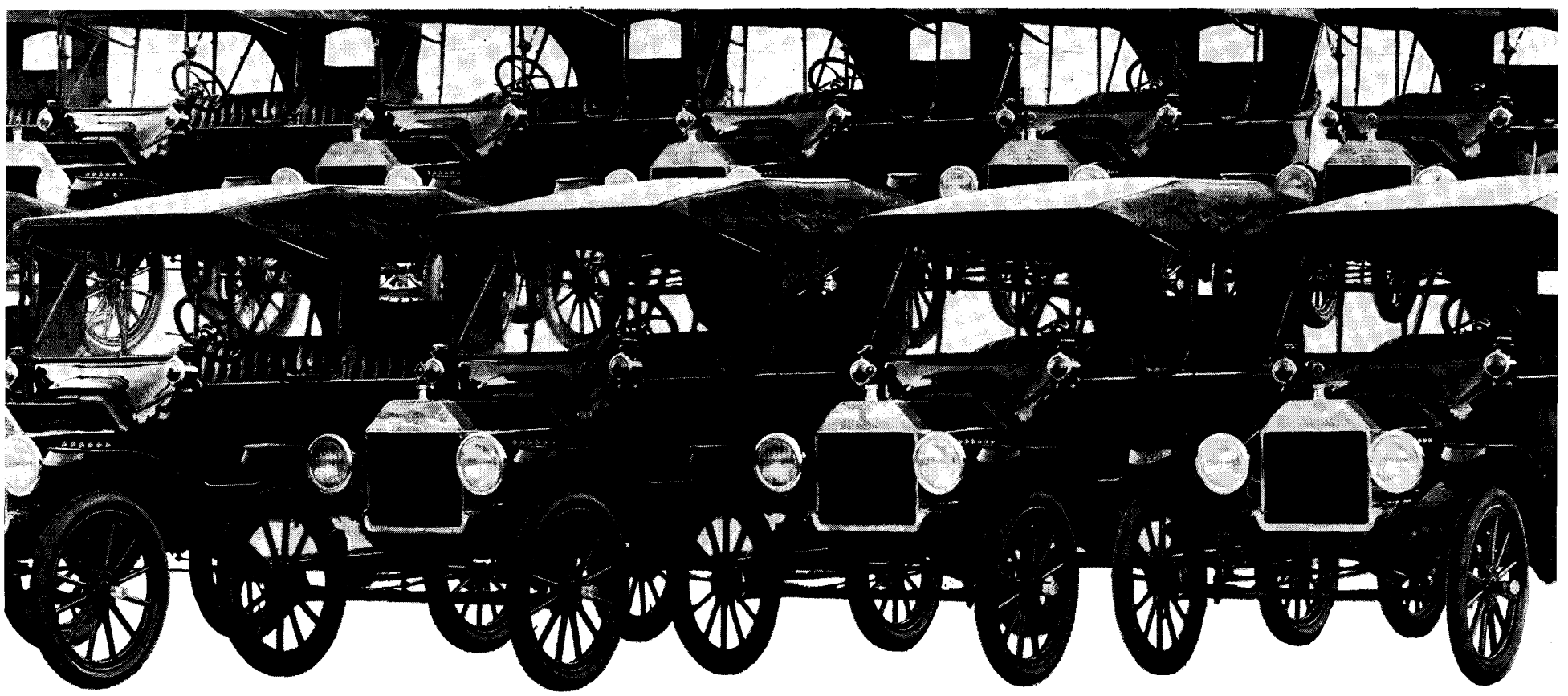
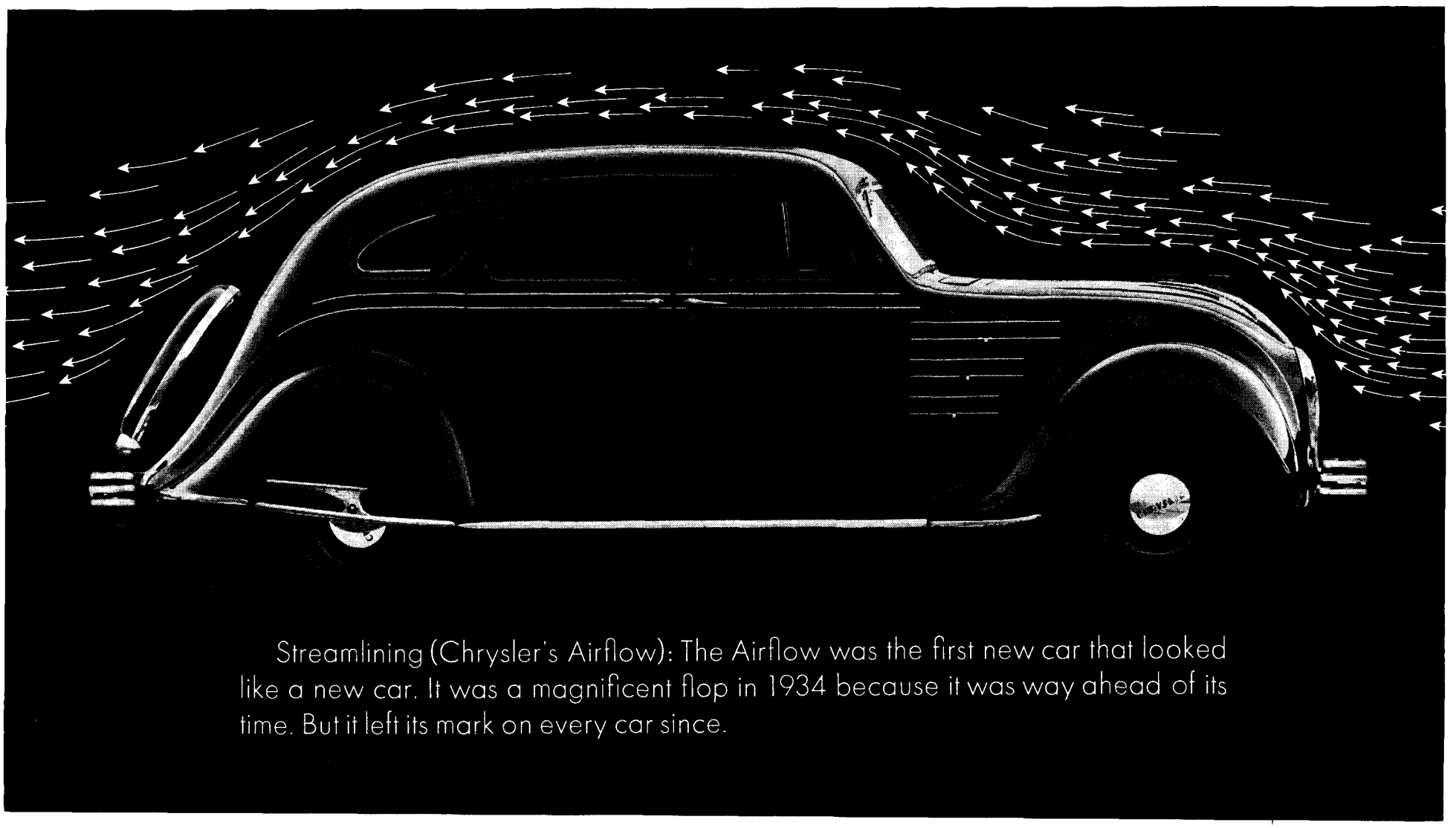
Three ideas that shook



Mass production (Ford's Model T): "Any color you want, as long as it's black," was the theory. Henry Ford built one standard model that almost everyone could afford to buy. The "T" put the country on wheels.



Streamlining (Chrysler's Airflow): The Airflow was the first new car that looked like a new car. It was a magnificent flop in 1934 because it was way ahead of its time. But it left its mark on every car since.

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the automotive world.

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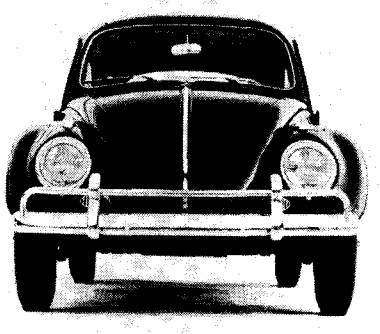

The small car (Volkswagen's Volkswagen): The VW came along and offered a sensible size, low price, high gas mileage, utter reliability, careful workmanship and a shape that was always in style. You can still get one.

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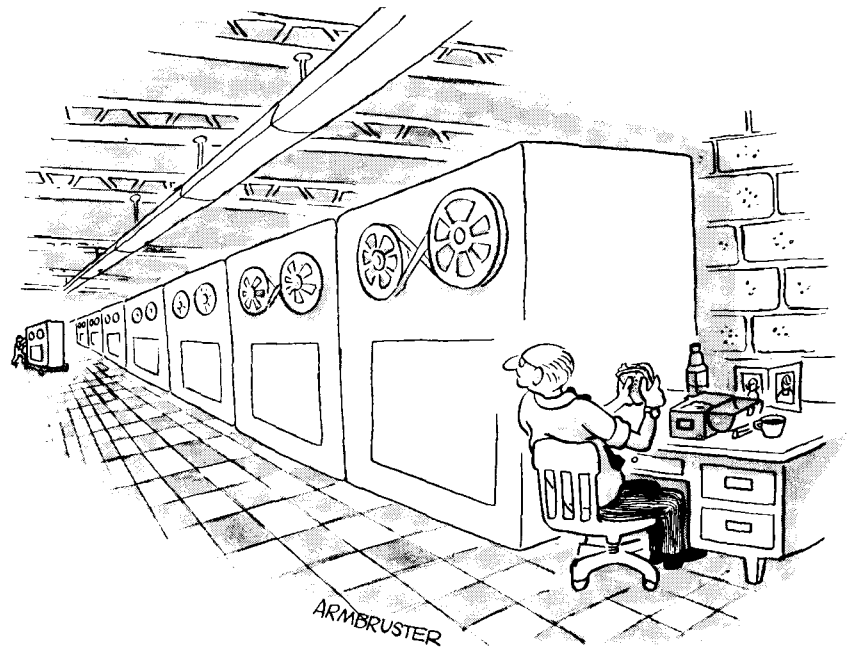
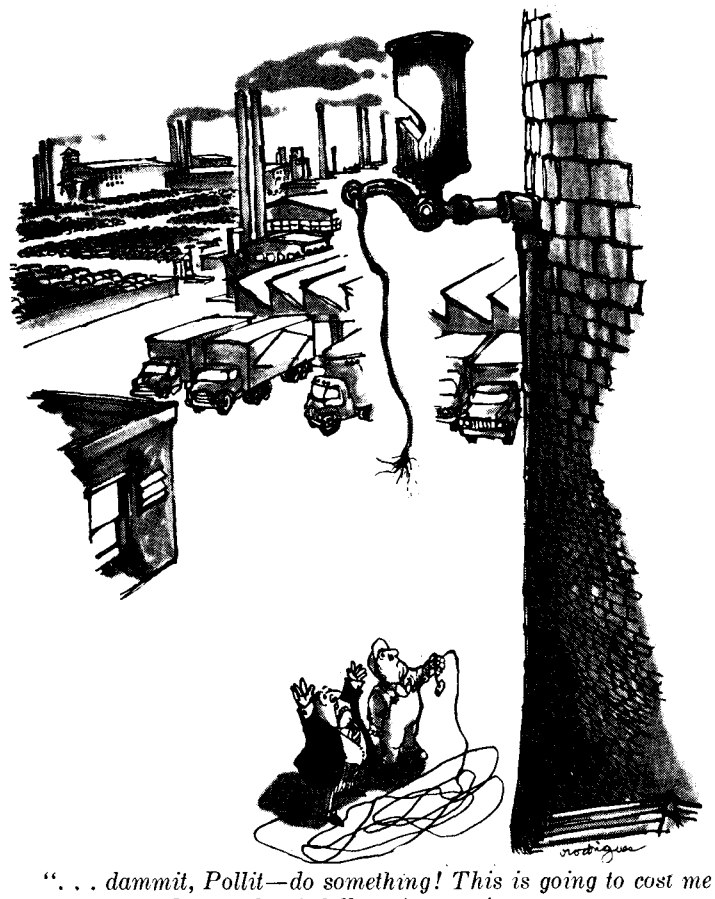
Post scripts

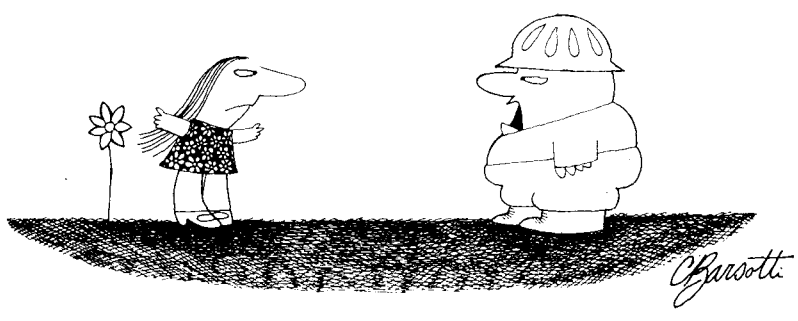
"Good morning, sir. I'm being transferred to another route, and I want to introduce my replacement."



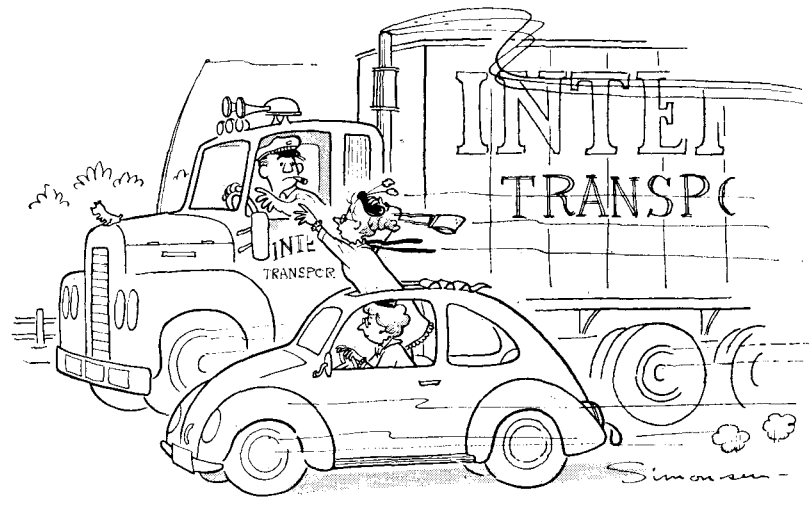


". . . dammit, Pollit—do something! This is going to cost me thousands of dollars in overtime. . . ."

"Care to hear my first wife reciting TREES?"



"To some of us, Miss, beauty also lives in an eight-lane macadam-surfaced throughway."



"Pardon me, young man . . . is this the route to Pittsburgh?"

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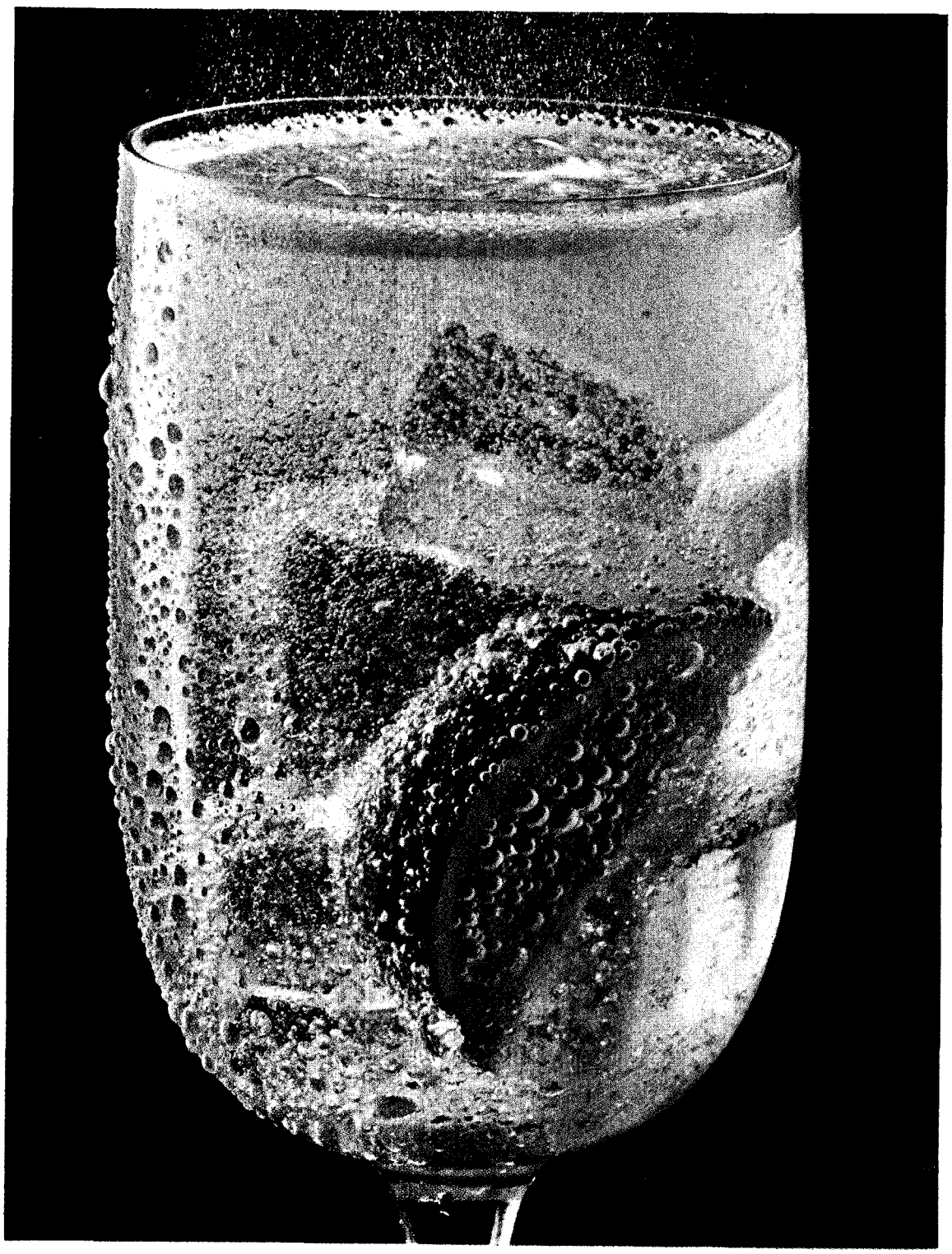
Sprite with vodka. So tart and tingling, we just couldn't keep it quiet.

Sprite. The soft drink
with a message: tingling tartness.
The sound of Sprite is a real taste quake.
Switched on. Exuberant. Noisy.
Not sweet.
Not anything you've ever
heard before.
And vodka really turns it on.
Listen!

If you haven't heard any good drinks lately,
give a listen to Sprite with vodka.
This drink has something to say.



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RICHARD BURTON TO LIZ: 'I LOVE

Burton, as Petruchio, rides through the streets of Padua on his way to pick up Kate (Liz) for their wedding.

When the world's most celebrated movie couple tackles Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' tempers flare and feathers fly.

By RUSSELL BRADDON

Elizabeth Taylor, wearing no makeup and looking small and relaxed in pink slacks, sat sipping champagne in her dressing room at the movie studios outside Rome. Her husband, Richard Burton, a large, red-bearded, piratical-looking man in a 16th-century costume, was sipping a large vodka and tonic. "Seen the posters for the film?" she asked, pointing to a series of them on the dressing-room wall. The first announced:

Now on location in Rome
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
in
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
and introducing
Richard Burton

"She had that specially printed," Burton declaimed with a curl of the lip. "So I got one specially printed too."

His poster announced that Richard Burton starred in *The Taming of the Shrew*, which was scripted by Richard Burton, edited by Richard Burton, produced by Richard Burton and everything else-ed by Richard Burton. His wife was not even mentioned in the very small print.

Mrs. Burton had thereupon ordered a third poster:

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
ACADEMY AWARD WINNING ACTRESS
AND SHAKESPEAREAN COACH
TO
RICHARD BURTON
IN
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

"Cheek," was her husband's comment.

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Burton demurred. "Everyone on the set tells me my English accent is impeccable."

"As if they'd know," he retorted. "They're all Italian!"

"Oh yes," she jeered. "Recognized Italian actors like Alfie Lynch and Alan Webb. Take no notice of him. He's only jealous."

The conversation turned to the new full-blooded Taylor voice, which she had developed, without benefit of voice coach, for the role of Martha in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* "She can now, at the drop of a hat," Burton declared, "sound like anything from a ripe old harridan to a boozy old whore." He saluted her with his large glass of vodka. Glowing with pleasure, she saluted him back with champagne.

"Have a quail's egg," she suggested, offering a dish full of them.

Burton was asked how he and his wife came to be starring in a Shakespearean farce under an Italian director, Franco Zeffirelli. He flung himself back in his armchair and began:

"Well, it was like this—and can you believe it for idiocy . . . ?"

"What do you mean, 'idiocy'?" demanded his wife, who knew what was to follow.

". . . when Franco Zeffirelli decided that he wanted to do *The Taming of the Shrew* as his first film, he sent a colleague of his to see us. And this chap tells Elizabeth what Franco is planning, and that he wants *her*—who's never done Shakespeare in her life—to do the Shrew. So naturally I waited for him to ask *me*—who had starred at the Old Vic—to do Petruchio. But not a word! Not a hint of a word! Apparently Franco didn't think I was witty enough." Mrs. Burton laughed callously. "It was only later, when he was taken to see my Hamlet, which was rather a witty Hamlet—not my fault, but it was—that eventually I got the job."

Mrs. Burton's attention had wandered to a new beach hat, which she tried on first with the brim turned up, then down.

"Do you like my hat up or down?"

"Off," he told her, scowling. "Everyone assumes, of course, and quite properly, that *I* was asked first. But incredibly I wasn't. So we might as well get that clear for a start."

"Absolutely not true," Zeffirelli said, coming into the room. "Richard is very gallant to Elizabeth—well, sometimes he is very gallant to Elizabeth—but it is absolutely not true. I asked them both at the same time. Always I thought of them

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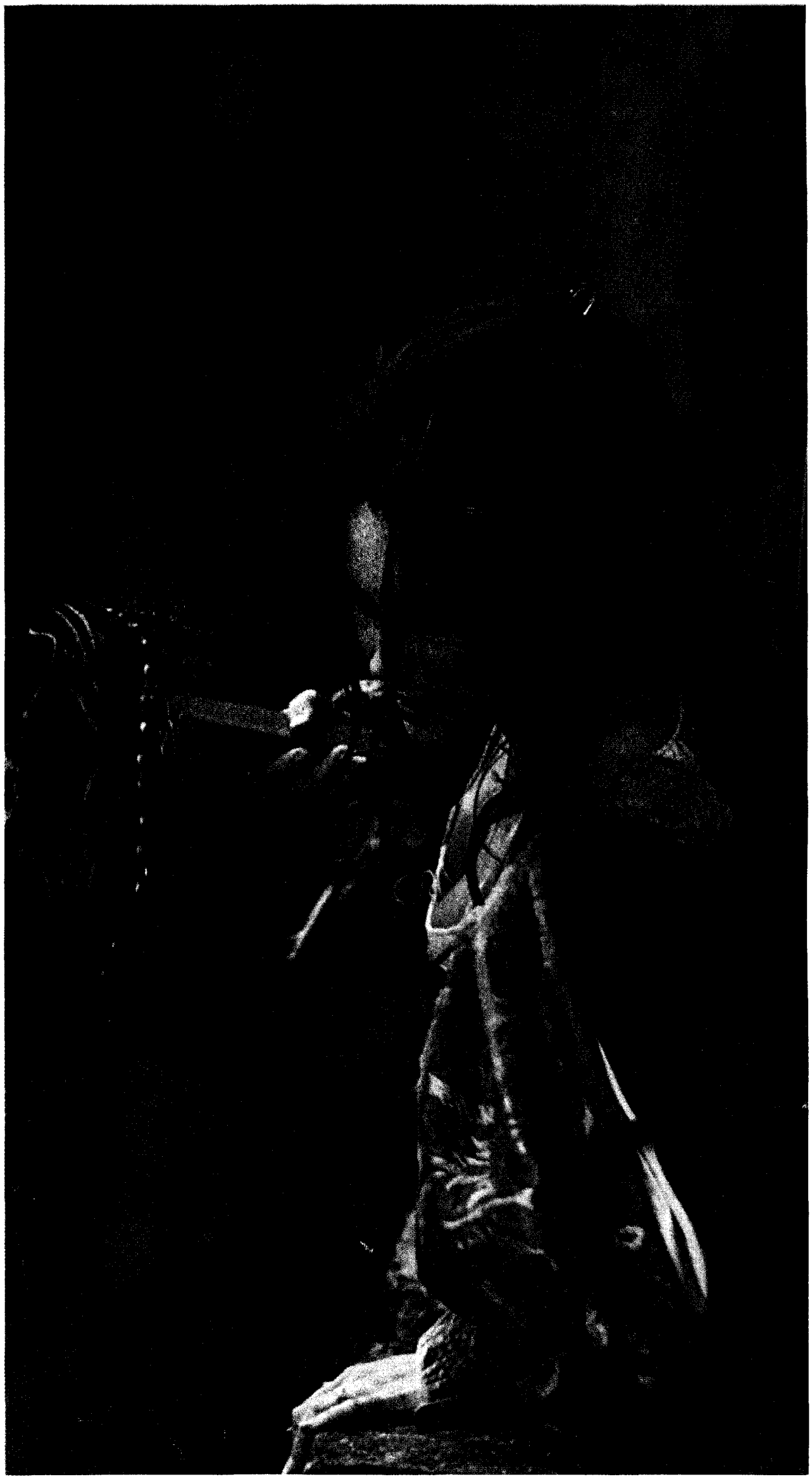
THEE NOT...'

Exhausted after a chase scene, Liz rests for a moment. "Our married life isn't like this at all," she says.



together. And, in the end, we even decided to produce it together. It will be *the* most artistic Shakespeare picture ever made," he concluded modestly.

"But not stuffy," Burton reminded.

"Absolutely not stuffy," Zeffirelli agreed.

"And also, of course, there's the fact that, whilst Elizabeth and I both wanted to do this film, no outside producer, for Shakespeare, would put up the kind of money we can demand."

Mrs. Burton looked immensely contented at the thought of the kind of money she can demand, even though, as the co-producers, she and Burton had to put up three million dollars to pay for their own services.

The Burtons had arrived in Italy with a large entourage, their children, some 200 pieces of baggage and a mad assortment of pets—"allegedly the children's, but they're Elizabeth's really," Burton claimed—that were said to include three dogs, two cats, five goldfish, three tortoises, a young rabbit and a bird. It is a nervous habit of Zeffirelli's that, when he first meets a person, or even meets again someone he has not seen for some time (like one day), he will admire some part of the person's apparel. He greeted Mrs. Burton, the day she arrived at the studios, by admiring her earrings—which were of diamonds and indeed wholly admirable.

"They were a present from a director," Mrs. Burton advised. Then she added sweetly, "It was *his* first film too."

"But I think it would be very difficult," Zeffirelli demurred, "to find something that will top those earrings."

"No," she murmured. "There's a little shop on the Via Condotti called Bulgari . . ."

"I don't understand your English accent," Zeffirelli interrupted hurriedly, Bulgari being in Rome what Tiffany is in New York. "Come and look at the costumes." But he returned the next day with a bracelet, in enamel and precious stones, that once had belonged to Napoleon's sister, Elisa Bacciochi. Delighted, Mrs. Burton thanked him and explained that actresses give directors gifts only when their film is completed.

Work began, at the studios, at nine A.M.—which meant getting up at six—and this was one aspect of her work about which Mrs. Burton cared less than passionately.

"Isn't that wife of mine here *yet?*" demanded Burton one day. "I swear to you, she'd be late for the last bloody judgment. A quarter of an hour late, in fact, and Liz thinks she's early."

Eventually Mrs. Burton arrived, looking composed, uncontrite and professional. Immediately Zeffirelli, who directs by playing all the parts and miming extravagantly, launched into his version of how she should act during the morning's scene—tearing his hair, fighting, spitting and shouting.

"Franco," she remonstrated, deadpan, "don't do it *all* for me, *please*."

Mrs. Burton first acted the scene for the cameras, and then—since the microphone couldn't follow her—did it a second time for sound alone.

"Bravo," the Italian technicians cheered as she finished. Mrs. Burton giggled, then confessed, "You feel a damned idiot doing that."

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Slapping Liz on the stomach, Dick said, 'Isn't that belly disgraceful?' To which Mrs. Burton

Left: Kate waits to drop a trapdoor on ardent Petruchio. Right: The Burtons rest on wool used to break a fall.

I LOVE THEE NOT

"And to think," her husband retorted, "that some fool in London once wrote that Elizabeth was overpaid, overweight and undertalented."

"Not true," Zeffirelli assured her, his arm round her shoulder, his eye roving clinically. "You are *not* overpaid, and you are *not* undertalented."

"*Dear* Franco," she murmured, and kissed him.

Burton slapped her on her stomach. "Look at that," he invited, and the entire studio looked. "Isn't that belly disgraceful?"

At last she was stung. "In Egypt," she observed coldly, "they *adore* it. The only trouble is, my films are banned in Egypt, so they never get to see it."

She, Burton and Zeffirelli discussed once again, finally, what must be done in the next scene, and then indulged in the usual banter about Zeffirelli's demonstrativeness, Burton's alleged pleasure in close-ups of Richard Burton, Mrs. Burton's lateness and operations, and Mrs. Burton's costume, the bodice of which was laced up.

"Untie the lace a little," Zeffirelli urged.

"Franco, I can't. There's enough of me showing already. Any lower and my bosom'll fall out."

"Exactly what Columbia wants," growled her director, and reluctantly left the bosom adequately contained.

One of the most difficult and bizarre scenes in *The Taming of the Shrew* is a chase scene in a barn. Petruchio (Burton) pursues Katharina (Mrs. Burton) the length of the barn, up a flight of steps, through a window and onto the roof, which collapses under their joint weight so that they are plunged 20 feet into a wide, deep bale of wool. There, as she claws her way loose from his embrace, he asserts, "In sooth, you 'scape not so."

"I chafe you if I tarry! So let me go," she threatens, crawling away from him across the wool. He flings himself on her again, and murmurs:

> "Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
> And now I find report a very liar (*She bites him*).
> For thou art pleasant (*She pulls his hair*), gamesome (*She spits in his face*), passing courteous (*She screams at Richard Burton*),
> But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers."

Finally, at Burton's "And will you, nill you, I will marry you," she hurls him off her, staggers out of the wool, limps whimpering down a few steps and collapses exhausted in a corner.

This entire sequence will last on the screen perhaps seven minutes: It took eight days to film.

"And I thought," complained Burton, after four takes of his wife hurling three barrels at him, each time hitting him with two of them, "that this was going to be a nice, gentle comedy."

Stunt players did the 20-foot drop from a platform into the wool, followed by a cloud of dust, broken laths and tiles. As they stood waiting, Burton, who hates heights, announced, "I don't think I want to watch."

"Me neither," declared his wife.

"Why not?" demanded Zeffirelli.

"I suffer from vertigo, or agoraphobia, or whatever you call it," Mrs. Burton explained.

"It is absolutely safe," Zeffirelli said. "It is a very old profession, stunt man. The first was a Christian at the Colosseum."

"A hell of a stunt with those lions," she retorted.

"I can't watch," Burton decided. He left.

"Action!" came the cry. Then, "Take"—and the stand-ins jumped, debris crashing with them as they plunged down and vanished under six feet of snowy fleece.

"God," muttered Mrs. Burton, "that's enough for me"—and tottered after her husband. A moment later she was back. "Are they all right?" she asked, and on being assured that they were, left the set to eat.

After lunch the Burtons' troubles begin.

Taking up their positions deep in the wool at one end of the 10-foot-wide bale, they get ready to claw and wrestle their way across it.

"Action!" comes the call. A property man pumps clouds of red dust over them. "Take!" And a shower of tiles descends upon them.

"In sooth," chokes Burton, "you 'scape not so."

In fact, in wool up to her armpits, his wife can barely move.

"It's like wading through glue," she complains.

"We try again," Zeffirelli announces.

Next time they manage to move a few feet, but with such exertion that Burton, trying to help his wife while giving the appearance of struggling with her, forgets his lines.

"Too many bloody distractions," he protests.

"Must we have so much dust?" she asks. "We can't breathe."

"I cut it down," Zeffirelli promises, but does nothing about it.

They try again. Halfway across, Mrs. Burton becomes completely bogged down and expresses her views on wool forcibly, in the language of Edward Albee's Martha.

Next morning they start again. While they wrestle, Burton declares:

> "For thou art pleasant . . . gamesome . . . passing courteous . . .
> But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers."

He is supposed to get well-timed wallops on each pause, but his wife is beyond timing.

"I can't move, Franco," she explains.

He agrees that the wool is too deep.

"You bet your ass it is," she concurs crisply—and filming stops while a dummy bottom is built two feet below the wool's surface.

Next morning they are back, this time knowing that they are to be watched by two ambassadors and their wives and an eminent critic from New York. Briskly, Burton rehearses both his lines and the list of guests, alternately. Zeffirelli gives Mrs. Burton some directorial advice.

"Nag, nag, nag," she observes.

They rehearse; all goes well until Mrs. Burton, who is small, is required to throw aside her husband, who is large and pinning her down in the pile of wool.

"Here am I," she complains to the world at large, "with six inches of my spine fused . . ."

"*Another* of her operations!" Burton sneers.

". . . and they expect me to throw him over my shoulder."

"Show Franco your bruises from yesterday," her husband urges.

"From yesterday hell. Stick around, and I'll show you an entirely fresh crop from today."

"Lady Ward, Sir John Ward," declaims Burton. "Sir John and Lady Ward. It is extempore from my mother wit."

"A witty mother with a witless son," replies his wife. "You're forgetting the American ambassador." Zeffirelli unties the top lace on her bodice.

"I'll be glad to get out of this bloody wool," Burton mutters. "Am I not wise?"

"Well," Mrs. Burton consoles him, retying the lace, "at least it's better than yesterday."

A visitor appears on the set, and Zeffirelli, arms excitedly outstretched, rushes toward her and embraces her passionately.

"He *is* demonstrative, isn't he?" Mrs. Burton murmurs. "I wonder if they've met?"

The two stars crawl reluctantly back into the wool, just as the ambassadors' party and the critic take their seats. At last the cameras roll.

"In sooth, you 'scape not so," Petruchio vows, in a cloud of red dust and falling tiles.

"I chafe you if I tarry! So let me go!" Katharina snarls, tearing herself free and scrabbling her way backward. Zeffirelli looks transported. The ambassadorial party smiles.

"Marvelous," Zeffirelli enthuses at the end of

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replied: 'In Egypt they adore it. The only trouble is all of my pictures are banned there.'

A harrowed and sweating Liz says that she longs for days when actresses never even let their lipstick smear.

the scene. "But we do it one more time, eh?"

Again they do it, and then break for lunch. Mrs. Burton climbs out of the wool and approaches her distinguished guests.

"I'm so glad to be out of that stuff at last," she says. "It's full of bugs and things, you know."

The eminent New York critic remarks, "I hope you're not saying you're lousy?"

Mrs. Burton smiles her most feline smile. "No," she answers, "I'll leave that to you."

By lunchtime the next day the scene is at last completed. And because the following scene, on another set, involves the rehearsal of a large number of extras, the Burtons have the afternoon off.

They consoled themselves with generous libations of vodka and tonic—and the morning after, early on the set, felt quite unwell. Mrs. Burton looked glowing, but she made it very clear that she felt awful.

After one take she stood in front of her small mirror and dabbed sweat from her brow.

"Pure vodka," she declared. Right hand supported on left wrist, she painstakingly mascaraed each eyelash; to her evident astonishment, she avoided poking an eye out.

A piece of costume jewelry clattered to the ground in the middle of his last line and ruined the first take. On the second, a bird high in the studio rafters cheeped shrilly. During the third take Burton forgot his lines. On the fourth, a carpenter dropped a hammer and destroyed Burton's concentration entirely, though not his good humor.

On the next three takes in a row Burton fluffed his last line; and on the fourth he fluffed everything, but carried on, cheerfully inventing.

"That went very smoothly, I thought," he declared as he passed the camera. "Shall we use it? Or would you like it in Welsh now?"

"Let's go to lunch," his wife suggested. "It's not going to get any better."

After lunch it went perfectly.

The following morning Zeffirelli had a new worry: How to dissuade a flock of children, who would film that day with Mrs. Burton, from becoming so entranced by her that they would forget to move out of her way as they must. He worried with good cause. Though he reminded them to move before each take, each time Katharina joined them they forgot their orders and, entranced again, stolidly blocked her way.

Zeffirelli ordered a fourth take. Then, lying on the floor in front of his camera as the shooting began, he seized handful after handful of bemused child, creating a clearing. Totally undeterred, Mrs. Burton made a stately progress through this perilously held channel, allowed her magnificent eyes to stare moodily for some seconds into the lens, and then swept out of shot.

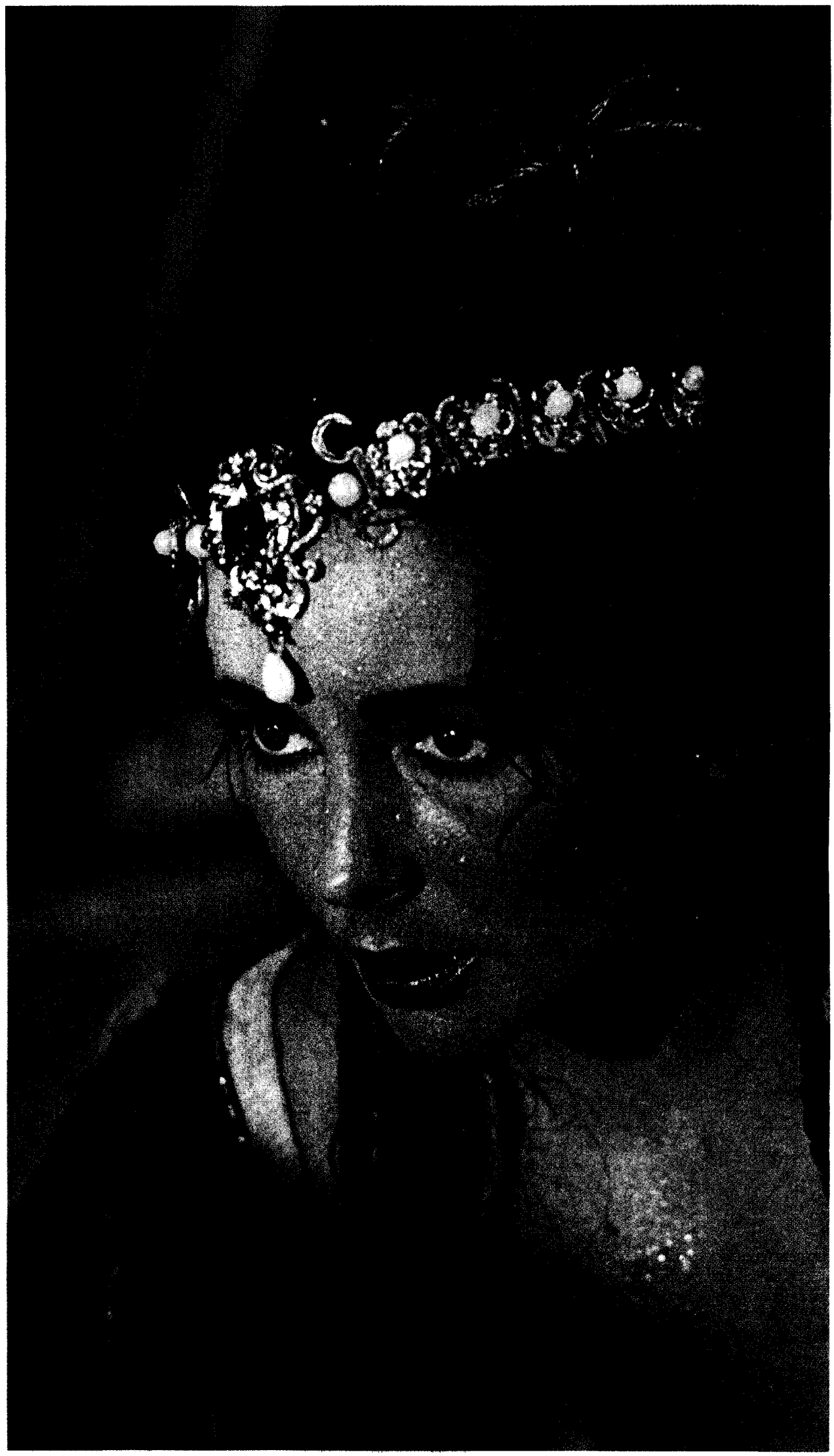
"Marvelous, darling," said Zeffirelli. Mrs. Burton grinned—and sat with the children, showing them the pearls on her costume, bending down so that they could touch the jewels on her headdress, chatting to them in their own language.

On the last day at the studios, Mrs. Burton asked Zeffirelli to come to her husband's dressing room.

"Tomorrow I fly to New York," he told them, "to produce *Anthony and Cleopatra* at the Met. But I will miss you."

"We'll miss you too," Mrs. Burton told him. "So here's something to remember us by." And she gave him a superb cigarette case of heavy gold decorated with a large sapphire and inscribed:

CARO FRANCO—FROM THE SHREW AND HER TAMER. □



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THE SEARCH FOR THE INVISIBLE KILLER

In a remote village a feast ended in death,

A mouse, CALOMYS CALLOSUS, *one of villains responsible for the spread of the killer fever, sits astride a mixture of yucca, rice and meat, the favorite food of San Joaquín's residents.*

The yucca harvest was over, and in the Bolivian village of San Joaquín a farmer named Julio Anes decided to celebrate. He killed a cow and invited friends to his *chaco* for a feast. They ate and drank, and the sound of guitars rippled in the night.

About a week later Anes awoke with a slight fever, but went to work as usual. Soon he developed a headache and a searing pain in his back. His temperature rose rapidly, his hands and feet began to shake, and blood oozed from his gums. On the seventh day of his illness, he slipped into a coma. He died without regaining consciousness.

Certainly no one suspected, that January of 1962, that the death of Julio Anes marked the beginning of one of the most intriguing medical stories of our time—a desperate search for a killer that has involved medical organizations throughout the world.

At first, neighbors attributed the death of Anes to tainted meat, especially after three others who had attended the party died the same way. But when 300 villagers—one eighth of San Joaquín's population—developed similar symptoms over the next four months, and when 100 of them died, the villagers knew they were facing a disease of epidemic dimensions.

In desperation Bolivian officials vaccinated against smallpox, but the disease continued to spread. Then, suspecting that the malady was a form of typhus, they disinfected the village. But this also proved ineffective. The baffled doctors began to fear that this was no recognized disease.

If so, chances of finding a cure were slim unless the cause and means of transmission could be discovered. For this they would need not just physicians but modern microbe and virus hunters. And these medical specialists would have to move quickly because many of the 125,000 people in Bolivia's Beni Province already were very close to panic.

By a fortuitous coincidence, a well-qualified disease hunter happened to be visiting Bolivia's capital, La Paz, at that moment. He was an epidemiologist from the U.S. Middle America Research Unit (MARU) in the Panama Canal Zone, and his name was Ronald MacKenzie. Three years before, the 37-year-old MacKenzie had become restless with his lucrative general practice in Sausalito, Calif., and had gone back to medical school to study public health. Now he was in Bolivia for a few weeks with a nutritional-study team. "Not because I knew anything about nutrition," MacKenzie recalled later, "but in the hopes of finding a real research challenge." When Bolivian health authorities begged him to fly to Beni, he suspected he had found that challenge.

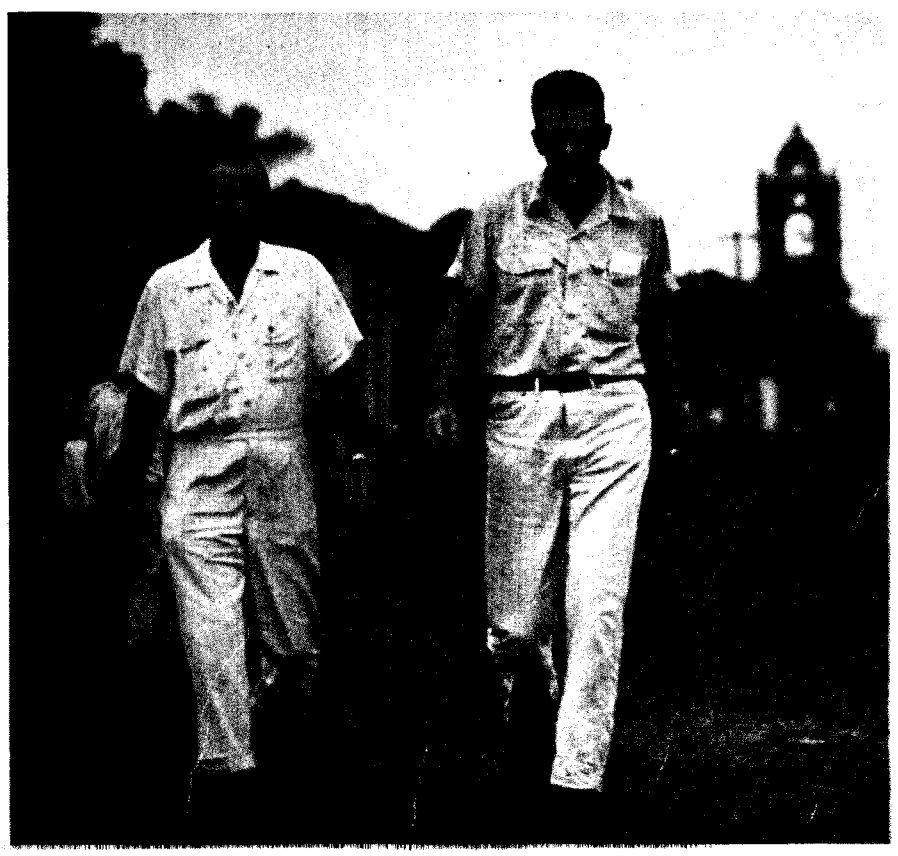
In La Paz the newspapers were calling the mysterious disease "black typhus." MacKenzie had never seen a case of typhus, but the cases that Bolivian doctors described didn't sound like any variety of that ailment. The convulsions, the severe muscle pain, the vomiting of blood and other symptoms reminded him of a strange malady that had stricken hundreds of GI's during the Korean War. The U.S. Army had made a major effort to find the cause but had decided only that it resembled other, equally mysterious hemorrhagic fevers which periodically plague rural areas of India and Russia.

Shortly after he arrived by plane in Beni, MacKenzie took to horseback and began examining the province. It consisted of a whole series of dusty *alturas*—patches of high ground—set amid swampy pampas. The people—mostly mestizos of mixed Spanish and Indian blood—subsisted almost entirely on local crops and on the cattle they slaughtered. In San Joaquín, center of the epidemic, there were no automobiles, no plumbing, no telephone connections to the outside world. There was only enough electricity to light the village's little adobe hospital for two or three hours each evening.

That hospital was crowded beyond capacity. Patients writhed on the dirt floor, crying out as their fever increased. Outside, dozens of relatives, many already clad in black, waited passively.

Later, when MacKenzie and two Bolivian physicians guided their horses over alligators and foot-thick snakes to the *altura* of Orobayaya, the scene was even more eerie. Roosters crowed as they entered the town, and cows and pigs wandered along the dirt paths. Of Orobayaya's original population of 600, only two families remained. The rest had either died or, burning their *chacos*, had loaded utensils and food into carts and fled.

Major Stewart McConnell, left, and Ronald MacKenzie, an epidemiologist, stroll down San Joaquín street. It was MacKenzie who unearthed vital clue—a lack of cats in the village.



Throughout the province, MacKenzie found a terrible fear. "These were people who had lived with death," he said. "They expected their kids to die at an early age, and they expected to die themselves without ever receiving much in terms of medical assistance. But they had never experienced anything like *this* before."

MacKenzie could do nothing to alleviate the suffering. Antibiotics, often effective against tropical diseases, were strangely impotent. He could only collect evidence that might lead to a cure.

If he had guessed correctly about this being a hemorrhagic fever, then the cause was most probably a virus—an organism so small that, unlike bacteria, it cannot be seen under a microscope. A while back, Argentine doctors had isolated a cause for Junín Hemorrhagic Fever, a type of virus that had attacked farming areas of that nation. MacKenzie knew that eventually he would have to pursue this clue.

Meanwhile, digging into Beni Province's meager clinical records, MacKenzie found that 75 percent of all the listed fatalities occurred between April and October—the dry season. The case rate for adults was twice that for children. More men appeared to be affected than women.

As he questioned villagers, he unearthed another clue. The town had many rodents, but no cats. All the cats had died, the people explained, a couple of years before—soon after government disinfecting teams sprayed the town with chemicals to wipe out malaria-carrying mosquitoes. Could man's efforts to control one disease, MacKenzie wondered, have succeeded merely in opening the door for another? Could rats or mice be the carriers?

Perhaps. But MacKenzie remembered that Bolivian authorities had tried rodent extermination. As nearly as anyone could tell, it had done nothing to check the disease.

The MARU man and his Bolivian colleagues camped three nights in ghostly Orobayaya, collecting insects, plant life and bits of dust that might provide clues. In a nearby community he also took blood specimens from refugees who had weathered the disease. The specimens were flown to

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BY TREVOR ARMBRISTER / *Photographs by Bill Bridges*

etting medical sleuths off on one of the strangest investigations of our age.

MARU's laboratory in Panama, and even though they were packed only in iced sawdust (there was no Dry Ice in all Bolivia), they arrived in miraculously good condition. The lab tests gave MacKenzie his first solid fact: This was not typhus. But weeks of further testing failed to show a relationship to any other known malady.

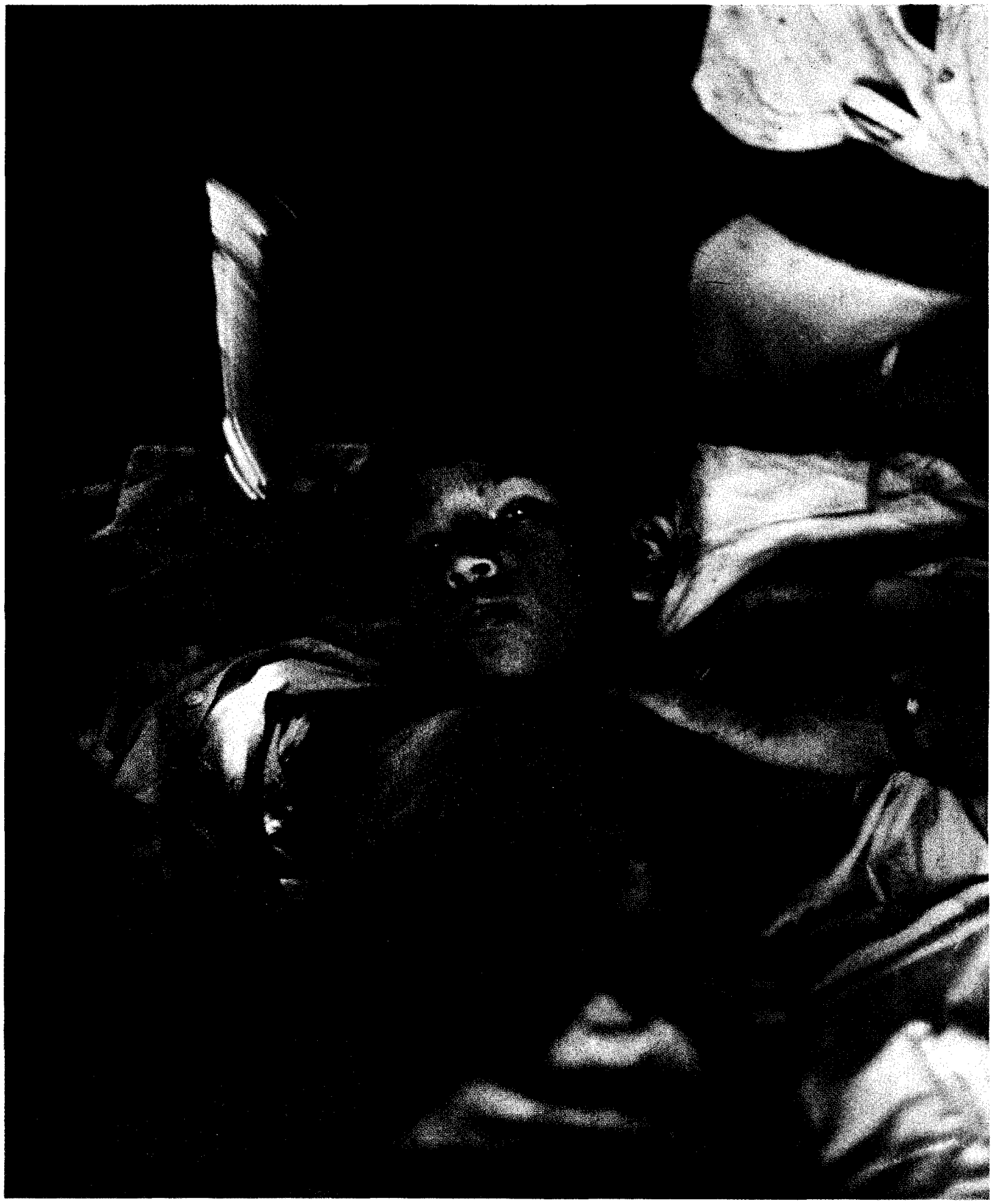
The half-dozen medical researchers at MARU were as excited as MacKenzie by the challenge he had unearthed. For tracking mystery maladies was, and is, the whole purpose of MARU's existence. The tiny research group had been established in an old frame barracks in 1957 by the National Institutes of Health and the Walter Reed Army Institute for Research to learn more about tropical diseases.

The director of MARU, veteran parasitologist Henry K. Beye, shared MacKenzie's suspicion that the disease was one of the hemorrhagic fevers. But, as scientists, they needed more substantial evidence. All through the second half of 1962, Beye, MacKenzie and other MARU experts shuttled in and out of Beni Province, taking more blood specimens, collecting urine, animal blood, ticks, mites and other parasites. No clue was overlooked.

Meanwhile, the Bolivian Government's appeals were becoming more urgent, not only to the United States but to the United Nations. Early in 1963 officials of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases met in Bethesda, Md., with representatives of the World Health Organization, the U.S. State Department and the Bolivian Embassy to map a crash program. Most of the staff of MARU, it was decided, would go to San Joaquín. Anything that MARU needed—U.S. Air Force transports and the full facilities of NIH and the Walter Reed Army Medical Center—would be at the task force's command.

With MacKenzie in San Joaquín were a slim, intense, New Jersey-born virologist named Karl M. Johnson, and a chubby, sandy-haired ecologist named Merle F. Kuns. In March, 1963, they set up their headquarters in a Bolivian army barracks and began to chart each new case on a street map.

Each day they stuck black pins—new deaths—on the map. Initially the epidemic had flared most severely on the town's edge. Now it was raging in the center of San Joaquín. The mayor died. Four members of the 11-person Guanichava family had already succumbed, and five more would die before the end of 1963. Of the 55



Doctors check victim. "They expect their kids to die at an early age," says one doctor, "but they never experienced anything like this."

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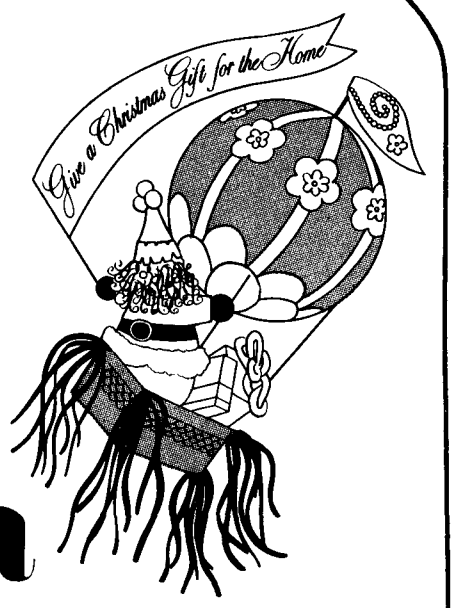

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REACH FOR TOMORROW TODAY IN AMERICAN HOME

Bolivian soldiers engaged in building a laboratory, 37 fell ill.

"There was no panic anymore," recalls nurse Doña Corina Ojopi. "San Joaquín was too numb for that. I can remember thinking everyone would get the disease. I wondered when my turn would come."

In their quest to isolate the lethal virus, the MARU doctors normally would have started by performing autopsies on the bodies of victims. At first, MacKenzie and Johnson were reluctant to take such a step. To the simple, uneducated villagers, the idea smacked of sacrilege. The doctors hesitated. In mid-May they decided they could wait no longer.

"None of us spoke Spanish very well," Johnson recalls, "so we had a real communications problem. But we also had a magnificent, bilingual Peace Corps nurse, Rose Navarro, from Chicago. Rose, Bolivia's Dr. Luis Valverde and the local priest spent hours cajoling and pleading and promising."

Valverde often spoke from the pulpit of the little village church. "They assumed I was a priest with the authority of God behind me," he recalls. "And I did nothing at all to dissuade them." Finally, reluctantly, the villagers agreed to the autopsies.

At first the autopsies yielded nothing. Then on the night of May 18, MacKenzie and Johnson wheeled the body of three-year-old Oscar Carvallo into the laboratory and laid it out on the metal operating table. As always, flies buzzed around the dim electric ceiling light. Cockroaches darted into shadows at the corners of the room. A young Bolivian soldier guarded the door. Beyond him in the darkness waited a cluster of townspeople, silent, fearful, disapproving.

The doctors bent over the boy and examined him closely with flashlights. Opening his stomach, they found the usual evidence of hemorrhaging. From his abdomen they cut out marble-sized sections of liver and spleen. Then they cut into his skull and extracted a tiny sliver of brain.

Most viruses, the doctors knew, cling habitually to a specific human organ. Some viruses favor the brain; others the heart, liver, kidney or spleen. "In this case, we had no idea which was the characteristic organ," MacKenzie says, "so we started with the three most likely suspects."

On May 27—nine days after the autopsy—two hamsters inoculated with tissue from Oscar Carvallo's spleen got sick. Twenty-four hours later one hamster was dead; three others were having convulsions.

Removing the animals' tiny spleens, MacKenzie and Johnson ground up the tissue and inoculated it into a fresh litter of hamsters. Within a week, five were dead. The doctors extracted the animals' organs and shipped them to Panama researchers for further study.

On June 3 the confirmation came from Panama. The virus was isolated. In San Joaquín, the scientists celebrated while scores of townspeople—sensing a favorable turn—gathered hopefully outside the barracks.

Actually, it was only the first vital step. To check the disease, MARU's researchers needed now to determine where it came from and how it was transmitted to humans.

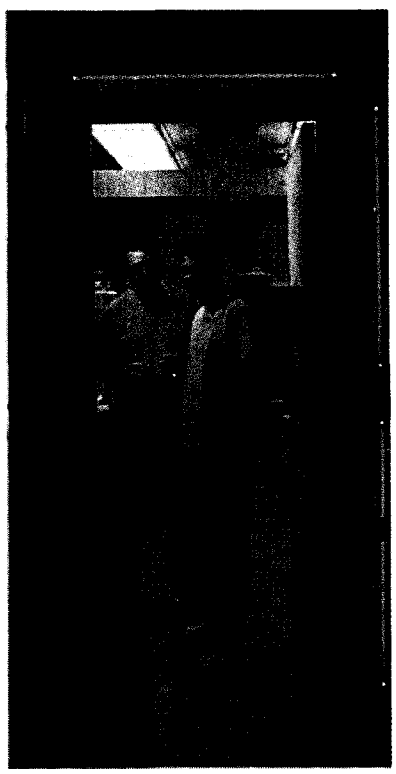
As the scientists debated the possible carriers, they kept coming back to San Joaquín's absence of cats. True, there had been that rodent-eradication campaign, but perhaps not enough rats and mice had been killed. MacKenzie remembered that in Orobayaya he had set 30 traps and caught 10 rats and mice.

Bethesda's Laboratory of Tropical Virology had detected in the Bolivian serums antibodies similar to those in persons suffering from Argentina's Junín Fever. This clue also pointed to rodents. For the Argentines had determined that the original carrier, or reservoir host, of Junín Fever was a rodent, and that the vector—the organism transmitting the disease to human beings—was one of its parasites.

Shortly after MARU's men had set up shop in San Joaquín, they posted notices offering a reward of four cents to anyone who brought them a rodent. As MacKenzie suspected, there were still plenty of them. But none of the rats and mice they collected showed any signs of illness.

At seven o'clock on the morning of May 21 a small boy brought a mouse (*Calomys callosus*) into the laboratory. Dr. Conrad Yunker, an entomologist from NIH's Rocky Mountain Laboratory in Hamilton, Mont., tagged it routinely—number 407—and placed it in a white pan. Dr. Yunker then killed the mouse, removed its organ tissues and inoculated them into a fresh batch of hamsters.

Nine days later all the animals died. Doctors promptly used tissue from these victims to inoculate a second litter of hamsters. They also died. Again, a virus had been isolated.



Left, MacKenzie, Dr. Karl Johnson in Canal Zone lab. Only researchers who have had the fever are allowed to enter.

Soon laboratory cross tests showed that this virus and the virus taken from Carvallo's spleen were identical. The implications were quite clear: the *Calomys* mouse played a role in the epidemic's spread.

The MARU men felt sure that mice were not biting people *directly*. But which of the mouse's parasites—a chigger, a tick or mite—was guilty of infecting humans?

In an effort to collect parasites, the MARU doctors and technicians began to drag white sheets along the village's streets and paths. Six days later, technician Angel Muñoz got a

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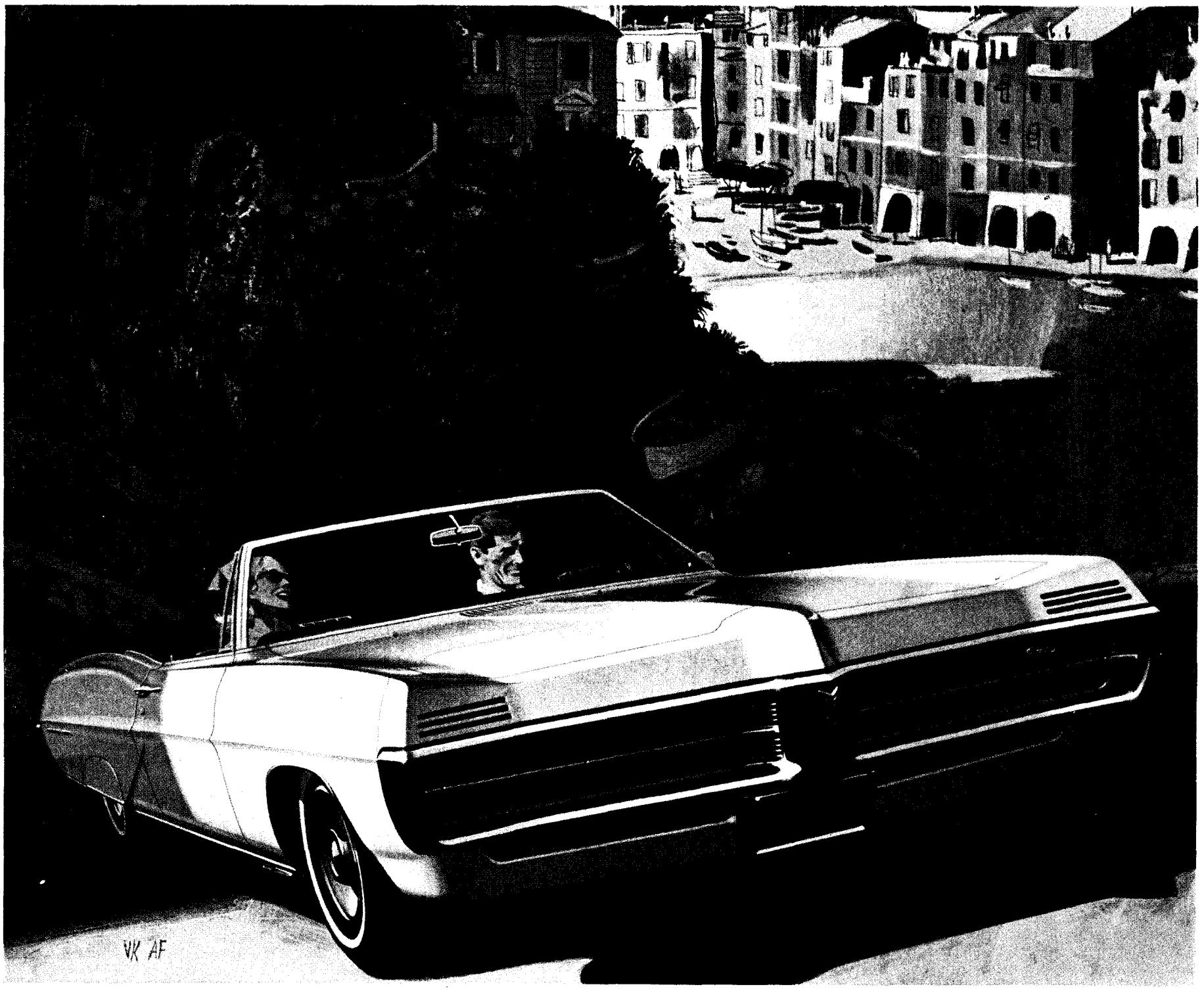
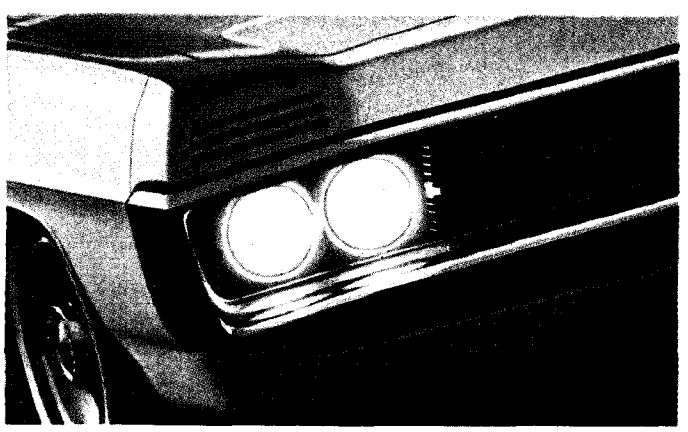


Pontiac 67



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slight fever. He swallowed some aspirin, hoping it would go away. Instead, his temperature increased, and he began to sweat. Some hours later, he collapsed.

The next afternoon the doctors took their sheets to a *chaco* outside San Joaquín. Within an hour, they gathered up hundreds of parasites. Abruptly MacKenzie left the group and started walking back to the village. Fifteen minutes later, he, too, collapsed.

On the morning of July 6, a U.S. Air Force transport plane landed at San Joaquín, picked up Muñoz and MacKenzie and flew them north to Gorgas Hospital in the Canal Zone. The plane's departure was premature. At four o'clock that afternoon, Johnson discovered that he also had the fever. By the time he finally arrived in Panama, his temperature had soared to more than 105 degrees.

MacKenzie, Muñoz and Johnson remained at Gorgas for two weeks, then convalesced at home. In mid-August they returned to San Joaquín. "Some people said we were taking a big risk by going back," Johnson recalls. "But we were pretty certain at this point that, having had the disease, we were immune. Besides, we felt so damned close to a solution."

During their absence, ecologist Kuns had continued to collect and examine parasites. Ultimately he was to study more than 30,000 insects, including 14 types of mosquitoes, nine kinds of horseflies and four insect species never before catalogued. But mostly, at that juncture, he focused on isolating the virus from chiggers, ticks and mites.

Extracting some parasites from the skins of mice, collecting others from village streets, he kept inoculating their tissues into litters of baby hamsters. None of the animals ever got sick. Yet people were still dying. The death toll, in fact, was nearing 300. Kuns was puzzled. If there *was* a connection between these parasites and the disease, he should have spotted it by now.

But perhaps there was no connection. Perhaps the *Calomys* mouse—instead of being the reservoir host—was only an incidental casualty of a disease lodged in another mammal and transmitted by one of the parasites.

Next to rodents, he knew, the most prevalent mammals in San Joaquín were bats. There were, in fact, 15 times as many bats as people in the village, ranging from fruit, fish and insect eaters to vampires with 16-inch wing spans.

Using nets, Kuns, MacKenzie and Johnson snared the flying mammals from the roofs of village huts. Carefully they removed and examined parasites, including a group of pea-sized soft ticks. Grinding up the tissue, they inoculated it into a litter of laboratory animals. Seven days later the animals died. The doctors repeated the process; the second litter also died. Once again they had isolated a virus. If this virus were similar to that found in Carvallo's spleen, they could say they had finally identified the elusive vector. "This time," says Kuns, "we thought we had him for sure."

Their optimism was short-lived. Laboratory tests proved the soft-tick virus was totally unrelated to anything they had discovered previously. Bats and their parasites had to be scratched from active consideration as carriers.

By late September of 1963 newspapers in La Paz began sniping at the minister of health and his North American volunteers. Then came the worst shock of all: Johnson received word from Panama that his wife, Pat, was bedridden with the disease. Mrs. Johnson had never been to Bolivia.

Eventually she recovered. Yet her illness—seemingly a result of person-to-person transmission—raised questions. The scientists had been assuming that this was a parasite-borne viral disease. But human beings usually don't give such illnesses to each other. There had been no evidence whatever of human-to-human transmission in Bolivia. Why in Panama? If the fever was contagious, as they now half suspected, it seemed probable that it could not be halted without development of an effective vaccine.

The pressures on MARU chief Beye grew steadily. Morale in Beni Province was low, and local political dissidents attempted to exploit the despair. Ridiculing the doctors' lack of success, they exhorted their followers to steal supplies and gasoline. Government troops responded by placing the village under martial law.

By early November, 1963, Beye knew he could not afford to wait any longer. He decided to wipe out San Joaquín's rodent population.

By mid-November ecologist Kuns had designed an eradication program. His plans were approved by the National Institutes of Health and the Bolivian Government, but snags developed almost immediately. Some scientists had gone to Panama, and anti-American riots there delayed their return to San Joaquín by several weeks. Thirty-three hundred rodent traps purchased from a Pennsylvania firm were shipped inadvertently to New York and lost in a warehouse. Making matters worse, the case rate accelerated with the advent of the dry season—from 10 victims a month in February to 10 weekly in March and April.

Now MacKenzie began to worry about his chief. A few years earlier Beye had suffered a heart attack. Doctors had told him not to exert himself. Yet in his determination to defeat the epidemic he ignored their warnings. On several recent occasions he had clutched his chest, obviously in pain. Returning, bone-weary, to Panama, he had seemed all right for a time. Then, on the morning of April 8, a member of the research team got an urgent telephone call from another part of the MARU laboratory: "Come quickly, Dr. Beye is dead."

By May 1 the saddened doctors were ready to launch their program of rodent control. Under the direction of U.S. Army Major (now Lieutenant Colonel) Stewart McConnell, a lean, taciturn veterinarian who had flown out from La Paz to help coordinate the effort, scores of volunteer workers baited and spread traps. Then technicians, wearing gloves and face masks for protection, mixed zinc phosphide, vegetable oil and tartar emetic into lethal golf-ball-sized "torpedoes" and scattered them near homes and buildings in a test area of San Joaquín. One month later, 2,000 rodents were dead.

Within a short time the epidemic wilted in the eradication area, and then, as rodent control was extended, it waned across the whole village. There were no cases at all over the last half of 1964. The MARU scientific team finally had managed to halt the plague.

While the extermination program was proceeding, an important discovery was made in Panama. *Calomys* mice, inoculated with the virus, did not get sick. Within two weeks, however, they began passing hemorrhagic fever antibodies in their urine. The disease's path to humans was obvious: mice urinating on food left out in the open.

The task, then, was to drive the *Calomys* permanently out of the human environment. Dr. Valverde took to the radio and pleaded with his countrymen to send him their cats. In late June, 1964—in what must rank as one of the world's most unusual airlifts—hundreds of cats were flown to San Joaquín. Two weeks later the doctors returned to Panama.

But early in 1965, they received distressing news: new cases of the fever were breaking out in the San Joaquín area. By August of last year, 18 cases had been reported. Residents there, the MARU men surmised, had grown careless about sanitation and rodent control; the cats, as mouse catchers, had not done their job. Once more the poison teams moved in. Once more the epidemic wilted and died.

Only a few isolated cases have been reported in and around San Joaquín in the past year. Still the research continues. "You can't expect a poor village to keep up expensive rodent control indefinitely," Johnson points out. Needed is a vaccine; or, barring that, some form of biological control—another rodent, perhaps, that will outperform cats in driving away *Calomys* mice. Curiously enough, one possibility currently being explored is the common house mouse.

Inside a laboratory on the third floor of MARU's Canal Zone headquarters, the doctors are pressing their search for a vaccine. Currently they are experimenting with marmosets—small monkeys—which seem to react to hemorrhagic fever exactly as humans do. The door to the laboratory is locked and painted a warning red. Tiny strips of orange cloth flutter from the inside of a plastic porthole, indicating that the special fans which suck air into the room are operating normally. Alarm bells clang at the first sign of a malfunction. To enter, researchers must first change their clothes, then pass through a sterilization chamber bathed in ultraviolet light. Only the handful of doctors and technicians who have had the disease are allowed entrance into the lab. "This disease is so damned dangerous," explains Johnson, "that we can't risk letting someone who is not immune get anywhere near it."

The doctors are convinced that they can produce an effective vaccine, but they do not expect to do so very soon. The task is too complex, and their available funds, equipment and personnel are too limited. The disease no longer ravages San Joaquín, but it could break out at any time in neighboring villages. The doctors expect—and fear—that it will.

The battle today is far from won. "You might compare us to firemen," Kuns says. "We've discovered the location of the blaze, and we've determined what tools we need to put it out. But we still don't know where or when it could start again. We're a long, long way from abolishing matches." □

"... who will speak to us now on the male holly and the female holly...."

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And he will teach you something
of love, faith and wonder.
Listen, and you will learn from the child
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And we wish you and your children
a joyful holiday season.

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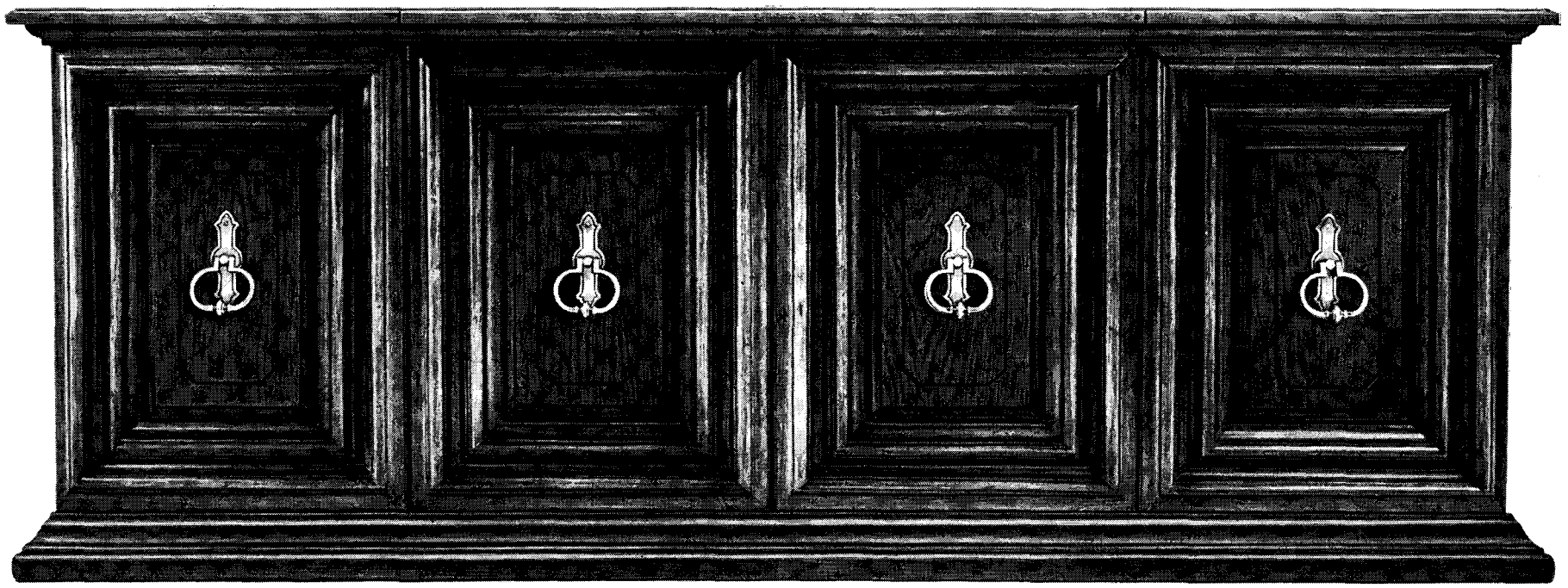

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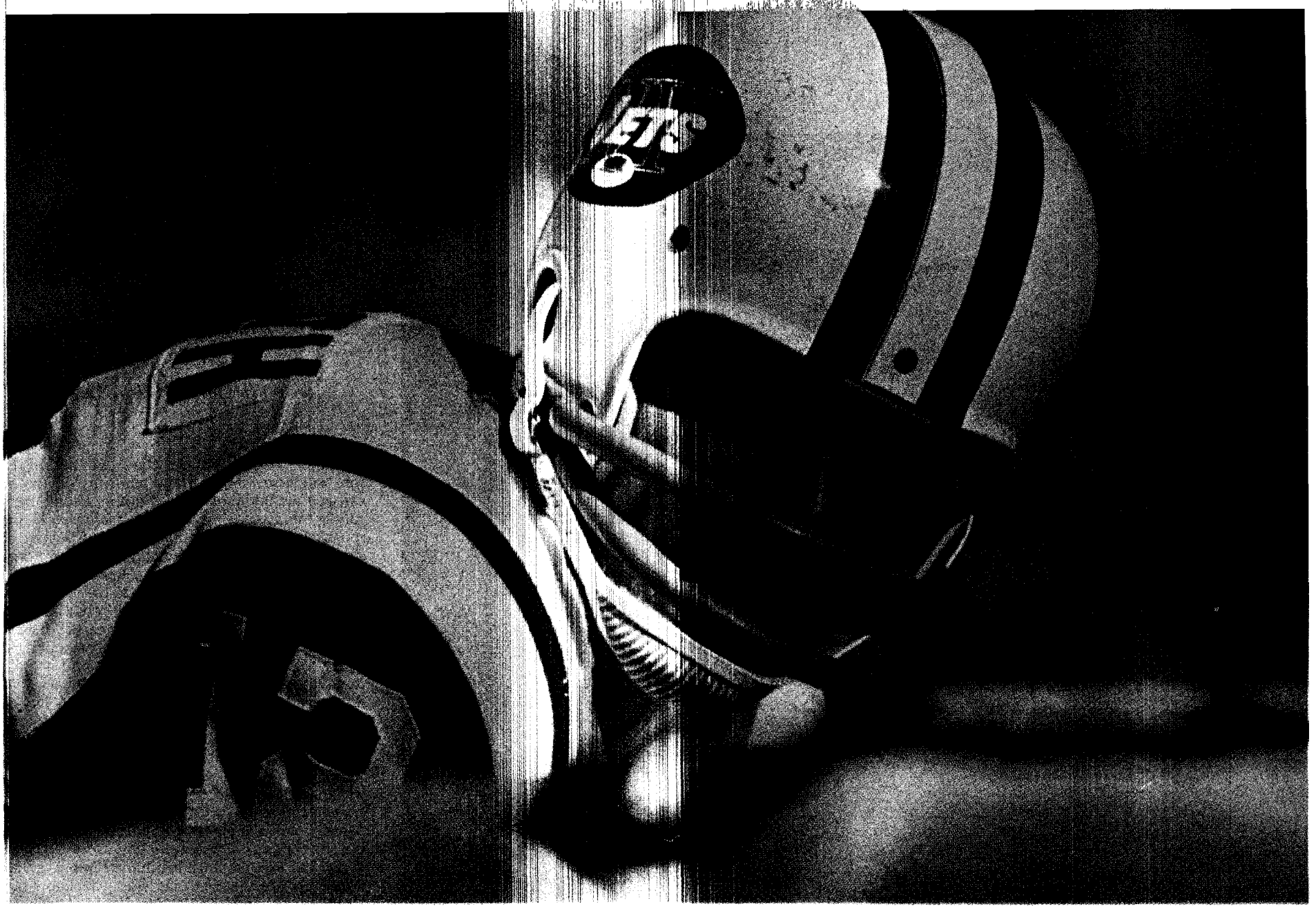

'JOE, JOE, YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE WORLD!'

Delighted with himself and his world, Joe Namath of the New York Jets is not only a fox-hunting flake but pro football's hottest young quarterback.

By JOHN SKOW

Photographs by Joseph Consentino

There was nothing much happening in the locker room, just the players getting dressed for practice, and some of the reporters pushed through the door into the air. The kids had gathered. Close-set eyes, large canine teeth, the mean, stringy bodies of hub-cap thieves: autograph hunters. They glared in hatred at the reporters, then turned back to the door. "They gotta come through here," one of them said. It was a bright Texas Saturday, and the next day the New York Jets of the American Football League would play the Houston Oilers.

Suddenly two foxes showed up in an MG, and all of the reporters breathed a sigh of martinis. This is why they had come to the practice field; now their stories were going to be all right. "Look, foxes," they said to each other knowingly, as the fox in the yellow bell-bottomed pants suit jelloed up to the locker-room door and began explaining to the guard that she knew Joe from Miami.

"Fox," it is widely believed, is what Joe Namath, the expensive quarterback of the New York Jets, says when he means "girl." He may actually say it, although in a week or so of following him around I never heard him apply the word to woman or beast, and there never seemed to be a good time to say, "Uh, Joe, is it true that you call girls 'foxes'?" At any rate, the yellow bell-bottoms were about to become part of that wondrous blend of natural and artificial juices, the Joe Namath legend.

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The resourceful Namath can find foxes anywhere—on the plane ride to Houston, or waiting outside locker-room door.

'I'm a damn good athlete,' says the young quarterback. Namath is not just boasting: He plays a better game than he talks.

JOE NAMATH

The door everyone was watching opened again, and the big men began to come out, walking carefully across the pavement in their cleats. "Easy money, easy money," yelled Mike Taliaferro, the Jets' second-string quarterback, as he does, with amiable irony, before every practice session. Since the practice uniforms had no numbers, the autograph kids did not know it was Taliaferro. They looked angrily at the first knot of football players, decided that Namath was not among them, and ran at Taliaferro and Matt Snell, the big fullback who was A.F.L. rookie-of-the-year in 1964. The two players kept walking as they signed, their faces carefully emptied of expression. The autograph hunters skipped backward, peering around two players at their next targets. Still no Namath. They let Taliaferro and Snell loose and closed on Don Maynard, a flanker, and Johnny Sample, a defensive back.

Then photographers began working their cameras very fast, and the autograph delinquents grabbed their ball-point pens back from the football players who were merely football players. Namath had hunched out the door, skinny, slumped, gangly. His face, which is that of a Navaho peyote-chewer, produced a sly, sleepy grin as he recognized the fox in the yellow pants suit. "Hey, theah," he said as—photographers up, down, duck-walking alongside—he gave the air beside her right ear an expert hello-sweetie show-business kiss. It was a beautiful move, that kiss, and you would get slugged for it in Beaver Falls, Pa., the steel town where Joe grew up.

He kept on walking (a celebrity, like a Jack London dogsledder, is dead if he stops moving) and the whole menagerie—Namath, the yellow fox, the other fox, the photographers, reporters and autograph chasers—moved toward the buses that would take the Jets to the Rice Stadium practice field. The rest of the football players gave them plenty of running room.

Joe Namath is 23 and rich, except for his knees, which are retirement-age and poor. He is famous, and the fame, which began with press-agentry, has become self-generating. People who would answer, "Red Grange," if a psychiatrist said "Football" to them can tell you that Namath got $400,000, a big green Lincoln Continental, and a knee operation, in that order, for signing a contract with the Jets two years ago. The huge bonus caused "the hell you say" to become a household phrase among reporters and other professional football players, none of whom had $400,000, and most of whose loan companies did not have that much either.

But Joe was hard to disbelieve. He had his picture taken in his green-and-white nylon football suit in the middle of Times Square. People began calling him Broadway Joe. It was said that he paid room rent at the Copacabana. Someone said that she had seen him at the Copa late one night, grinning into a mirror and saying, fondly, "Joe, Joe, you're the most beautiful thing in the world!" Recently it was reported, and verified, that his apartment was paved wall-to-wall with a carpet of white, curly, six-inch-long llama fur (oddly enough, the wispy fur looks like Dry Ice vapor, and it makes the living room look like one of those "back, back into time" horror-movie scenes that Hollywood does). Shrewd observers noticed that his football shoes were always white, although every other player in the world wore black (Joe explained this, though; with great courtesy, he said that he liked white football shoes). Asked the secret of his success, he might say, with a shy smile, "I'm a pretty damn good athlete." And with Joe it wasn't boasting, it was simple self-delight.

As Joe was establishing himself as a lovable flake, however, something else was happening. Halfway through the 1965 season—Namath's first—the Jets began to win. Football fans took the news cheerfully, but not very seriously. When the American Football League was founded five years before, the raw material had been college boys, a number of nonviolent castoffs from the established National Football League, a few less than limitless checkbooks and some adhesive tape. The Jets, then called the Titans, were slow learners, even in that company. In 1963, new owners, headed by a show-business moneyman named Sonny Werblin, former head of the Music Corporation of America-TV, had shudderingly discarded the Titans' name and most of the players and coaches. That was progress, clearly. Suddenly the Jets were no longer a bad joke. They were winning, which made them a good joke. People began going out to Shea Stadium to see the fun and saw some surprisingly good football. The Jets finished the year with a victory over the champion Buffalo Bills. Namath made rookie-of-the-year. He also made the columns. Someone said that he was dating Mamie Van Doren, who was no rookie.

This year the customers stopped laughing. The Jets, with Namath throwing, a big front line keeping him out of surgery, Snell running over tacklers, Maynard and George Sauer Jr. catching passes, and a defense that looked nothing short of professional, unexpectedly won their first three ball games. The next week, down 24–7 against Boston in the fourth quarter, they seemed to have played out their string. The Boston fans were hooting at Namath. ("The game was dull up to then," he told a reporter later. "After that it was fun.") In 13 minutes of that last quarter Joe pulled the New York club up to a 24–24 tie, and as he walked off the field he owned both teams and the ball park.

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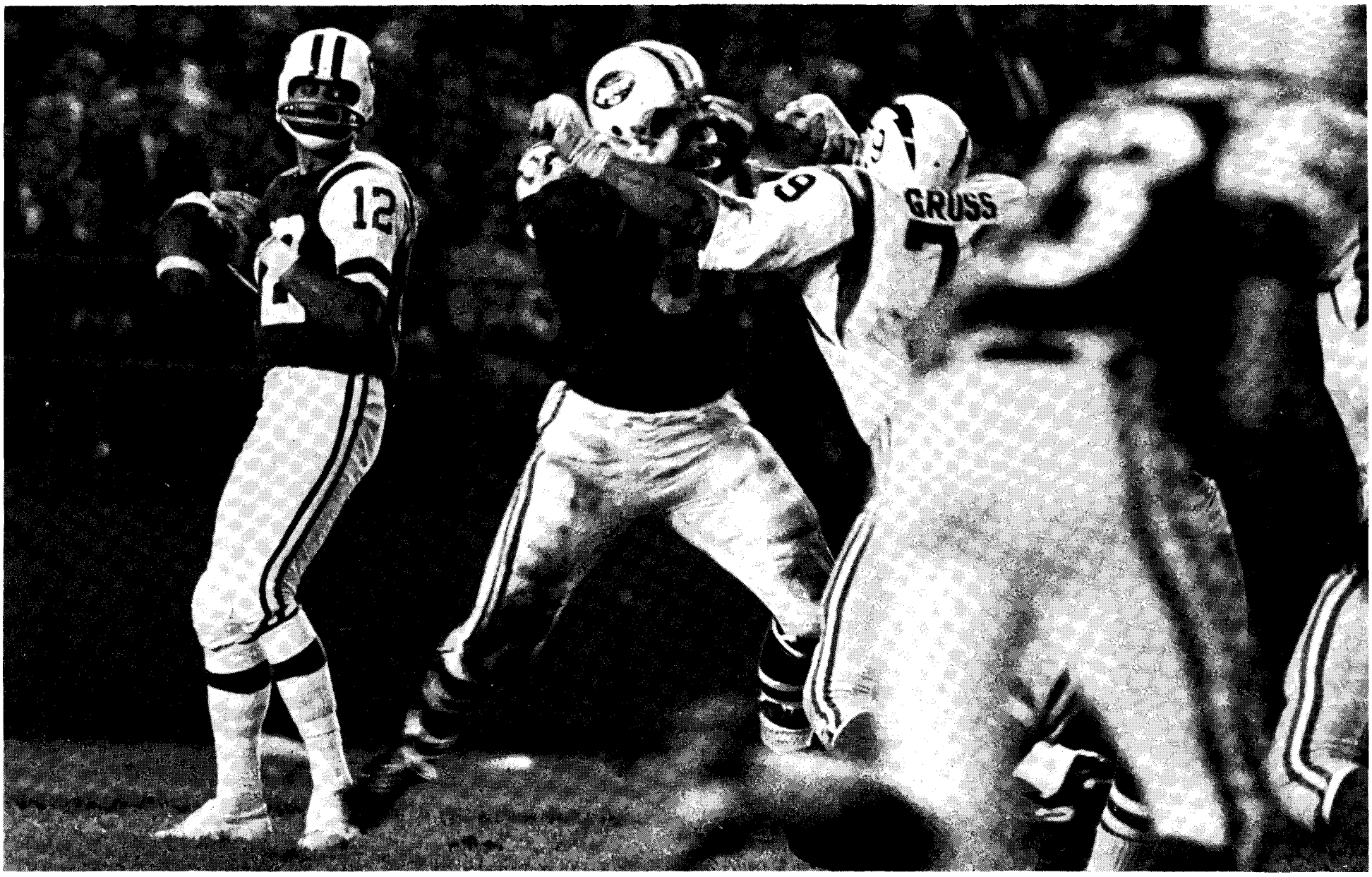

Cool as a matador, Namath searches downfield for one of the New York Jets' pass receivers, while lineman battles furiously to protect the quarterback from a San Diego Charger.

Now, on the practice field at Houston, Namath scuttled stiffly back on his sore legs—retreating from imaginary linemen—and flicked passes at Maynard. He had been a good runner once, he had said earlier in the week. Now he is no longer fast, but he is still quick. Athletes make that distinction. After the ball is socked into his hands, a quarterback has three seconds, maybe, to drop back into his pocket of blockers, locate the men on the opposing team whose position tells him what defense is being used, digest that information, find his pass receivers, decide whether one of them can break free, or whether the ball must be thrown for a deliberate incompletion, and then throw. Three seconds is not enough time to do all this, so each second must be peeled into tiny parts, and each part spent stingily. Joe saves parts of seconds because, after his decision is made, he can get rid of the ball with phenomenal quickness. "Yeh, but there's a lot of guys with quick arms," he said. "When I go back, I have to get myself to read here, read there, read there; I know I could do it faster.

"Timing is, hell, it's so important," he said, pronouncing his words softly, without corners on them, the way he had learned in four years at the University of Alabama. "You throw to a spot, not a man, because a defensive back can have a man covered pretty dad-gum good, they're running step and step, but you know the moves he's going to make. If you think it's fifty-fifty your man can outfight him, you don't throw, you don't want that kind of chance."

How about the big linemen coming at you? "Yeh, an arm flies by your head, you got to keep your cool. Get rid of that thing before they get to you. But the pressure isn't the fear of getting hurt; you just can't afford that damn loss." So far this season Namath had not been thrown for a loss. "Oh, yeh," he went on, "there's big old Ernie Ladd, he got me so hard once last year that I couldn't talk." Namath laughed. "Thing is, back in the huddle I had to call the next play . . ." Ernie Ladd, the Oilers' right tackle, would be after Namath again tomorrow. He stands six feet nine and weighs 315 pounds.

But now there were no hostiles in sight. The sun was just warm enough to bring out a good sweat, and the Jets ran constantly through a fast, light practice. In slack moments big linemen tossed balls to each other and yelled "good hands, good hands" when someone missed. Namath threw a couple of nonsensically high passes to Maynard for the sheer foolishness of it. Weeb Ewbank, the Jets' coach, stood watching attentively. It had been a good week. The team was ready, healthy; it had beaten Houston this year once in the regular season and once before that in an exhibition game. Last Saturday night at Shea Stadium the Jets had played San Diego, the toughest team in the league, dead even for four quarters and then had won on a fluke. "No, you don't have to get them up for a game," Ewbank had told the writers at the Jets' Wednesday lunch. "This is the pros. They get themselves up."

Namath had been worth watching in that San Diego game. Shea Stadium, a beautifully designed ball park that holds 63,000 football neurotics in a way that is almost cozy, had a capacity crowd that night, and a good many thousands of them could be credited to Namath. And not just because he has fast eyes and hands; Werblin, the show-business superagent, had known this, that Joe did something to people that had nothing to do with football. "He walks into a room, and the room changes," Werblin had said, and that is what he had bought with his $400,000.

There is no llama fur showing when Namath works. On the field he starts the plays with quick precision, and then, the ball passed or handed off, stands skinny and hunched behind the ruck to see the violence develop. There is no way to tell by watching him how the play has gone. No shrugs, no turning away in disgust, no exaggerated weariness, or brisk handclapping, or buck-up-there-

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Hobbled by bad knees, Namath, at the age of 23,

JOE NAMATH

Despite his slouched, gangling frame, Namath projects an air of excitement that helps to fill Shea Stadium.

boy fanny taps on the way back to the huddle. Not even a tensing and relaxing as a long pass to a receiver is caught or dropped.

When a series busts on third down, and the Jets have to punt, there is no emotion at all in his face as he leaves the field. He takes off his helmet, drops it, talks quietly with Ewbank, or Taliaferro, who is working the phones, then sits slouched on the phone table. John Hadl, the San Diego quarterback, throws to Lance Alworth, the league's best receiver, who has beaten his defender by three yards, and Namath does not blink as the ball kisses past Alworth's fingertips and skids into the grass. He is every 10-year-old boy's notion of an Indian scout the night before an attack, or a world-class pool shooter watching a good opponent run a rack at $10 a ball. (He is a good pool player, naturally, and in his quick, drawling, off-the-field manner, he talks about an old boy he knows in Alabama, pool shooter named Tuscaloosa Squirrel, man, you ain't got a cut dog's chance. . . .)

Joe throws a good game. He hits Snell for a 17-yard touchdown in the first period, and gets the Jets near enough to kick a field goal in the second. San Diego has three field goals. Ten to nine, Jets. In the third quarter no one can get anything going. In the fourth, Joe comes off the field swearing-mad, yelling to Ewbank about a ref's decision. He cools quickly, then flares again and yells at the bench, "Offense we stop them here we get the ball we go all the way."

After that there is no sign from Namath that a football game is going on, although it is San Diego that scores first, to lead 16–10. Joe drives his team to another touchdown—17–16, the Jets by one—and then sits impassively through a frantic last three minutes in which one San Diego field goal is blocked and a second, from the point-blank range of 21 yards, unbelievably goes wide. As the gun goes off—the Jets win it by one—Namath's face still has its pool-shooter's set, but as he walks off the field everything slips, hoo boy, into a great big cornball grin. That night Joe and a rock-'n'-roll chickie named Suzy Storm, John Hadl, the San Diego quarterback, and Phil Rodgers, the golfer, are all at the Pussy Cat, and if you have to ask where that is, you are too old to throw quarterback for the New York Jets.

That Monday—an off day for the pros—Joe flew back to Beaver Falls, he said, to see his dog. "Yeh, little Irish-setter pup, he about tore my brother's house up. . . ." Did Joe like going back to his hometown? "Naw," he said. Then: "Yeh, I mean, I like to go back and see my family, but I wouldn't go back to live. I like a different type, uh, atmosphere, more relaxing, where there's water out there, skiing, hell, not the steel-mill stacks where the smoke's coming out, and everyone's going to work and coming home from work." Yeh, he said, his father still worked in a mill. "Naw, not management, he works on one of the furnaces. I don't know what he does. . . ."

I met Joe at practice on Thursday, and we drove into Manhattan. He parked his car, this one a gray Continental convertible, in the garage of what is quickly becoming known, in New York fox-hunting circles, as the Apartment. We walked off down First Avenue, had a slice of standup pizza, bought some socks (black, garter-length, very conservative), and looked at a plastic, portable, teen-age, big-sound $29.95 phonograph that Joe was interested in. He called the sales clerks "sir."

Ray Abruzzese, a wiry, untalkative defensive back, who rooms with Joe, is in the Apartment. He is taking it very well, sitting on the masculine brown-suède sofa, feet up on the masculine brown-suède ottoman, watching a Bette Davis movie on television. He looks like a combat infantryman, a man who has been in worse bivouacs, but is not surprised to find himself in this one.

The Apartment is not yet finished. An interior decorator is doing it, and he is supposed to spend $25,000 on four rooms and two baths. Everyone is confident that he will. Silk wallpaper. Marble floor *under* the llama-skin rug. Green sheets, like sleeping on money. But now the television isn't even built in yet, it's just sitting there. A beat-up Jets' movie projector has been dumped in the middle of the white rug, so that Joe and his roommate can shine game films on the wall. The decorator is there, a small man with big cuff links, explaining why things aren't ready. Joe goes over to the record player and turns on James Brown and the Famous Flames.

His knees hurt. The one that is supposed to be good, the left, has developed bursitis, and may have to be cut. The bad one swells up regularly and has to be drained. "Somedays it isn't fun anymore," he says, "but hell, I don't know. In a game you forget it." He'll have a shot at pro golf if the knees give out, he thinks. Baseball was his best sport, but there was no time for it at Alabama. "After we got back from the bowl games and got healed up, there was spring practice. Yeh, we studied hard, too," he says, laughing. "I majored in manual training. That's one step up from journalism."

We ate at Toots Shor's, a hangout for the sharp-suited press agents and purple-nosed Hearst columnists who make up the sporting crowd in New York. The routine is lip from the waiters for everyone, and insults from Toots himself for the great. Joe qualified; Toots, who has a gimpy leg, hobbled over and sat down with him. "Yah creepy bum, yah need a cane too; Ladd is going to squash you Sunday."

"Not me," said Joe, sloshing a martini. "I'm lean, mean, mobile, agile and hostile."

"Looka the way yah eat, keep yah nose outa the soup," said Toots.

"It smells so bad, that's not hard," said Joe, who knows the routine. The two men were pleased with themselves.

Toots left, and a waiter plugged a phone in for Joe, who called the Pussy Cat and the Copa to make reservations for later that evening. Then Bill Hartack, the jockey, called Joe—all of this phone action wowing the expense-accounters watching from nearby tables—to say that he had a couple of sisters lined up. Namath consulted another roommate, Joe Hirsch, a racing columnist, who was eating with us. Hirsch said that the sisters, who were for Joe, were all right, but who was Hartack's date? She was the one to get. Somebody came by to shake hands, then somebody else. "Brandy," said Joe, "and you got to try a Golden Cadillac." We left Shor's at 11:20.

Next day Joe said, yeh, he had gone to the Pussy Cat and the Copa. "Then back to the Pussy Cat," he said. "Got in about five." That night he was out late again. "He likes the lights, it's part of his personality," explained Sonny Werblin, the show-business man. The kick-off at Houston would be 1:30 Sunday.

The plane ride was relaxed and cheerful. All of the other Jets had arrived in green team blazers, looking—because most of them are wide and stubby—like neatened-up little boys. Joe wore a blue blazer. He slept most of the way, clutching a pillow, flaked dead out. When he opened his eyes, a pretty stewardess batted hers six or eight times and said, "Why don't you sleep on your big hairy rug?"

At the hotel in Houston there were people calling "Mr. Namath, message for Mr. Namath." Joe and Mike Taliaferro went up to the suite they would share. The rest of the team had nice rooms.

The Jets reached the locker room an hour and a half before the game. It does not take that long to get taped and dressed. The time is used for quieting down, letting everything but football drain away. At first there was shouting, clatter, people jostling about. Huge men in their skins would come over to Namath with programs their friends had given them and say "Sign it, Star."

Then there was less noise. Players stopped talking. A big offensive guard, his hands clubbed with tape, sat on a table and stared straight ahead, not seeing anything. Namath stood on a training table while someone taped his brace, and for once no reporter asked him anything. Finally Weeb Ewbank said there was a game to play, and the press left. As we went out, a TV announcer with a tape recorder was telling Matt Snell to say, five times in a row for some electronic reason, "This is Matt Snell of the New York Jets," and Snell was saying it.

That afternoon neither Snell nor anyone else on the team knew who he was. Halfback Bill Mathis fumbled on the fourth play of the game, and Houston recovered. George Blanda, the Oilers' 39-year-old quarterback, who is supposed to be washed up, moved his team neatly down the field, and fullback John Henry Johnson, a 37-year-old N.F.L. reject, bulled through the Jets for a 28-yard touchdown. The Jets got the ball, but a third-down pass to Maynard was broken up, and they had to punt. Coming off the field, Namath, who had been knocked flat as he passed, said quietly to Maynard, "I was there, Don." Maynard nodded; he had been there too, but so had a pass defender.

It was beginning to look like a bad quarter. Then Abruzzese of the Jets knocked down a long Blanda pass, and the Jets got another look at the football. Joe threw for six yards to Sauer, and Snell drove for the first down. Two plays

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s already thinking of the day when he will have to retire from football.

later, Joe, rushed very hard, slipped as he passed and threw a long interception to Johnny Baker of the Oilers.

But Abruzzese reintercepted almost immediately, and the Jets were back in it. A pass to Snell picked up 17 yards, then Snell went through the line for three. Joe hit Maynard and Sauer. At last he had a drive going—easy money—and it was second and eight on the Oilers' 23. Then a good pass—"It couldn't have been better" he was to say later—was intercepted near the goal line.

The Oilers didn't score that time. But on the Jets' third play after they got the ball again, Gary Cutsinger and Pat Holmes of the Oilers climbed Namath like a stepladder as he threw. Another interception.

It went on like that. With two minutes to go in the half it was 17–0 Oilers. Weeb Ewbank looked at his bench. "Anyone have anything?" No one had.

The second half was worse. Joe, who had been rushed hard all afternoon, had his fourth pass intercepted. A Houston coach stomped along the sidelines saying, "All right, all right, *all right.*" In the fourth quarter it was 24–0 and all New York defenses were down. Ernie Ladd took a belly-whopper on Joe, who got up slowly, working his shoulders ("Yeh, I thought about staying down," he said later, "but I heard them yelling, and I wasn't going to lay there"). Mike Taliaferro came in later for Joe and moved the Jets toward the goal line, but they didn't score. It was the first time that New York had been shut out in 34 games. For Joe, he said, it was the first time since junior high school.

In the locker room one of the coaches, not Ewbank, talked angrily about players "drinking and running around." That made Joe angry. It wasn't justified, he said later. "This isn't high school."

His knees felt bad. "Just the usual, but it gripes me more and more." He came on the plane in Bermudas and a leg wrap, and for an hour he sat with an icepack dripping from his worst knee. There was beer, supplied by the club, and bottles brought on by the players. After a while things cheered up a little. Someone had ordered a birthday cake for Dee Mackey, an end, and that was passed around. Joe, who is the team's clown as well as its quarterback, hobbled to the intercom and said he hoped everyone was enjoying himself.

Up front, in first class, Weeb Ewbank had told writers that "No one is pushing the panic button." But neither he nor Werblin was having any cake.

There was a knot of people in the aisle next to Namath's seat, and he was laughing and joking with them. Then his good leg cramped up. He stood up to walk it off. As he passed me, he looked gloomy, and I said, uselessly, "Hang in there."

He grabbed my arm, perhaps to take weight off his knees, and said, "I'm so racked up. This is the first time in my life I've ever thought about quitting football."

"You serious?"

"Yeh."

"You want that in the magazine?"

"I don't give a damn."

Five minutes later he was back in his seat laughing again. One reporter squatted at his feet, and another, with the bored insolent face of a man who gets seven-dollar haircuts, pulled at his shoulder, leaned close, and whispered something. Joe laughed; he still liked it all.

The next Sunday, although the Jets lost in the last two seconds to the Oakland Raiders, Namath looked very good. He scored two touchdowns running, or limping, which is something that brittle quarterbacks rarely do.

But his knees hurt after that game too. The ice pack helped only a little, and Joe knew that soon the bad knee would have to be punctured and drained again. He is a man of much courage who loves football, and not just football's lights and llama fur. He won't quit, of course. But from now on, every Sunday night during every season he will be thinking about it. □

Immaculately clean, Namath sprawls nonchalantly on the bench beside Sam DeLuca, a guard who was bloodied in the struggle to keep the star Jet unsullied by enemy hands.

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Editorial

'Come home with that coonskin'

The essence of democracy is that the citizens of a nation shall have the right to vote on the major issues confronting them. The essence of our tragedy in Vietnam is that no such right has ever been exercised, either in Vietnam or in the United States. In South Vietnam, where the last elected leader was murdered three years ago, our 36-year-old protégé, Marshal Ky, recently presided over an "election" that provided only for "respectable" candidates to join in writing a still unwritten constitution. In our own country, where the Congress has not been consulted about its constitutional duty to vote on a declaration of war, the inability of the people to express their free choice has been even more astonishing.

Two years ago, when there were only 23,000 American "advisers" serving with the Vietnamese, and when we still adhered to John F. Kennedy's statement that "in the final analysis it's their war," Barry Goldwater horrified a great many people by advocating such drastic measures as bombing Communist bases in North Vietnam. The Democrats promptly produced television commercials strongly implying that a vote for Goldwater was a vote for World War III. "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home," said President Lyndon Johnson, "to do what Asian boys ought to be doing to protect themselves." Yet no sooner had Americans cast their votes for, among other things, peace, than President Johnson adopted the Goldwater policy as his own. Now that he has sent more than 300,000 American troops to "do what Asian boys ought to be doing," now that 5,630 of them have been killed, now that we are dropping more tons of explosives on Vietnam than we dropped on Europe or the Pacific during World War II, now that we have drifted into a major war, every public-opinion poll shows the American people baffled and dismayed. And as always, baffled and dismayed people favor totally contradictory policies. Thus a Gallup poll last month showed that a majority favored escalating the fighting, but a majority also favored greater peace efforts, and a majority feared the whole struggle would end in stalemate. As for a free election, however, no matter how analysts try to assess the recent off-year balloting, the basic fact is that the American people, like the people of Vietnam, haven't had a chance to vote. No alternatives were proposed, and there was no way to vote for or against that murky collection of improvisations known as "President Johnson's current policy."

For connoisseurs of the presidential "style," it was fascinating to watch Lyndon Johnson scoop up a handful of "allies," along with an army of reporters and TV cameramen, and whisk off to Manila for a series of preelection meetings billed as a "conference." It was fascinating, too, to see him and the cameramen stage a "secret" trip to Vietnam, so that the President could tell the troops to "come home with that coonskin." But the Manila communiqué that concluded all this was a restatement of all our illusions—not the least being the illusion that the enemy consists of raccoons. Once again, the war was presented as a matter of enemy "aggression"—as wars always are—and the so-called "allies" promised to withdraw all foreign forces within six months after "the other side withdraws its forces to the North, ceases infiltration, and the level of violence thus subsides."

It would be easy if everything were so simple, if it were a matter of "the other side" just going away. According to official U.S. figures, however, the number of North Vietnamese regular troops in South Vietnam amounts to about 50,000—no more than the force of South Koreans we have shipped into Vietnam, and only a fraction of the number of American troops involved. And if we are talking not about regular troops but "infiltrators," we might begin by shipping South Vietnam's Premier Ky back to his native North Vietnam, and then we might welcome North Vietnam's Communist Premier Pham Van Dong back to his native south.

The theory of "aggression" is, in short, virtually worthless. Vietnam is one country, torn by the agony of civil war, and the major outside intervention is our own. We can justify this, of course, as all great powers justify their use of force—by claiming that might makes right. We can claim that we have a right to assert our military power to protect our access to Southeast Asia—or anywhere else. We can claim that we have a right to veto who will govern South Vietnam—or anywhere else. We can claim that we have a right to kill anyone who stands in our way.

There is a long and distinguished tradition in America that can best be summed up in Stephen Decatur's celebrated toast: "Our country! . . . may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." True to that tradition, a whole generation of American youth has proven once again that this nation can produce fighting men who are second to none in their courage, skill, determination and loyalty. But this is also a tradition that applies to other centuries and other countries, to the foolish Charge of the Light Brigade, "theirs not to reason why," and to the suicidal fanaticism of the Kamikaze pilots of Imperial Japan, and just possibly to the Viet Cong as well. It is thus a tradition that not only has created great heroes but has sent millions to die for false causes.

It is a tradition whose whole merit depends, finally, on the nature of "our country," and the country to which Stephen Decatur took his pledge was one that claimed "its just powers derived from the consent of the governed." We have come a long way since then, and we have come that way partly because "our country, right or wrong" does not mean "our president, right or wrong," and because the great issues that rise to divide a nation have ultimately been resolved by a combination of moderate leadership and the popular vote. There is in any true nation a great natural resource known as patriotism, and presidents and kings and generals have always exploited it to carry out their plans for good or ill. But patriotism is not a justification for everything, nor was the world designed to suit our convenience, and in due time we all learn to judge our leaders by the wisdom and justice of their causes, not by the amount of blood they shed in their quest for shining victories.

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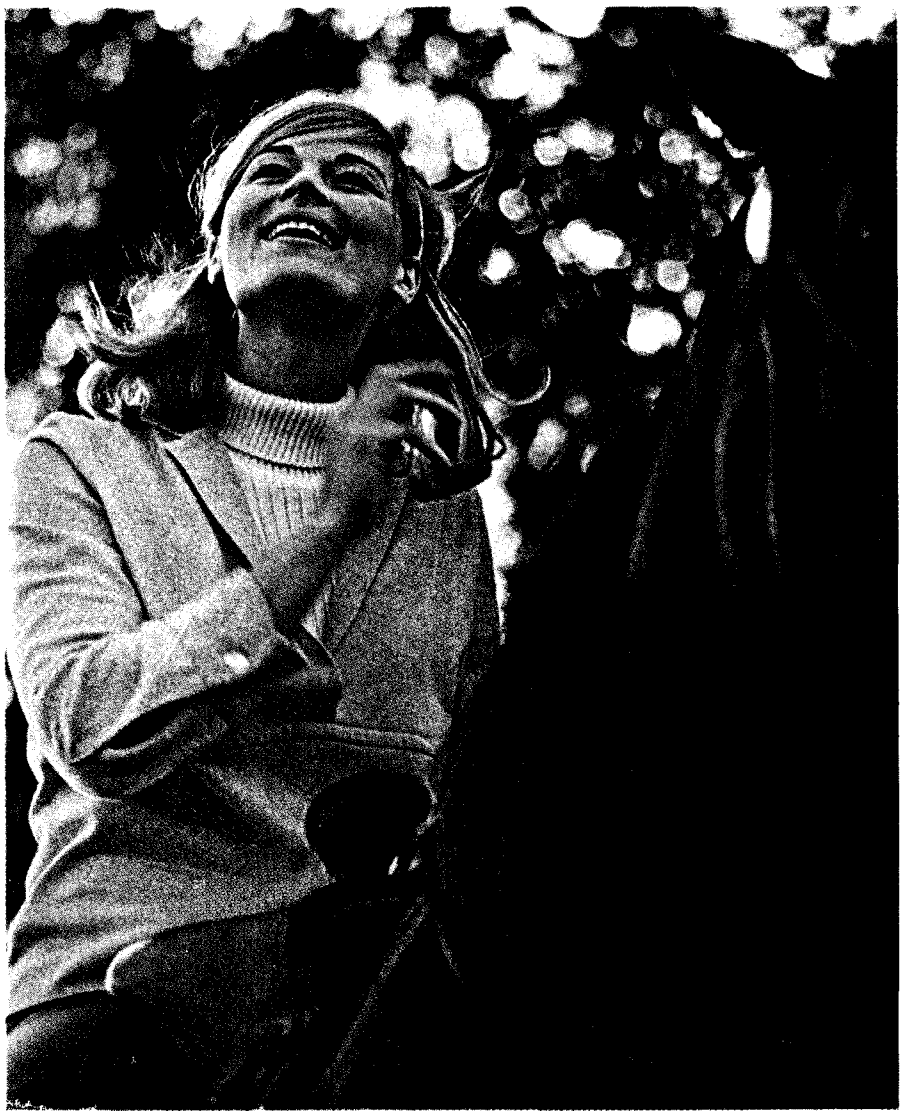
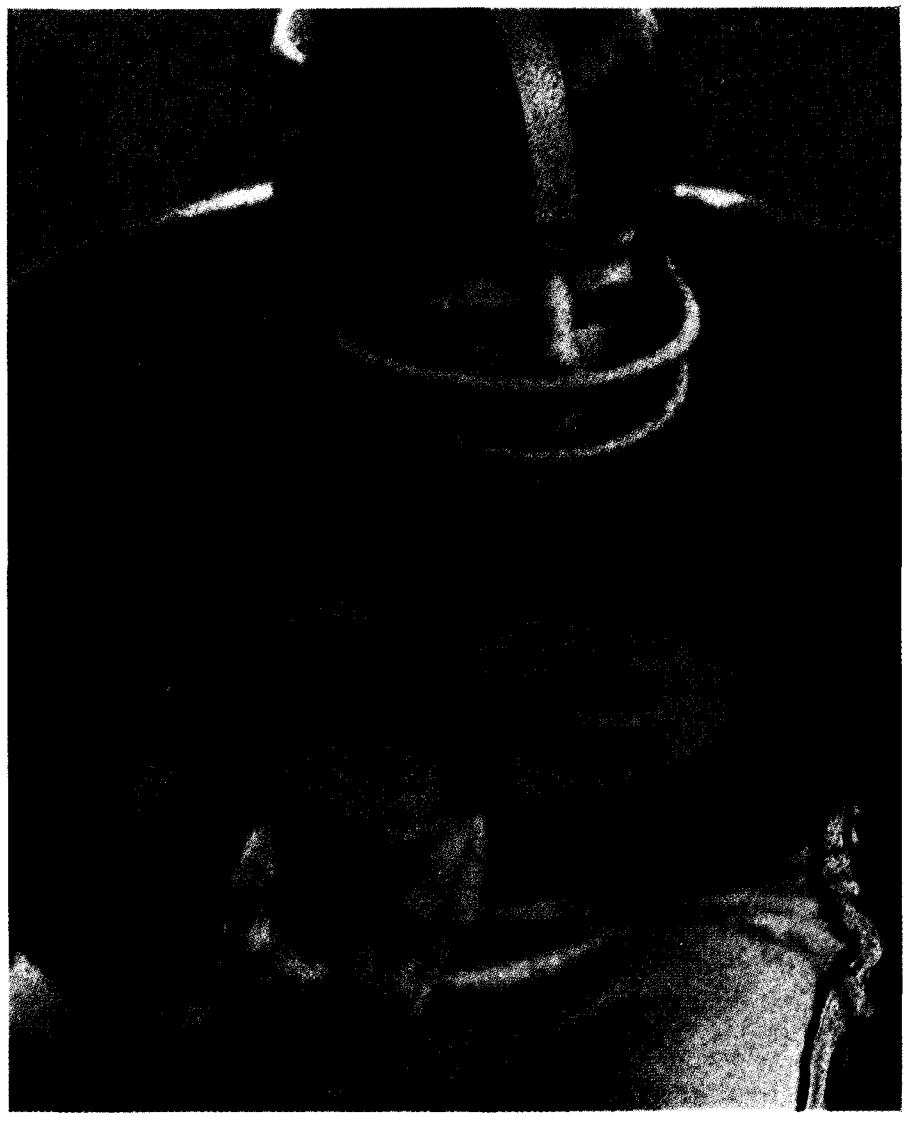


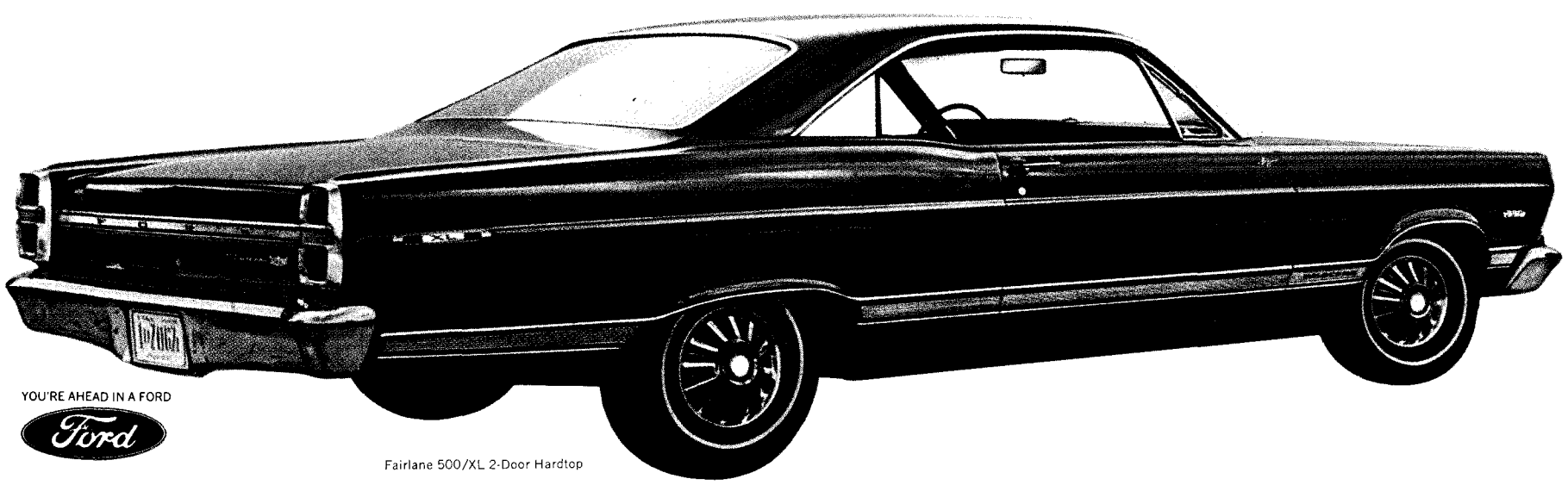


Fairlaner!

Because she can't resist a car that handles easily, snubs gas stations and runs all year like a railroad watch. (She got a Fairlane 500. It has Ford Motor Company Lifeguard-Design safety features standard.)

Fairlaner!

Because he can't resist a car that's tough, torrid, surefooted as a sports car... and handsome to boot. (He got the Fairlane 500/XL with 390-cu. in. V-8, front power disc brakes, wide-oval tires.)



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Fairlane 500/XL 2-Door Hardtop

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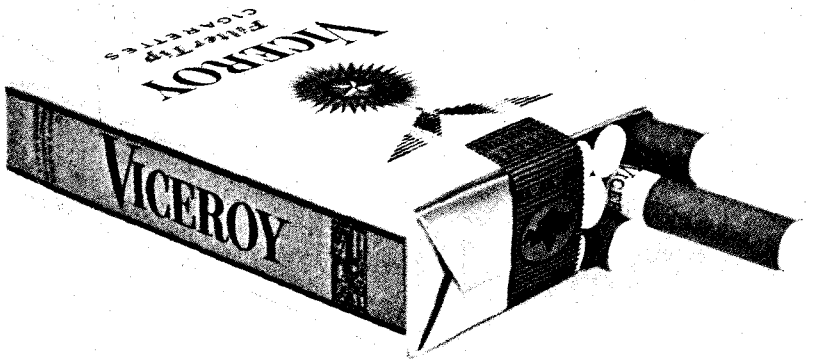

right any time of the day

Here's why: Viceroy is the filter cigarette blended with natural flavor fresheners to enrich and improve the true tobacco taste. That's why Viceroy tastes rich... good...rewarding... any time you light up.

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